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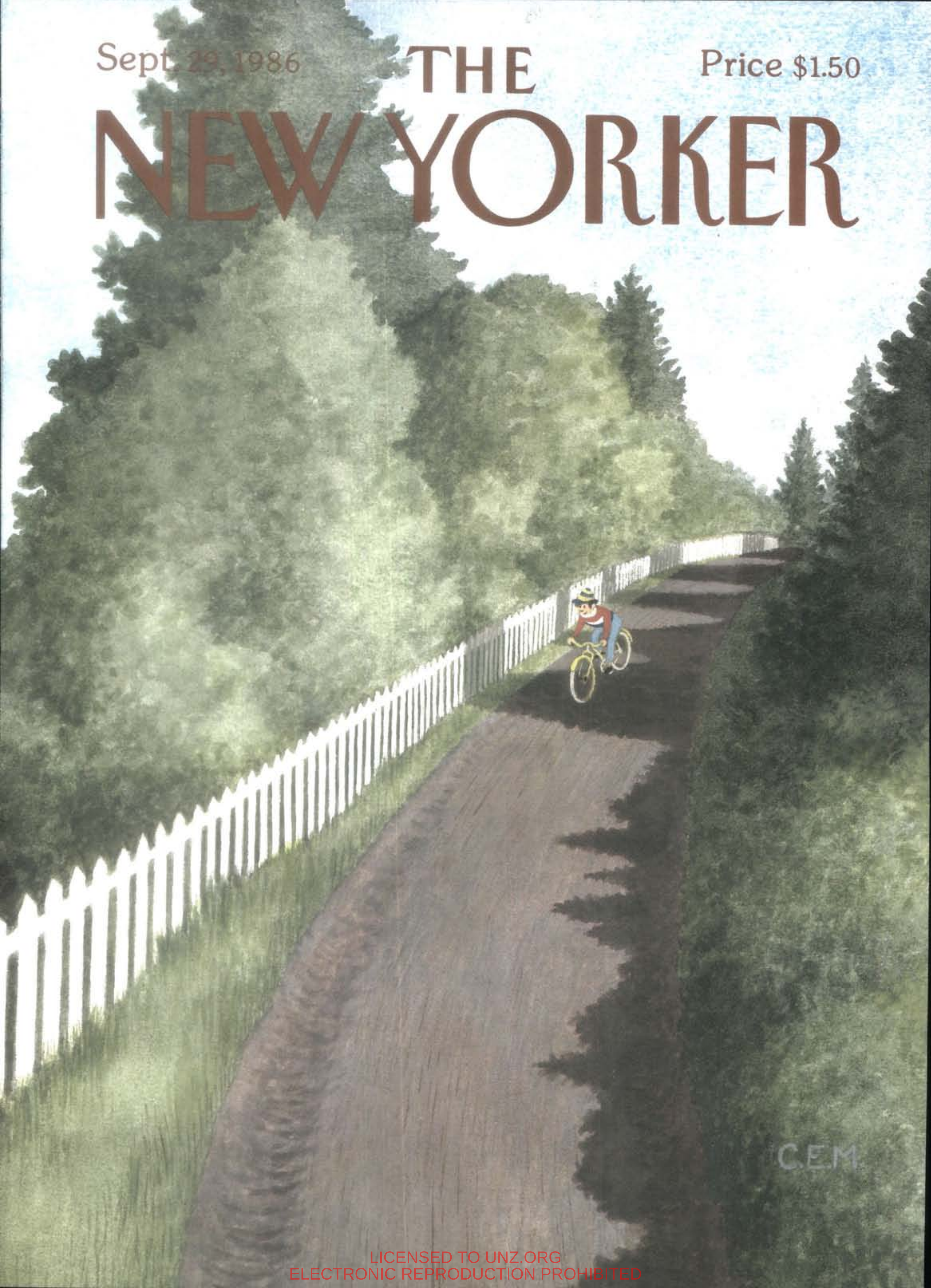

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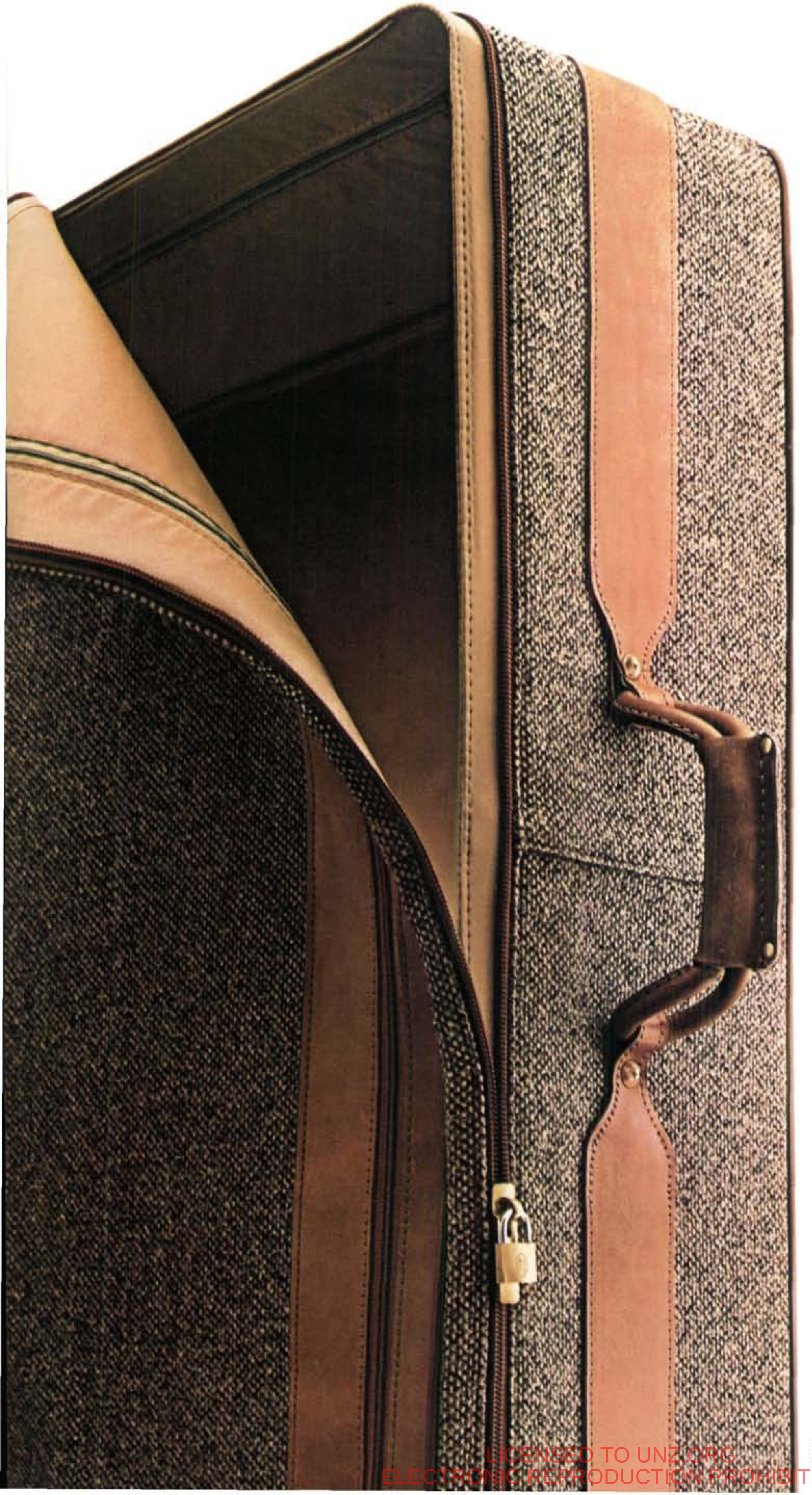

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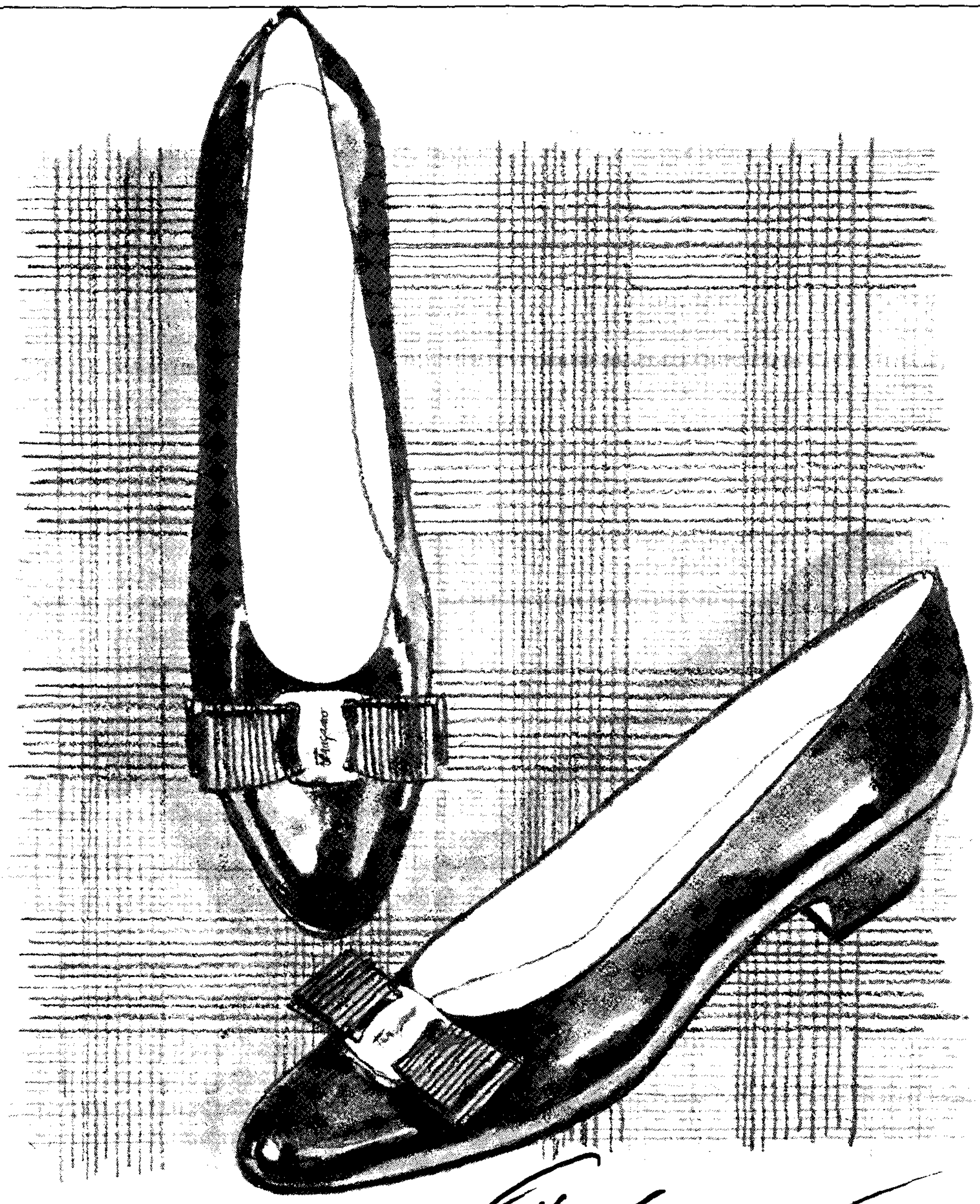

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Angry Housewives—A boring musical about four dissatisfied women who form a rock group. The closing number is funny, but there's a long, long wait. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through *Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10;* and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—A slam-bang revival of a hit comedy of the early nineteen-forties. The cast is headed by Jean Stapleton, Polly Holliday, and Tony Roberts. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/7/86.) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by Bryan Williams, IN THIS FALLEN CITY, is the first in this season's series. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 24. Opens officially Thursday, Sept. 25. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Confessions of a Nightingale—Ray Stricklyn as Tennessee Williams in a one-man play adapted by Charlotte Chandler and Mr. Stricklyn from Miss Chandler's book "The Ultimate *Seduction.*" (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Double Image Theatre—Presenting two plays in alternating weekly repertory—THE RETURN OF PINOCCHIO, by Richard Nelson: Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 24-28. . . . THE DREAMER EXAMINES HIS PILLOW, by John Patrick Shanley: Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 4 (previews). (304 W. 47th St. 265-0794. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—The New York première of Noël Coward's 1951 comedy, "Relative Values," will be the first in the season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Sept. 25, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 12. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Krapp's Last Tape—A disappointing revival of Samuel Beckett's play. (9/15/86) (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 5.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia, is well sung and performed by the personable Lonette McKee, who bears no resemblance—vocal, physical, or temperamental—to the late Holiday. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby—Last chance to see the prodigiously long and prodigiously entertaining version by the Royal Shakespeare Company of the prodigiously improbable Dickens novel. The play is presented in two parts, and tickets are available only in consecutive two-performance combinations. (9/1/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays at 2 and 7; Thursdays and Fridays at 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 7. Closes Sunday, Oct. 12.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Sept. 28: Victor Herbert's THE FORTUNE TELLER. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Oct. 1: THE VAGABOND KING, by Rudolf Friml. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Me and My Girl—A fifty-year-old British musical, once starred in by Lupino Lane. His worthy successor is Robert Lindsay, who in his day has played Hamlet and can evidently play anything. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A very welcome return engagement, after several years' absence, of the trio of performers who, disguised as objects that might well have fallen to earth from outer space, behave in a touchingly human fashion as they slink mysteriously about the stage. They astonish audiences into laughter and, like the creatures in "Alice in Wonderland," make us happy by means beyond our comprehension. Characteristically, the name of the show stands for anything you would like it to stand for. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—Old-fashioned mock-Victorian nonsense, with book and songs by Rupert Holmes and direction by Wilford Leach. The cast includes George Rose, Donna Murphy, Loretta Swit, and Howard McGillin, to say nothing of the audience itself, which is put to work in the second act. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nunsense—A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Olympus on My Mind—A larky little musical based on the Amphitryon legend, with Martin Vidnovic, doubling as the General and the usurping Jupiter, and Elizabeth Austin, as a chorus girl who happens to be the "wife" of one of the "producers." Music by Grant Sturiale, and words (book and lyrics) by Barry Harman, who also directed. (8/18/86) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Perfect Party—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 31
"WHAT HAPPENED" . . . . *Veronica Geng* 36
"THE GIRL FROM CARDIGAN" . . . . *Leslie Norris* 38
"MAKING LIGHT OF IT" (POEM) . . . . *Philip Levine* 40
THE SPORTING SCENE (SOCCER) . . . . *Alastair Reid* 45
"THE PUPIL" (POEM) . . . . *Donald Justice* 46
A REPORTER AT LARGE (RAJNEESHPURAM—PART II) . . . *Frances FitzGerald* 83
THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . *Edith Oliver* 126
BOOKS . . . . *John Updike* 130
BRIEFLY NOTED 135

RECEIVED
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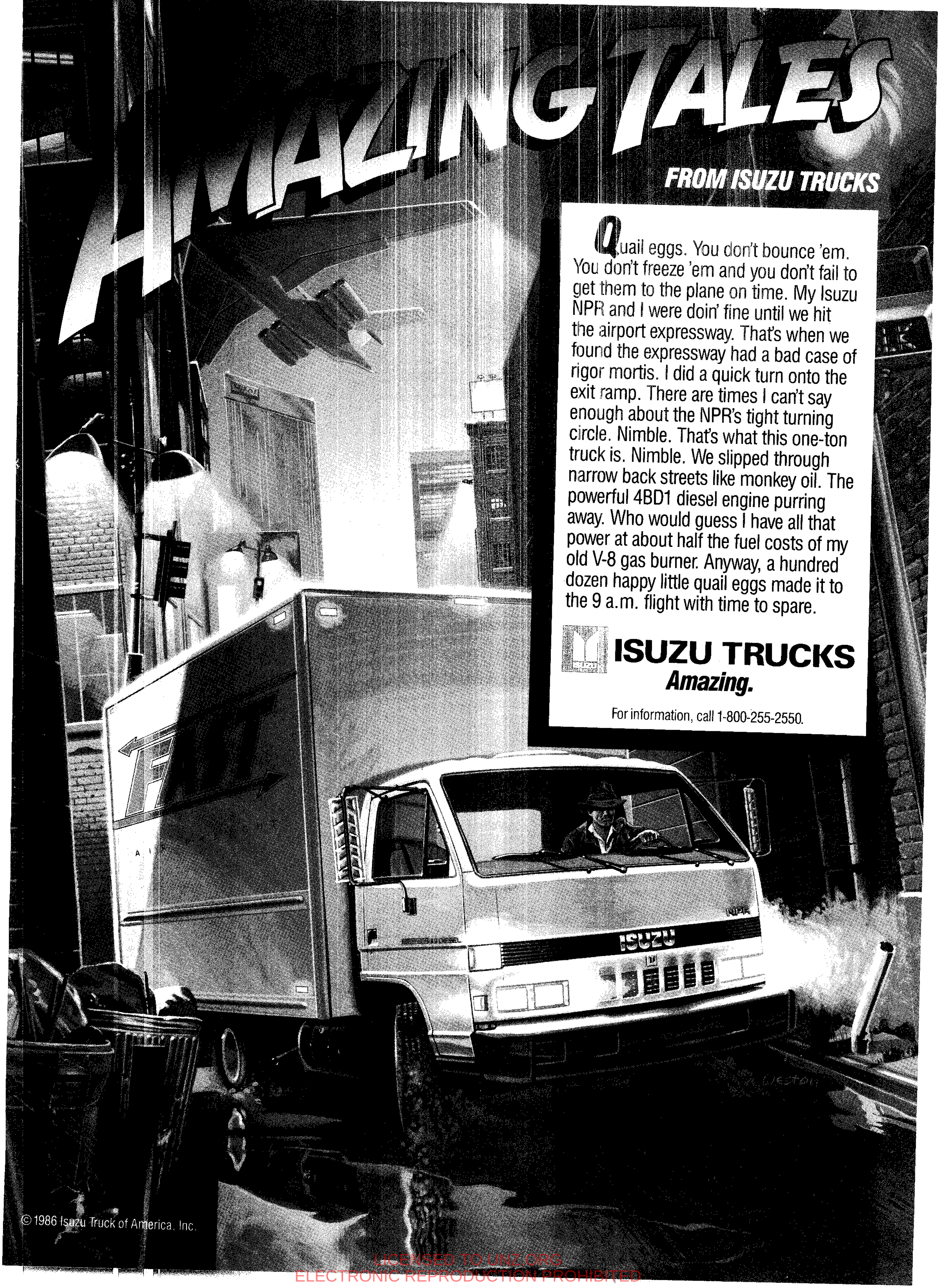

Quail eggs. You don't bounce 'em. You don't freeze 'em and you don't fail to get them to the plane on time. My Isuzu NPR and I were doin' fine until we hit the airport expressway. That's when we found the expressway had a bad case of rigor mortis. I did a quick turn onto the exit ramp. There are times I can't say enough about the NPR's tight turning circle. Nimble. That's what this one-ton truck is. Nimble. We slipped through narrow back streets like monkey oil. The powerful 4BD1 diesel engine purring away. Who would guess I have all that power at about half the fuel costs of my old V-8 gas burner. Anyway, a hundred dozen happy little quail eggs made it to the 9 a.m. flight with time to spare.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, and Charlotte Moore is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Sills & Company—The return of Severn Darden, along with several other distinguished alumni of Paul Sills' "Second City" in Chicago, in an evening of cheerful improvisation. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Social Security—A lively, conventional comedy by Andrew Bergman, well acted by Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Joanna Gleason, Stefan Schnabel, and Olympia Dukakis. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Charity—A hit twenty years ago and deservedly a hit today. Bob Fosse has been its chief maker, assisted by Neil Simon (book), Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields (songs), and Robert Randolph (scenery). The star is a stunning little singer-dancer-gamine named Debbie Allen. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

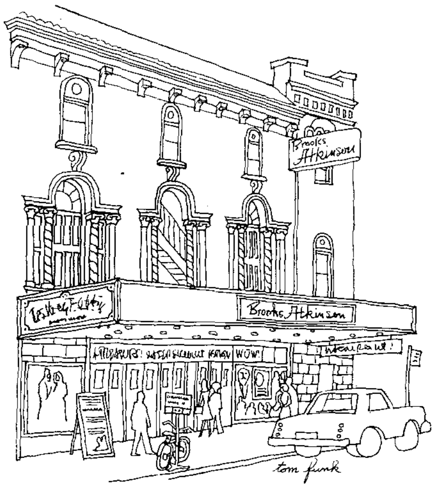
Today, I Am a Fountain Pen—A play by Israel Horovitz. (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, except Oct. 3, and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Oct. 4, at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Special performances Monday, Sept. 29, and Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

Worstward Ho—An adaptation of a prose work by Samuel Beckett, staged by Mabou Mines. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, Sept. 27.)

Woza Afrika!—A festival of plays written by South Africans—Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 24-28: A double bill consisting of **CHILDREN OF ASAZI**, written and directed by Matsemela Manaka, and **GANGSTERS**, written and directed by Maishe Maponya. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 1-5: **BORN IN THE R.S.A.**, written by the director, Barney Simon, and the seven members of the cast. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays at 1, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Young Playwrights Festival—A program of three one-act plays. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 24, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 12. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, Oct. 3, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, except Oct. 4, at 3, and Sundays at 2.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Heidi Landesman has somehow managed to put the Mississippi River onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,992 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Ossie Davis and Hal Linden. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE:** A show that has nothing whatever to do with its title, which is just as well. It does have Lily Tomlin clowning her merry way through a number of skits by Jane Wagner, many of them very funny. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 5.) . . . **SONG & DANCE:** The only two reasons for going to see this curious mishmash of a show are Bernadette Peters and John Meehan, and perhaps those two reasons are enough. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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28	29	30	1	2	3	4

MISCELLANY

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Friday, Oct. 3, at 8, and Fridays, except Oct. 3, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Forbidden Broadway 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Erick Hawkins Dance Company—Wednesday, Sept. 24, and Friday, Sept. 26, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 28, at 2: "Heyoka," "Greek Dreams, with Flute," and four dances from "8 Clear Places." . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 27, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 28, at 7:30: "Summer-Clouds People," "Ahab," and "Today, with Dragon." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Jazz Tap Ensemble—A company of three tap dancers and three musicians. With guest artist Gregory Hines. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 1-3, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 4, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 5, at 3 and 7:30.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **YUNG YUNG TSUAI AND DANCERS:** Thursday, Sept. 25, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 27-28, at 8. . . . **SACHIYO ITO AND COMPANY:** Wednesday, Oct. 1, and Friday, Oct. 3, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 5, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Abilene Café, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-3908)—A corner bar and restaurant that offers Buffalo chicken wings, Bud, and the blues. Singer and guitarist Johnny Littlejohn, a thirty-year veteran of the Chicago blues scene, performs on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27. Other bluespersons can be heard every night but Sunday. Music from nine.

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON** is in the Oak Room, concentrating on the songs of the late Harold Arlen. William Roy is her accompanist. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. Baritone saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** and his combo, which features organist Lonny Smith, are on board Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27. Other groups can be heard the rest of the time. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club, singing about lawyers and light-eating gold-diggers and John Lennon in her tiny, precise, gently swinging voice. Her early-evening concerts begin at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **SARAH VAUGHAN'S** dramatic, leaping contralto is a very good reason to take yourself here; she's singing through Sunday, Sept. 28. On Monday, Sept. 29, pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS'** All-Stars drop by, and on Tuesday, Sept. 30, Sergio Mendes and Brasil '86 begin a stint. Music after nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-

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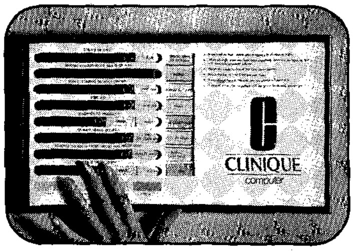
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6300)—Folk, rock, jazz, comedy, tables, chairs, and fries. The lineup, in part: Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Thursday and Friday, Oct. 2-3, the **LOUNGE LIZARDS,** with leading Lizard **JOHN LURIE** on alto saxophone; and Saturday, Oct. 4, Fairport Convention. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some first-rate bassists and pianists (who play the beautiful concert grand Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor). A **RED MITCHELL** festival is currently in progress: he can be heard with pianist **LARRY WILLIS** through Saturday, Sept. 27, and with **ROGER KELLAWAY** starting Monday, Sept. 29. On Sundays, Mr. Mitchell works with guitarist Scott Hardy and pianist Leslie Pintchik. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Gosh. It's so *nice* in here—long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **OSCAR BROWN, JR.,** is singing with his daughter Maggie Brown every night except Mondays. Shows at nine and eleven, with an extra show at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—On Tuesday, Sept. 30, **BOBBY SHORT** returns to his post in the Café Carlyle. Bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** will flank him, as usual. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, Ludwig Bemelmans' rabbits perform everyday stunts on the walls and **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Sundays and Mondays are showcase nights. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs music room with a zigzag bar. Guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** leads his quintet through Sunday, Sept. 28, and on Tuesday, Sept. 30, a group headed by **RANDY BRECKER** (trumpet) and **ELIANE ELIAS** (piano and vocals) and featuring **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** (guitar) will move in, probably with synthesizers, sequencers, and other high-tech stuff in tow. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight Tuesdays through Sundays, and from nine on Mondays.

Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—Pop-jazz singer Fran Jeffries performs Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24-25, at nine, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Starting Monday, Sept. 29, at eight, Maxine Lapiduss, a singer and comedienne, has the mike, and Phoebe Légère, a singer, pianist, accordionist, and contortionist, has it at nine-thirty. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant where you can hear and see (but from the bar you may want to use binoculars) good pianists. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24-25, **JOANNE BRACKEEN;** Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, **LARRY VUCKOVICH** (with bassist **STAFFORD JAMES**); starting Tuesday, Sept. 30, **KIRK LIGHTSEY;** and Mondays, Bryan Wells. Sets begin at seven Mondays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, Alicia Sherman sings with support from pianist Richard Sussman and bassist **BOOTS MALESON;** Sundays and Mondays Joe Derise sings and plays piano with accompaniment from bassist John Dooley; and Tuesdays are given over to ex-Swing Street guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** pianist **WARREN CHIASSON,** and bassist **MICHAEL FLEMING.** All these groups begin about ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—After Saturday, Sept. 27, admirers of the pianists who for the last seven years have filled this back-room restaurant with cheerful traditional jazz will have to look elsewhere for them: the proprietors are removing the piano. **DICK WELLSTOOD,** who has been a regular here from the beginning, presides the final four nights. Music Wednesday and Thursday from eight-thirty, and Friday and Saturday from nine.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **ROLAND HANNA,** a swinging, buoyant, two-fisted pianist, flies all by himself Tuesdays through Saturdays. Esther Blue is at the keyboard Sundays and Mondays. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Some people think the very large iguana on the roof of this establishment is excessive, and some people think it is excessive as well as site-specific. Wednesday, Sept. 24, Louisiana swamp cat **DR. JOHN** and his buddy **ALLEN TOUSSAINT;** Thursday, Sept. 25, the funk bands **KELVYNATOR** and **DEFUNKT;** Friday, Sept. 26, Gary U.S. Bonds and the Bud Moffett band; Saturday, Sept. 27, Tim Buk 3 and the Bud Moffett band; Monday, Sept. 29, bluesmen **SON SEALS** and **JAMES COTTON;** Tuesday, Sept. 30, Delbert McClinton; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, the Carter Brothers band. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Shepherd's pie isn't on the menu here, an unpublike omission that **MEL TORMÉ'S** fans, or those of them who can get seats, will very likely overlook. Mr. Tormé sings with a trio at six, eight-forty-five, and eleven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at eight-forty-five and eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. **ART BLAKEY,** the headmaster for more than three decades of a mobile academy of hard bop called the **JAZZ MESSENGERS,** will be on hand with his Class of 1986, Fridays and Saturdays, Sept. 26-27, and Oct. 3-4. Music from about ten. Dining.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—On its busy weekends, this club feels like rush hour in Rio. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24-25, drummer **BABA OLATUNJI** & New Africa; Friday, Sept, 26, Tabou Combo; Saturday, Sept. 27, **MIKATA;** Tuesday, Sept. 30, Oliver De Coque; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 1-2, reggae singer Sugar Minott; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, **LOREMIL MACHADO.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

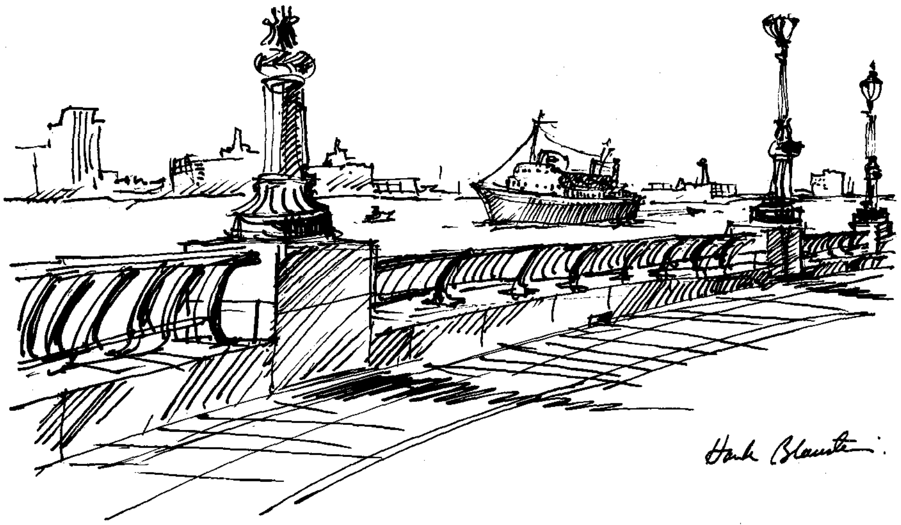
Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An all-star trio—pianist **CEDAR WALTON,** bassist **RON CARTER,** and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS**—occupies the bandstand through Sunday, Sept. 28. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 30, **DONALD HARRISON** (reeds), **TERENCE BLANCHARD** (trumpet), **MAL WALDRON** (piano), **RICHARD DAVIS** (bass), and **ED BLACKWELL** (drums) will re-create the music played by the Eric Dolphy–Booker Little quintet at the Five Spot in the summer of 1961. (Waldron, Davis, and Blackwell were present at the creation; Harrison and Blanchard, who will take the parts of Dolphy and Little, were glimmers in their mothers' eyes.) Mondays belong to the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple basic blues and rock club. Wednesday, Sept. 24, the Ordinaires, with They Might Be Giants; Thursday, Sept. 25, the **BEN VAUGHN COMBO;** Friday, Sept. 26, and Monday, Sept. 29, "The Last Words of Dutch Schultz," an R. & B. musical; Sunday, Sept. 28, violinist **BILLY BANG'S FORBIDDEN PLANET;** Wednesday, Oct. 1, **ELLIOTT MURPHY;** and Friday and Saturday, Oct 3-4, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE.** Shows after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa in the gym-size downstairs room at nine on Mondays; on Sept. 29, conga master **RAY BARRETTO** and his orchestra, pianist **MICHEL CAMILO** and his group, and jazz violinist **NOEL POINTER** will all be on hand. . . . ¶ On the Terrace after ten, you can listen to pianist **FRED HERSCH,** who works with bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** through Sunday, Sept. 28, and with bassist **MICHAEL FORMANEK** starting Tuesday, Sept. 30. And jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** drops by on Tuesdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty-one years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Drummer **TONY WILLIAMS** directs his youthful but not inexperienced quintet (Wallace Roney, Billy Pierce, **MULGREW MILLER,** and **CHARNETT MOFFETT,** who appeared in a New York club as long ago as 1978, when he was eleven) through Sunday, Sept. 28. On Tuesday, Sept. 30, pianist **STEVE KUHN,** bassist **RON CARTER,** and drummer **AL FOSTER** commence a six-night visit. Monday nights are Blast-Off Nights for the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND.** Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machine and the EnduroRacer and the jukebox (now an accessory to the video screen above it) is a room full of jazz, blues, and comedy. Violinist Pete Campo's threesome performs through Sunday, Sept. 28; tenor saxophonist and growly vocalist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS** will be in on



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Wednesday, Oct. 1; and tenor man **HOUSTON PERSON** and singer **ETTA JONES** take charge on Thursday, Oct. 2. Mondays are comedy nights. Music from about nine.

WHIPPOORWILL, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—An elaborately done-up downstairs club that in its first few months has presented many top-notch musicians. **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** who was the hottest alto saxophonist in the universe a few years ago and is still pretty hot, is out in front of his quartet (**JOHN HICKS, CECIL MC BEE,** and **BOBBY BATTLE**) through Sunday, Sept. 28; on Tuesday, Sept. 30, pianist **KENNY BARRON** arrives with his quintet; and Mondays are set aside for trumpeter Tex Allen's sextet. Music from ten. Dining. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in Joanna (675-7900), **BILL MAYS** is at the dining-room grand and **MICHAEL FORMANEK** is on bass through Sunday, Sept. 28. On Tuesday, Sept. 30, **RANDY WESTON** will set sail. Music from nine-thirty.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. Pianist **JANE JARVIS** and buzzing bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** work in tandem through Saturday, Sept. 27; starting Monday, Sept. 29, pianist **NINA SHELDON** and bassist Todd Coolman collaborate; and on Sundays the fine guitar-bass duo of **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE** plays Bach and Fauré, Ellington and Strayhorn, and Lennon and McCartney. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

BOB SEGER & THE SILVER BULLET BAND—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Art Hodes, Milt Hinton, George Kelly, Doc Cheatham, Tommy Benford, and Clarence Hutchenrider. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8. For tickets, call 598-2027.)

TOM PIERSON ORCHESTRA—Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Thursday, Sept. 25, at 9 and 10:30.

JAZZ CONCERT—Hafiz Shabazz, Julius Hemphill, Bill Cole, Olu Dara, Joe Daley, Abdul Wadud, Gerald Veasley, and Warren Smith performing Mr. Cole's musical interpretations of eight proverbs of the Yoruba tribe, of Nigeria. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, Sept. 26, at 8.)

STEVIE WONDER—Madison Square Garden. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, at 8.

ASHFORD & SIMPSON—With El DeBarge. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, at 8.)

JAKI BYARD & THE APOLLO STOMPERS—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, at 10 and midnight.

JOHNNY VENTURA—Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Sept. 28, at 4.

GENESIS—Madison Square Garden. Monday through Friday, Sept. 29-Oct. 3, at 8.

LOU REED—With the Smithereens. (Radio City Music Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

ROYAL NEW YORK DOO-WOPP SHOW—Radio City Music Hall. Friday, Oct. 3, at 8.

DAVID LEE ROTH—Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8.

BENEFIT CONCERT—Nona Hendryx, Joe Jackson, Jorma Kaukonen, Yoko Ono, and others performing on behalf of the Committee to Save the Beacon Theatre. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open *Tuesdays through Saturdays from around* 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

WALTER DARBY BANNARD—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Collages. Through Nov. 1. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

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TONY BERLANT—Three-dimensional cut-tin constructions. Through Oct. 18. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

EDWIN DICKINSON (1891-1978)—Figure paintings ranging from "The Fossil Hunters" to what are called single-stroke portraits. Through Wednesday, Oct. 1. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

PHILIP EVERGOOD (1901-73)—A two-gallery retrospective of paintings. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St. . . . ¶ Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

MASAMI KODAMA—Abstract sculptures in polished black marble, white marble, and granite. Through Oct. 11. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **KNOEDLER,** 19 E. 70th St.: "Color on Paper" is the descriptive title of works by Pollock, Diebenkorn, Frankenthaler, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. . . . **PRAKAPAS,** 19 E. 71st St.: Paintings, drawings, and photographs by, among others, Florence Henri, Fernand Léger, and Kasimir Malevich, mounted to celebrate the gallery's tenth anniversary. Through Oct. 11. (Opens at noon.) . . . **SCHLESINGER-BOISANTÉ,** 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Contemporary paintings—Expressionist and geometric abstraction—by Europeans, including John Armleder and Sandro Chia, and by the American Jean-Michel Basquiat. Through Saturday, Oct. 4.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

RICARDO BOFILL—Drawings for housing projects in France, and other works, by a Spanish architect. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

DEBORAH BROWN—Small paintings of downtown-Manhattan buildings and details of buildings, arranged in groupings of eight or more canvases. Through Wednesday, Oct. 1. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

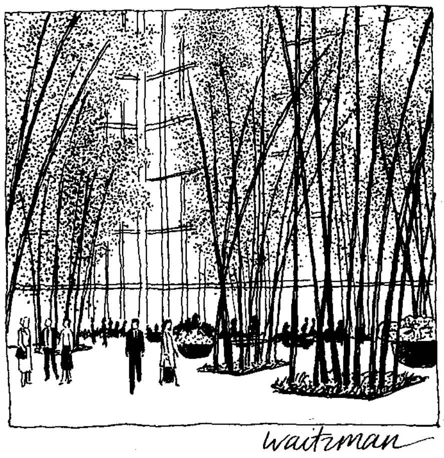
HAROLD BRUDER—Realist paintings of groups of figures in interiors. Through Wednesday, Oct. 1. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

CLARENCE CARTER—*Two shows. Recent landscape* paintings. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) . . . ¶ Watercolors from a series called "Studies for Industry." (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.) Both through Saturday, Sept. 27.

MARTIN DISLER—Semi-abstract figurative paintings by a Swiss artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

RAINER FETTING—Portraits, cityscapes, and landscapes, plus sculptures, one of which is a life-size bronze of a man in a bathtub. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JOHN GILL / GWENN THOMAS—Glazed-stoneware vessels. / Photographs of Ellis Island interiors in complementary frames painted by the artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)



WILLIAM L. HANEY—Recent figurative paintings. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

FRANZ KLINE (1910-62)—A selection of works on paper which spans his career. Through Oct. 31. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN—Three-dimensional painted works combining canvas, paper, wood, and Masonite. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

AGNES MARTIN / LOUISE NEVELSON—Recent paintings. / Large painted-wood wall reliefs, some extending out more than three feet. Through Oct. 25. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

HENRY PEARSON—Geometric paintings derived from the chessboard pattern. Through Oct. 11. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

ARNULF RAINER—Three exhibitions. A retrospective. Through Oct. 25. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Eight recent paintings on board and fifty photographs overpainted with crayon, India ink, and oil. Through Oct. 25. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Etchings. Through Oct. 18. (Roeder, 545 Broadway. Closed Tuesdays.)

DAN RIZZIE / AVNER MORIAH—Painted-wood and cardboard cutouts collaged onto abstract backgrounds, plus large monotypes that resemble designs for wrought-iron works. / Paintings of combat in the Near East by a former Israeli soldier. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

STONE ROBERTS—Paintings of still-lifes and figure groups in a line of descent from the Dutch masters, by a young North Carolinian who quit banking after five years of it here in Manhattan and now devotes his full energies to art. First one-man show in New York. Through Wednesday, Oct. 1. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

LOUIS SCHANKER (1903-81)—Prints, plus a few drawings. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ (1922-83) / **MICHAEL DE LISIO**—Abstract ink drawings and two welded-steel sculptures from the fifties and sixties. / Foot-high bronze portraits of T. S. Eliot, Sarah Caldwell, and other public figures. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JAN VOSS—Recent abstract oils. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM T. WILEY—Five recent paintings, each measuring more than ten feet and referring, in a combination of images and written passages, to such topics as the arms race and toxic waste. Through Oct. 23. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

ROGER WINTER / JOHN BUTTON (1929-82)—A view of Central Park, and other landscapes. / Pastels, gouaches, and one large oil, all completed just before his death. Through Oct. 8. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

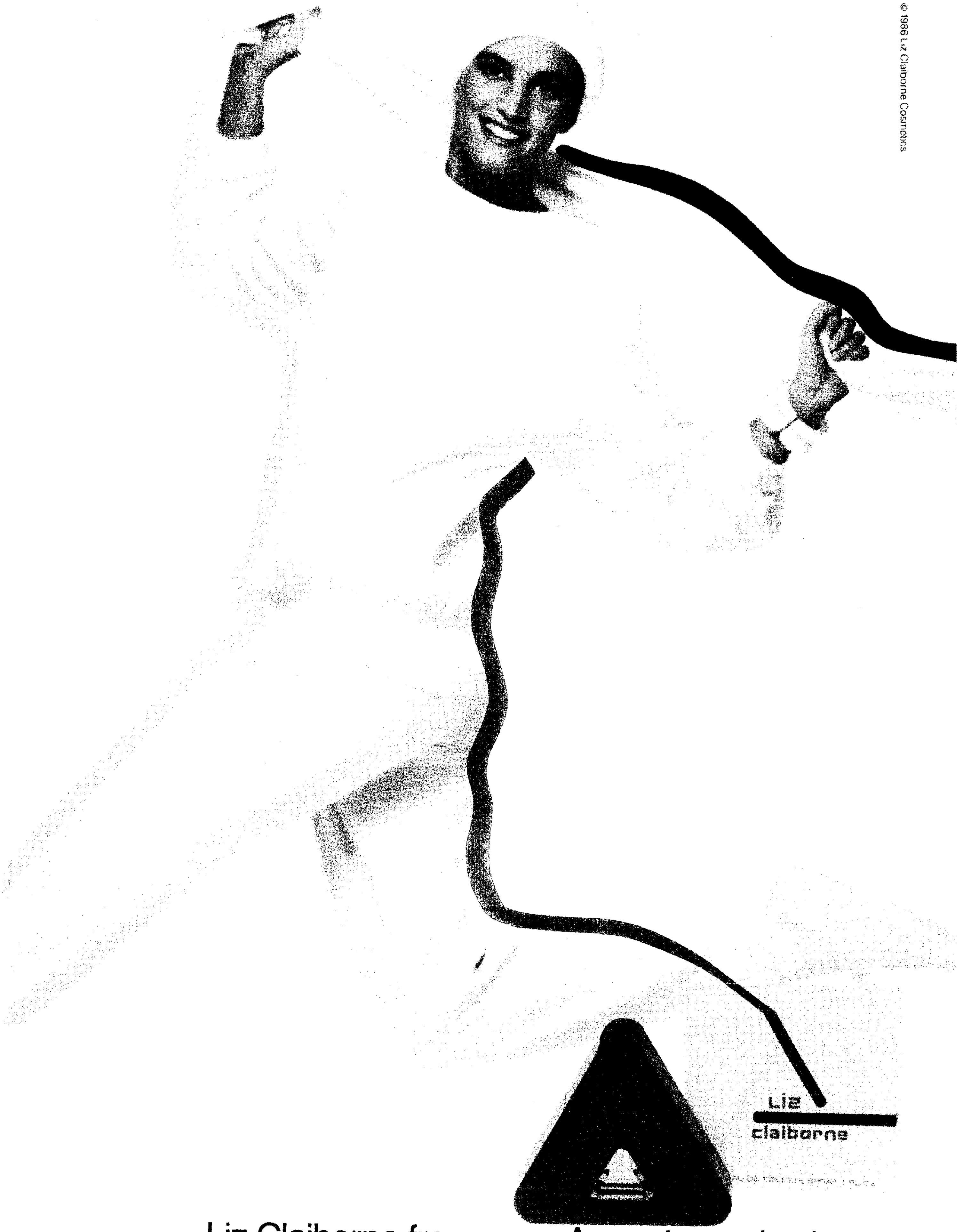
VIENNESE DESIGN AND THE WIENER WERKSTÄTTE—Nearly two hundred objects (furniture, books and posters, decorative arts, and paintings and prints) in a show that complements the "Vienna 1900" exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Nov. 8. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: Watercolors and drawings, mostly fleeting but bull's-eye impressions, by twenty-seven American artists of this century, among them Henri, Bellows, Demuth, and Marin. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: A selection of paintings, chiefly, entitled "Art of the 80's by Artists in Their 80's." The octogenarians here include Isabel Bishop, Robert Gwathmey, and Bernarda Bryson Shahn. Through Oct. 11.

SCULPTURE—Recent pieces by R. M. Fischer, Steve Keister, and Bill Woodrow. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

KENDALL BUSTER—A maze negotiable by visitors is contained in a ten-foot cube painted an in-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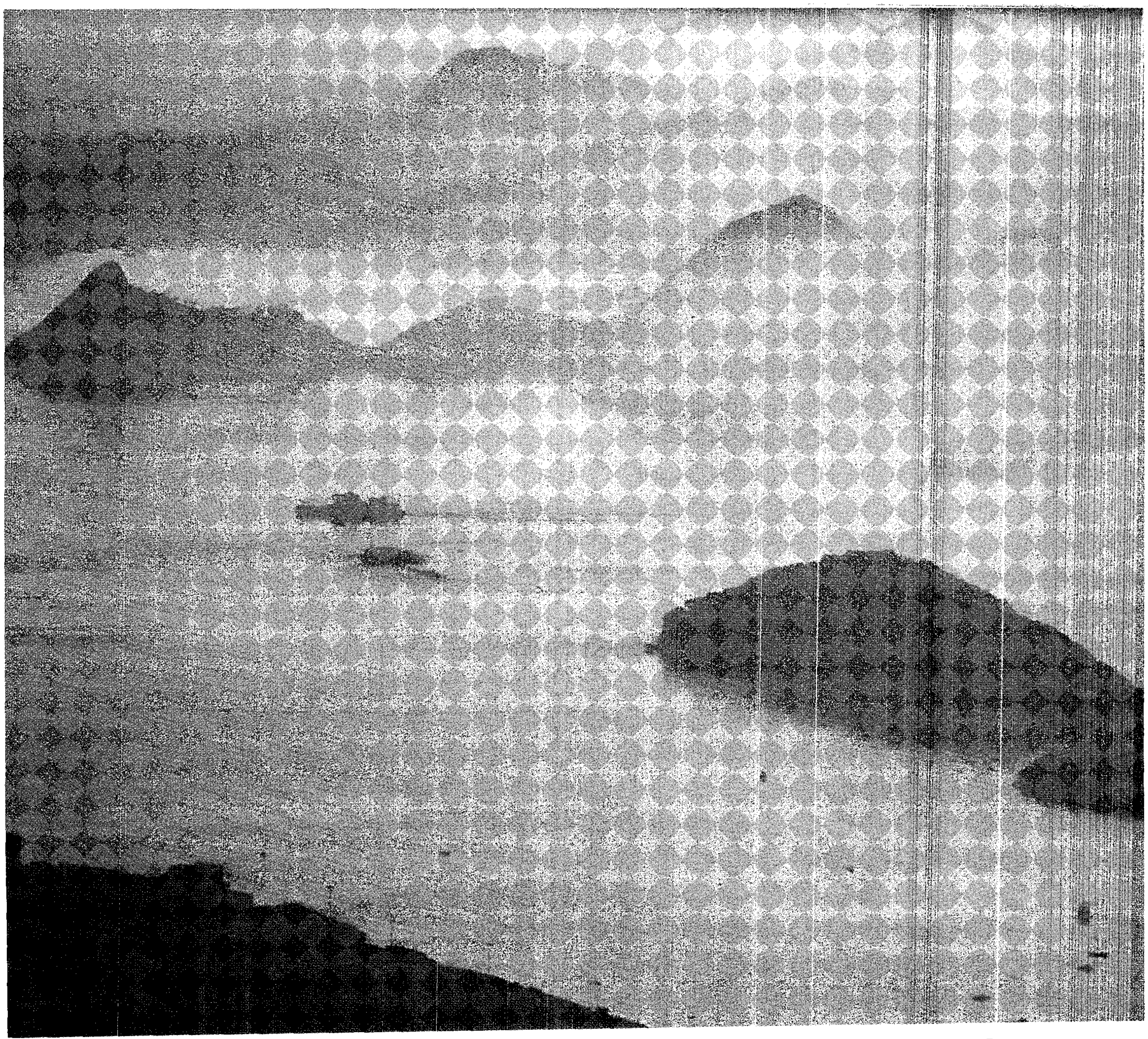

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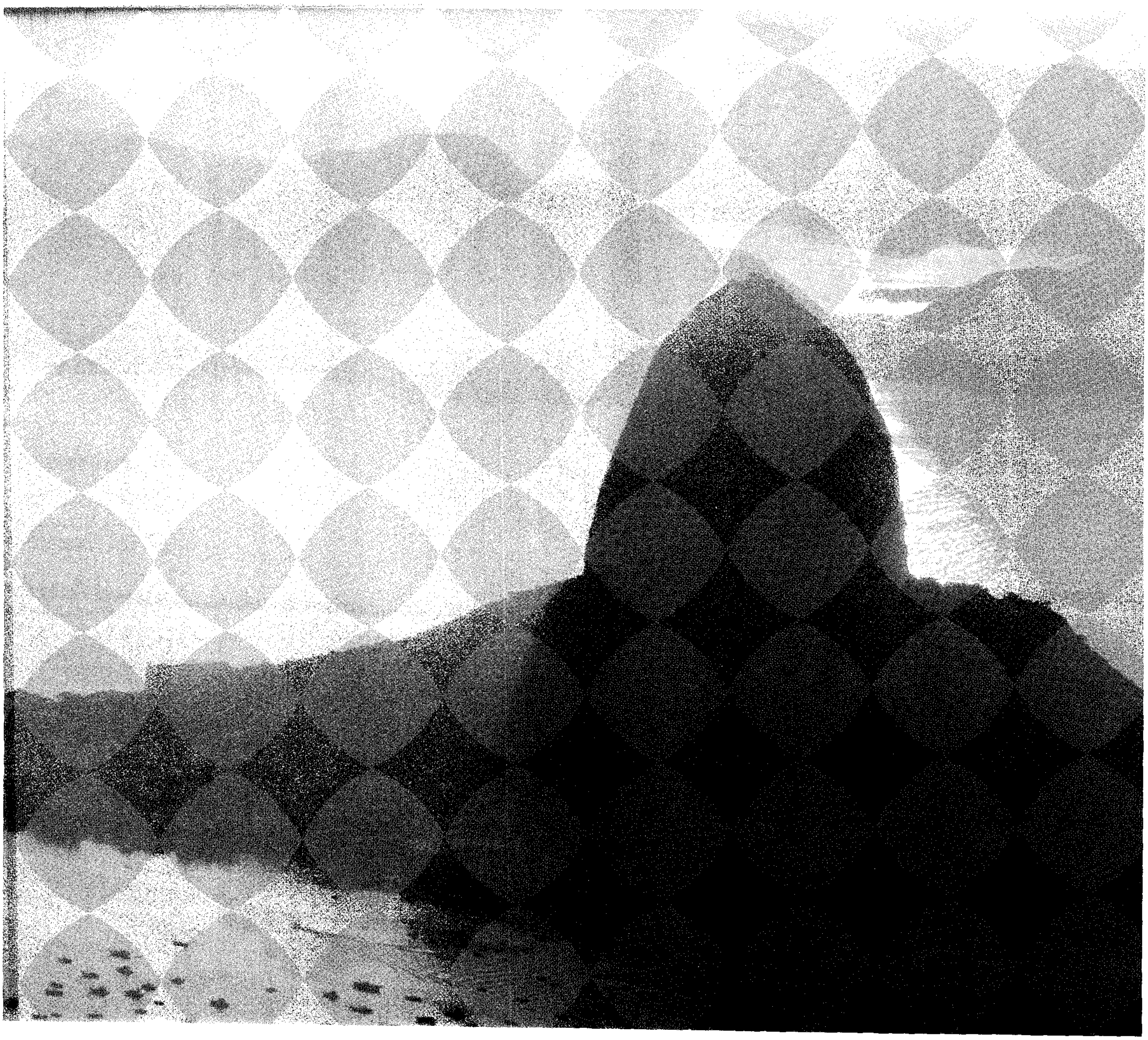

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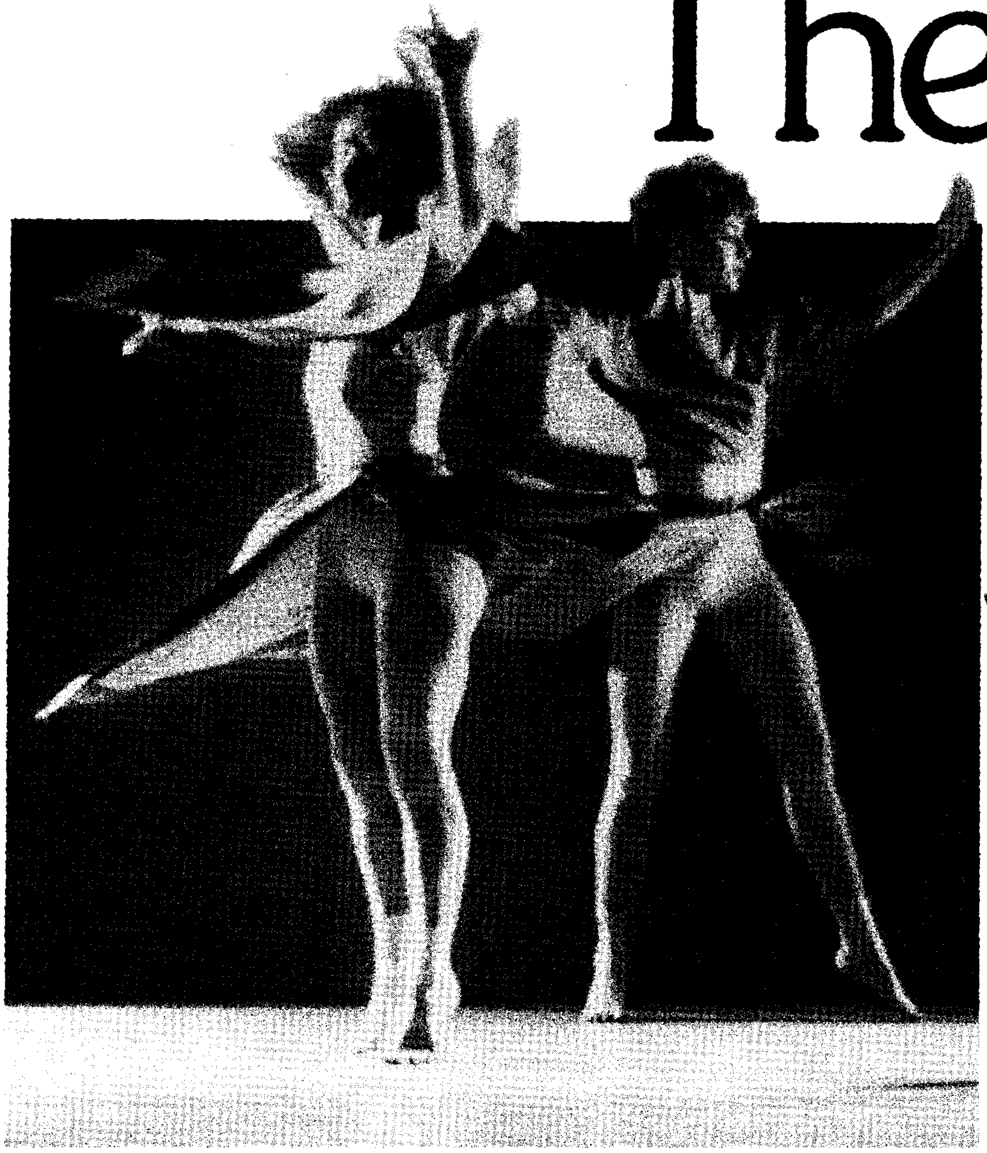

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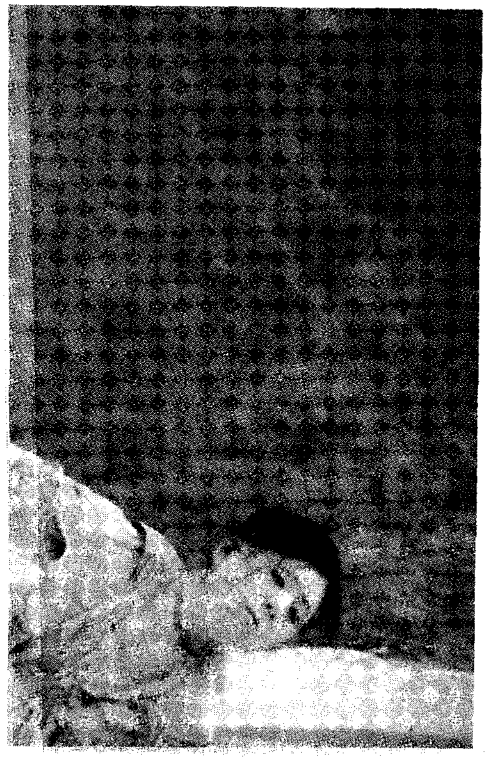

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Some of the performers appearing in the 1986 Next Wave Festival; pictured clockwise, from upper left: Molissa Fenley and Dancers, photo by Chris Callis; The Flying Karamazov Brothers, photo by Paul Schraub; Eiko & Koma, photo by Philip Hipwell; Joy Ehrlich and Ardai Baharmast in The Impossible Theater, photo by Erik Kvalsvik.

Sing her to sleep again. Call Italy.

You remember when she was born, that winter in Rome. How you held, rocked, cuddled your first granddaughter. And even though you've left, thoughts of her still make you feel warm inside. Wouldn't you love to hear her voice?

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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28	29	30	1	2	3	4

stitutional green and pierced with numerous peepholes. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Werner Büttner / Walter Robinson—A series of paintings entitled "Half an Hour of Modern Art." / Paint applied to canvas with the aid of centrifugal force, which splatters the medium more or less equally over the surface. Through Oct. 11. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Wendell Castle—Sculptures. Through Oct. 10. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Gene Davis (1920-85)—A group of his stripe paintings from the sixties. Through Oct. 25. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Max Ferguson—Meticulously painted nocturnal scenes of Manhattan (the East River, the artist in a pool hall with his father), by a young painter whose training in Holland shows. Through Sunday, Sept. 28. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St. Open Sundays, 2 to 4.)

Rafael Ferrer—Small paintings, including landscapes of Mexico, studio nudes, and portraits. Through Oct. 8. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Peter Fischli and David Weiss—Sculptures and photographs, the joint efforts of two Swiss artists. Through Oct. 11. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Connie Fox—Energetic abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Teresa Gejer—Freestanding sculptures made of plywood, plaster, and clay, in which abstract and organic forms seem to grow out of the tops of the pedestals. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

General Idea—The signature of three artists from Toronto whose large satiric paintings depict contemporary versions of medieval heraldic shields. Through Oct. 11. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

Ira Joel Haber—Drawings of industrial areas. Through Oct. 18. (Herlin, 68 Thompson St.)

Nancy Haynes—Abstract relief paintings. Through Oct. 8. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Jim Hendricks—Driftwood sculptures. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St. Open Sundays.)

Mark Kostabi—Mannequinlike figures and strong colors characterize this young artist's paintings, several of which are very large analyses of Hopper's works. Through Oct. 11. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Rikuro Okamoto / Y. J. Cho—A huge, restless boulder, made of plastic resin, inches its way back and forth on the O. K. Harris gallery floor, thanks to a motor hidden inside. / Photo-Realist studies of grimy downtown architectural details. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Garnett Puett—This sculptor has a lot of his work done for him by bees, which build elegant formations of honeycomb on simple armatures he provides. A dozen of these sculptures are on view, one of them a work in progress going on in a glass box where the artist, a fourth-generation beekeeper, has installed a colony of five thousand or so of his helpers. Visitors can watch the operation by lifting a cloth hood that ordinarily covers the box and gives the bees a necessary measure of privacy. All this action is taking place in a tenth-floor gallery on lower Broadway, where the bees have access to the outside world and all the nectar in SoHo through a glass tube running from the box to a window. The bees scoot in and out all day, gathering nectar, converting it into honey, and creating the waxen combs to store it in—and, incidentally, making their own artistic statement. Through Thursday, Oct. 2. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Ted Stamm (1945-84)—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Niele Toroni—Marks in oil from a No. 50 paintbrush applied at regular intervals of thirty *centimetres* on canvas and on the walls of the Boone Gallery. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (417 West Broadway.)

Phyllis Weiner / Harriet Gans—Paintings mapping out a field of irregular shapes and lines. / Cibachrome prints. Through Oct. 11. (Pindar, 127 Greene St.)

Mia Westerlund-Roosen—Concrete forms covered in a veneer of lead, copper, and, occasionally, wax, plus related drawings. Through Oct. 11. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Phyllis Yes—Ten life-size female busts ornamented with spectacular epaulettes (ivory, heavy silver, or gem-studded gold), meant to reward valor on the home front, plus paintings of campaign ribbons, also for women. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Steinbaum, 142 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **DILAURENTI**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings of female nudes by Paul Georges, Graham Nickson, Grace Hartigan, Judy Rifka, and others. Through Oct. 18. . . . **ERPF**, 568 Broadway: Works by nine painters, among them Joan Snyder, Antoni Tàpies, and Gandy Brodie. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. . . . **MUNROE**, 415 West Broadway: A show called "Preludes" offers works by thirteen artists the gallery has scheduled for future exhibitions. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. . . . **PLUMB**, 81 Greene St.: Works by gallery artists, among them Jacques Flèchemuller, Paul Georges, and David Kapp. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. . . . **SCHREIBER-CUTLER**, 171 Spring St.: Night-landscape paintings by Paul Caranicas, Daisy Craddock, Kim Keever, David Speed, and others. Through Wednesday, Oct. 1. . . . **TOLL**, 146 Greene St.: Abstractions on canvas by Jan Hashey, Ellen Phelan, and Andrew Spence, and a wall piece, by Richard Beckett, made of bicycle tires flattened out like snakeskins and put together in a row, side by side. Through Saturday, Sept. 27.

OTHER GALLERIES

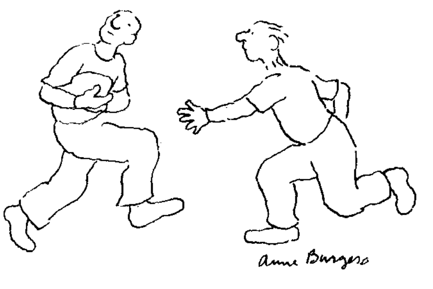
John Cage—Eight silk-screened Plexiglas works, and some paper compositions incorporating Merce Cunningham's name. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Burgin, a new gallery at 270 Lafayette St. Opens at 1.)

Sam Doyle (1906-85)—Remarkably affecting paintings done on scraps of roofing tin, mostly, by an untutored black man who lived on St. Helena Island, off South Carolina, and who portrayed relatives, friends, and legendary people and events in an utterly guileless and straightforward manner. Through Oct. 5. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Reverend Howard Finster—Representative paintings, dating from 1976 to 1979. Through Oct. 11. (Cavin-Morris, 100 Hudson St.)

Ted Rosenthal—Satirical sculptures wrought from found metal and sheet metal that has been sliced up like paper. Through Oct. 21. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Group Shows—At the **BOUCKAERT**, 100 Hudson St.: A 1973 painting and two drawings from 1975 by Pat Steir, and sculptures and drawings from the seventies and eighties by Richard Artschwager and Alan Saret. Through Oct. 11. . . . **BROMM**, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St.: Carl Andre, Sol LeWitt, and Donald Judd are among the names, *unusual for the East* Village, dropped in this season-opening show of sculptures and paintings. Ten artists in all. Through Oct. 12. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **CHRISTMINSTER**, 336 E. 5th St.: Collages by Dike Blair, small oils using red dots by Paul McMahon, and a single painting by Frank Moore. Through Oct. 10. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **CITY GALLERY**, 2 Columbus Circle: A miscellany of film-related works that include self-portraits by Cindy Sherman mocking movie stills, a proposal by Robert Smithson for an underground cinema, and, from the Thomas Edison laboratory, a 1900 mutoscope—a kind of flip-book—depicting Edison signing the patent for the first movie camera. Through Oct. 11. (Open Mondays.) . . . **GOOD**, 39 Great Jones St.: Abstract paintings by William Baziotes, George Negroponte, and David Row. Through Oct. 11. . . . **GRACIE MANSION GALLERY**, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St.: Eight artists, using paintings, collages, and photographs, all focussed on the format of *Artforum*. Through Sunday, Sept. 28. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **P.P.O.W**, 337 E. 8th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and photographs by ten gallery artists, among them Paul Benney and Francesc Torres. Through Oct. 5. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)



PHOTOGRAPHY

David Hockney—Fifty photocollages, including works of summer, 1986. Through Nov. 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Joan Myers / Valery Plotnikov—Palladium prints of the remnants of Japanese relocation camps *(from a flyswatter to a barracks)*. / Portraits of Russian artists, dancers, and others, by a photographer who lives in Moscow. Through Oct. 16. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Jerry N. Uelsmann—A self-portrait of the artist posing as William Wegman's dog-model, Man Ray, and other works by a photographer who uses up to eight enlargers and extensive masking to make a single print. Through Oct. 18. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Bruce Weber—Photographs from a two-month visit in Rio de Janeiro. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A large show of antiquities which illuminates life in the Holy Land from prehistoric times to the end of the Byzantine period, in the seventh century. The best preserved of the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Habakkuk Commentary; a bronze of the emperor Hadrian; Tyrian and Jewish shekels; pottery and metal from cities of the Canaanite period; and numerous other artifacts. Starts Thursday, Sept. 25. . . . ¶ An exhibit of forty-one Impressionist and early modern paintings on loan from the Hermitage Museum, in Leningrad, and the Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts, in Moscow, including Matisse's "Harmony in Red." Through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Drawings by French masters of the fifteenth century to the eighteenth, including recently acquired works by Boucher and Le Brun as well as works by Watteau and Fragonard. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture & Design," an exhibit that cuts a wide swath through a pivotal period in the early history of modernism in Europe. Paintings and drawings by Klimt, Kokoschka, Schiele, and others; Vienna Secession posters; and decorative arts from the Wiener Werkstätte, *among them a* wrought-silver vitrine by C. O. Czeschka. Through Oct. 26. A complementary exhibit is at the Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of maps, photographs, printed texts, and sculptural works by Richard Long, a British artist who documents the extensive walks he has taken in various parts of the world with various parts of the earth. Mud from the River Avon, for instance, is used to make a circle of handprints on the wall. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Of the four hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures bought by the museum during the past six years, fifty-four, among them works by Carroll Dunham, Eric Fischl, Bill Jensen, and Terry Winter, are on display through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Monumental-scale drawings by twenty-two American artists—Elfi Schuselka, Diane Olivier, Robert Stackhouse, Michael Zwack—each of whom will have several works on display. Through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Twenty-five prints of autumnal scenes from Hiroshige's "One Hundred Famous Views of Edo." Through Nov. 3. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **Note:** Larry Rivers and the East 13th Street Band will give a jazz concert in the museum's sculpture garden on Sunday, Sept. 28, at 4.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Hollywood: Legend and Reality," a show about the nuts-and-bolts aspects of the film industry over the years. The displays include original production designs, costume sketches and costumes, set models, posters, and about two hundred photographs. Through Oct. 12. . . . ¶ The museum, in concert with the Consumers Union, has centered an exhibit on fifty products and services that have been developed over the past fifty years (fifty because that's how long the union has been testing products), and voilà—the selection looks like life as we know it: television sets, paperbacks, running shoes, air-conditioners. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-four contemporary American artists, among them Bill Thompson, Audrey Flack, Rodney Ripps, and Hannelore Baron, have looked to Jewish history and interpreted it in paintings, sculptures, graphics, and photographs. Through Nov. 16. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred Mary Granville Delany paper collages that depict in detail a variety of flowers. The eighteenth-century works are on loan from the British Museum. Through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ A show of nineteenth-century French works on paper, including a Degas self-portrait done in oil and a pencil study for "The Card Players," by Cézanne. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Still another Statue of Liberty tribute, this one a partial re-creation of an 1883 exhibition of predominantly French paintings which was mounted at the National Academy by William Merritt Chase—the objective then was to raise funds for the statue's pedestal. The artists represented are Delacroix, Corot, Manet, Tissot, and others whose works were fresh to the public in the original show. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A show of sculptures, photographs, and installations by fourteen artists from Belgium, France, Germany, and Holland whose work, not known here, reflects the influences of Minimalists and Conceptualists. Starts Friday, Sept. 26. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

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Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A display of a hundred and fifty prints by five photojournalists—Peter Magubane, Valeria Ferrill, Ozier Muhammad, Gordon Parks, and Robert Sengstacke. Through Sunday, Sept. 28. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Danny Mydlack (performance), Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Party Club," produced by, and with, Paul McMahon and Nancy Chunn, plus Michael Smith, the Microscopic Quintet, and others; Friday through Sunday, Sept. 26-28, and Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 2-4, all at 9.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Mark Anderson (performance), Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 25-28, at 9.

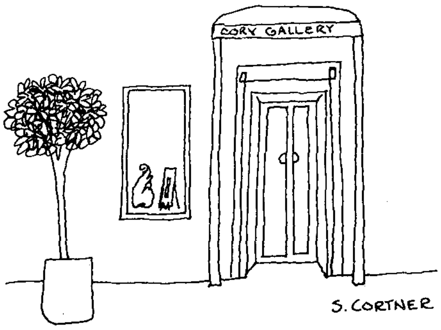
MUSIC

(The box-office number for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., is 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Brian Schexnayder, and Italo Tajo; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 25, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Hildegard Behrens, Jeannine Altmeyer, Brigitte Fassbaender, Peter Hofmann, Simon Estes, and Aage Haugland; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 26, at 8: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Brian Schexnayder, and Italo Tajo; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Claudia Catania, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 29, at 8: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Hildegard Behrens, Jeannine Altmeyer, Brigitte Fassbaender, Peter Hofmann, Simon Estes, and Aage Haugland; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Claudia Catania, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 3, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Brian Schexnayder, and Italo Tajo; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 1:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Claudia Catania, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Jeannine Altmeyer, Johanna Meier, Brigitte Fassbaender, Timothy Jenkins, Donald McIntyre, and Aage Haugland; James Levine. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Nicole Philibosian, Gail Dobish, Jane Bunnell, Stanley Wexler, and William Stone; conducted by Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 26, at 8: "Norma," with Winifred Faix Brown, Susanne Marsee, Robert Grayson, and Eric Halfvarson; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 2: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Gail Dobish, Jon Garrison, William Stone, and Craig Heath Nim; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8: "Carmen," with Janis Eckhart, Ruth Golden, Harry Theyard, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 28, at 1: "La Bohème," with Maria Spacagna, Margaret Cusack, Kristian Johannsson, and Stephen Dickson; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 28, at 7: The première of Anthony Davis's "X (The Life and Times of Malcolm X)," with Priscilla Baskerville, Marietta Simpson, Thomas Young, and Ben Holt; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 8: "Norma," with Edith Davis, Mimi Lerner, Harry Theyard, and Harry Dworchak; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Nicole Philibosian, Gail Dobish, Jane Bunnell, Stanley Wexler, and William Stone; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Rachel Rosales, Mark Thomsen, Robert McFarland, and Harry Dworchak; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 2: "Don Quichotte," with Susanne Marsee, Harry Dworchak, and Jan Opalach; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8: "La Bohème," with Maria Spacagna, Margaret Cusack, Kristian Johannsson, and Stephen Dickson; Scott Bergeson. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)



Concert Royal and the New York Baroque Dance Company—James Richman conducting Handel's opera "Ariodante." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday, Sept. 25, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 27-28, at 8. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

Amato Opera Company—Mozart's "Don Giovanni." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 25-27, at 8, and Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 7:30: A Karel Husa–Liszt program, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8; Friday, Oct. 3, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8: A Mozart-Strauss program, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Slovak Chamber Orchestra—Bohdan Warchal conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with David Shifrin, clarinet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 28, at 3.)

Canticum Novum Singers and the St. John's Chamber Orchestra—Harold Rosenbaum directing a Bach-Handel program, with Dora Schwarzberg, violin; Scott Marino, trumpet; and John Littlefield, flute. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Sept. 27, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Vienna 1900: A Festival of Music—The fourth and fifth in a series of eight concerts. Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 8: Benita Valente, soprano; Richard Goode, piano; and the Galimir String Quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 28, at 8: Frederica von Stade, soprano, and Martin Katz, piano, in a program of Schoenberg's cabaret songs. (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatre 1, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 708-9856.)

Festival of India—Two programs. Friday, Sept. 26, at 8: Music of north India performed by Ustad Sultan Khan, sarangi, and Ustad Alla Rakha and Zakir Hussain, tabla. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8: Kathak dances of north India performed by Sitara Devi. (Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980.)

Yo-Yo Ma—Cello, in two performances of the same program. (Lehman College Concert Hall, Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Sept. 27, at

8. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, Sept. 28, at 3.)

Edward Auer—Piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Sept. 28, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

Alliance for American Song—Presenting song cycles of the twenties and thirties. (Gustavus Adolphus Lutheran Church, 155 E. 22nd St. Sunday, Sept. 28, at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Music of Eric Ewazen—With Rebecca Scott, soprano; Olegna Fuschi, Eleanor Nelson, and Mr. Ewazen, piano; Jean Kopperud, clarinet; David Taylor, bass trombone; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Sept. 29, at 8.)

Danielle Woerner—Soprano, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 8.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting an ensemble, with Paul Sperry, tenor, and Neil Balm, trumpet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

Judith Norell—Harpsichord. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Friday, Sept. 26, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 27-28, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Toronto, Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1, at 7:30. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Oct. 3, at 7:35, and Saturday, Oct. 4, at 1:35.

Professional Football—Giants vs. New Orleans Saints. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Sept. 28, at 1.)

Hockey—Exhibition games—**rangers** at Madison Square Garden: Vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Islanders, Sunday, Oct. 5, at 7:35. . . . **islanders** at Nassau Coliseum: Vs. Rangers, Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Sept. 27, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Boston Bruins, Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8:05. . . . **devils** at Byrne Meadowlands Arena: Vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Buffalo Sabres, Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Hartford Whalers, Thursday, Oct. 2, at 7:35.

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Oct. 20. The Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 4. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; through Saturday, Nov. 1.

Yachting—The twentieth annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, sailed over a course from Pier A, Battery Park; south under the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge; around the West Bank Light; and back to a Committee Boat anchored off Battery Park. The starting gun goes off at ten, Saturday, Sept. 27. A spectator boat will embark from Pier 16, East River at Fulton Street, at nine-thirty; for tickets, call 669-9416.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—J. M. Coetzee reading from his own fiction. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Sept. 29, at 8.) . . . ¶ Gail Mazur and Dana Gioia reading from their own poetry. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park. Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ David Leavitt reading from his own prose. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Walking Tour—A conducted tour of the East Sixties, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Sept. 28, starting at Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese prints and other works of art. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 10:15 and 2: Books and manuscripts. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 25-26, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Love on the Ground" (1984; directed by Jacques Rivette; in French), with Geraldine Chaplin and Jane Birkin.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 25: "Short Circuit" (†). From Sept. 26: "Next Summer" (Nadine Trintignant; in French), with Fanny Ardant, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Claudia Cardinale.
Theatre 2: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 2: "Back to School" (†). From Oct. 3: " 'Night, Mother" (Tom Moore), with Sissy Spacek and Anne Bancroft.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Aliens" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Blue Velvet" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 25: "Shanghai Surprise" (Jim Goddard), with Sean Penn and Madonna. From Sept. 26: "Foreign Body" (Ronald Neame), with Victor Banerjee.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "The Men's Club" (Peter Medak). From Sept. 26: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 25: "Heartburn" (†). From Sept. 26: To be announced.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Oct. 2: "Stand By Me" (†).
From Oct. 3: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 25: "Where Are the Children?" From Sept. 26: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Men's Club" (Peter Medak).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Aliens" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Oct. 2: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.
From Oct. 3: "Round Midnight" (Bertrand Tavernier).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 2: "Ruthless People" (†). From Oct. 3: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "Radioactive Dreams" (Albert F. Pyun), with John Stockwell. From Sept. 26: "The Lightship" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Robert Duvall and Klaus Maria Brandauer.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "Stand By Me" (†). From Sept. 26: "That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Mona Lisa" (†).

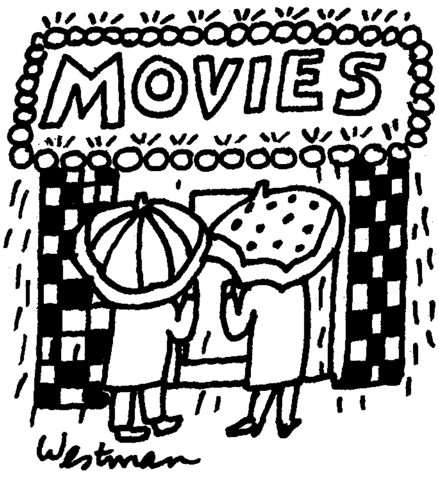
Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Otello" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Plácido Domingo.
Theatre 2: "Down by Law" (Jim Jarmusch).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen. From Sept. 26: "Foreign Body" (Ronald Neame), with Victor Banerjee.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Name of the Rose" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery and F. Murray Abraham.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 25: "Heartburn" (†). From Sept. 26: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "Shanghai Surprise" (Jim Goddard), with Sean Penn and Madonna. From Sept. 26: To be announced.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Sept. 25: "90 Days" (Giles Walker).
From Sept. 26: "Twist and Shout" (Bille August; in Danish).



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28	29	30	1	2	3	4

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
" 'Night, Mother" (Tom Moore), with Sissy Spacek and Anne Bancroft.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 25: "American Justice" (Gary Grillo), with Jameson Parker and Gerald McRaney.
From Sept. 26: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Aliens" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "Avenging Force" (Sam Firstenberg), with Michael Dudikoff. From Sept. 26: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 25: "The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum. From Sept. 26: "The Lightship" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Robert Duvall and Klaus Maria Brandauer.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "Radioactive Dreams" (Albert F. Pyun), with John Stockwell. From Sept. 26: "Ruthless People" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Nineteen Nineteen" (1985; directed by Hugh Brody), with Paul Scofield and Maria Schell.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "Stranger Than Paradise" (1984; Jim Jarmusch), with John Lurie, Richard Edson, and Eszter Balint. From Sept. 26: "Alien" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Sherman's March" (Ross McElwee)
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "We Were So Beloved" (Manfred Kirchheimer), a documentary. From Sept. 26: "Private Practices: The Story of a Sex Surrogate" (Kirby Dick), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "No Surrender" (Peter Smith).
Theatre 2: "Stand By Me" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "A Man and a Woman: 20 Years Later" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.
Theatre 2: "Mona Lisa" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 25: "Lost Horizon" (1937 †). From Sept. 26: "The Lightship" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Robert Duvall and Klaus Maria Brandauer.
Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 3: "My American Cousin" (†).
Theatre 4: "She's Gotta Have It."

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "Where Are the Children?" From Sept. 26: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "Ruthless People" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Sept. 25: "Next Summer" (Nadine Trintignant; in French), with Fanny Ardant, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Claudia Cardinale.
From Sept. 26: "That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th (765-7600)
Through Sept. 25: Theatre closed.
Sept. 26: "Paths of Glory" (1957; Stanley Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas, Ralph Meeker, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready; and "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr.
Sept. 27: "I Walk Alone" (1948; Byron Haskin), with Lizabeth Scott, Burt Lancaster, and Kirk Douglas; and "Bird Man of Alcatraz" (1962; John Frankenheimer), with Burt Lancaster and Karl Malden.
Sept. 28: "Elmer Gantry" (†); and "Along the Great Divide" (1951; Raoul Walsh), with Kirk Douglas and Virginia Mayo.
Sept. 29: "Ace in the Hole" (†) and "Sweet Smell of Success" (†).
Sept. 30: "Lust for Life" (†) and "The Professionals" (†).
Oct. 1: "The Detective Story" (1951; William Wyler), with Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker, and William Bendix; and "The Crimson Pirate" (†).
Oct. 2: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 3: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Partisans of Vilna" (Josh Waletzky), a documentary.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Stand By Me" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Caravaggio" (Derek Jarman), with Nigel Terry.

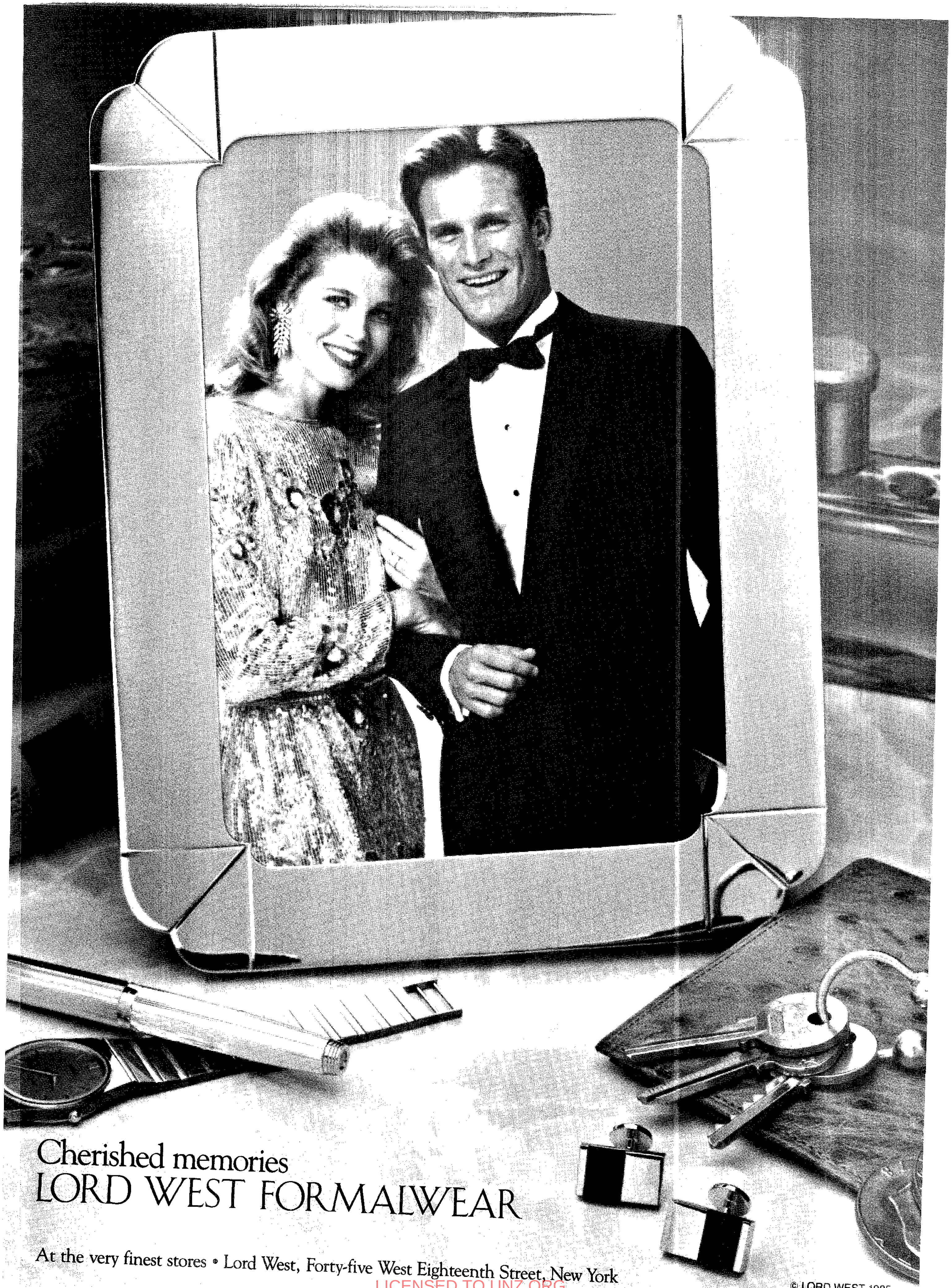
Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Sept. 25: "Heartburn" (†).
From Sept. 26: To be announced.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Summer" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Marie Rivière.
Theatre 2: "Men . . ." (†).
Theatre 3: "Men . . ." (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 2: "Down by Law" (Jim Jarmusch).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "Restless Natives" (Michael Hoffman). From Sept. 26: "Nothing in Common" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 25: "Nothing in Common" (†). From Sept. 26: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "The Fly"



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28	29	30	1	2	3	4

(David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum. From Sept. 26: "The Lightship" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Robert Duvall and Klaus Maria Brandauer.

Theatre 3: Through Sept. 25: "The Men's Club" (Peter Medak). From Sept. 26: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Theatre 4: "The Name of the Rose" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery and F. Murray Abraham.

Theatre 5: "Aliens" (†).

Theatre 6: Through Sept. 25: "Where the River Runs Black" (Christopher Cain), with Charles Durning. From Sept. 26: "Foreign Body" (Ronald Neame), with Victor Banerjee.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).

Theatre 2: "Mona Lisa" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 25: "Radioactive Dreams" (Albert F. Pyun), with John Stockwell. From Sept. 26: "Vasectomy, a Delicate Matter" (Robert Burge), with Paul Sorvino.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "Short Circuit" (†). From Sept. 26: Last Resort."

Theatre 3: Through Sept. 25: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita; and "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick. From Sept. 26: "Nothing in Common" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Sept. 25: "My American Cousin" (†). From Sept. 26: "Lost Horizon" (1937 †).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "The Fly" (directed by David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.

Theatre 2: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.

Theatre 3: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.

Theatre 4: "Back to School" (†).

Theatre 5: "About Last Night . . ." (†).

Theatre 6: "Short Circuit" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Ruthless People" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Theatre 3: Through Sept. 25: "Black Joy" (Anthony Simmons). From Sept. 26: "One More Saturday Night."

Theatre 4: "Nothing in Common" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

Through Sept. 25: "Night of the Creeps" (Fred Dekker).

From Sept. 26: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 25: "Code Name: Wild Geese" (Anthony M. Dawson). From Sept. 26: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "Shanghai Surprise" (Jim Goddard), with Sean Penn and Madonna. From Sept. 26: To be announced.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

(Matinées only) "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film; and (evenings only) "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick. (No performances Wednesday, Sept. 24, and Tuesday, Sept. 30.)

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 25: "The Men's Club" (Peter Medak). From Sept. 26: "The Lightship" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Robert Duvall and Klaus Maria Brandauer.

Theatre 2: "Avenging Force" (Sam Firstenberg), with Michael Dudikoff.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 25: "Radioactive Dreams" (Albert F. Pyun), with John Stockwell. From Sept. 26: "Vasectomy, a Delicate Matter" (Robert Burge), with Paul Sorvino.

Theatre 2: "Aliens" (†).

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 25: "Bedroom Eyes" (William Fruet), with Kenneth Gilman. From Sept. 26: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "American Justice" (Gary Grillo), with Jameson Parker and Gerald McRaney. From Sept. 26: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Sept. 25: "The Bostonians" (1984; directed by James Ivory), with Christopher Reeve and Vanessa Redgrave; and "Les Enfants Terribles" ("The Strange Ones;" 1949; Jean-Pierre Melville).

Sept. 26-27: "They're a Weird Mob" (1966; Michael Powell), with Walter Chiari; and "Tonight at 8:30" (1953; Anthony Pelissier), three Noël Coward comedies.

Sept. 28-30: "Le Bal" (1984; Ettore Scola); and "Blood Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Oct. 1-2: "Eboli" (1980; Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Gian Maria Volonte.

Oct. 3-4: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1973; Yves Robert; in French), with Pierre Richard; and "Dear Inspector" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Sept. 24: "Eléna et les Hommes" (1956; Jean Renoir; in French), with Ingrid Bergman, Jean Marais, and Mel Ferrer; and "The Elusive Corporal" (1962; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean-Pierre Cassel and Claude Brasseur.

Sept. 25: "The Lower Depths" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet; and "La Marseillaise" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Pierre Renoir and Louis Jouvet.

Sept. 26-27: "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (1969; Renoir; in French); and "French Cancan" (1954; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin, Maria Felix, Françoise Arnoul, and Edith Piaf.

Sept. 28-29: "The Maltese Falcon" (1931; Roy Del Ruth), with Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez; and "Kennel Murder Case" (†).

Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "Charlie Chan in Egypt" (1935; Louis King), with Warner Oland as Chan; "Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation" (†); and "Sleepers West" (1941; Eugene Forde), with Lloyd Nolan as Michael Shayne.

Oct. 2-4: "Gaslight" (1944; George Cukor), with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty; and "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Sept. 24: "Yiddle with His Fiddle" (1937; in Yiddish), with Molly Picon; and "A Brivele Der Mamen" (1938; in Yiddish), with Lucy Gehrman.

Sept. 25: "The Missouri Breaks" (1976; Arthur Penn), with Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson; and "The Border" (1982; Tony Richardson), with Jack Nicholson and Harvey Keitel.

Sept. 26-27: "The Eyes of Hell" (1961; Julian Roffman), with Paul Stevens; and "The Maze" (1953; William Cameron Menzies), with Richard Carlson.

Sept. 28: "A Private Function" (1985; Malcolm Mowbray), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith; and "Wetherby" (1985; David Hare), with Vanessa Redgrave and Tim McInnerny.

Sept. 29: "Ginger and Fred" (1986; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Giulietta Masina; and "Network" (†).

Sept. 30: "Le Beau Mariage" (†); and "My Night at Maud's" (1970; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Oct. 1: "The Home and the World" ("Ghare-Baire;" 1984; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali), with Victor Banerjee, Swatilekha Chatterjee, and Soumitra Chatterjee; and "The World of Apu" (1959; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali), with Soumitra Chatterjee.

Oct. 2: "The Last Detail" (1974; Hal Ashby), with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid; and "The Fortune" (†).

Oct. 3-4: "Fool for Love" (1985; Robert Altman), with Sam Shepard, Kim Basinger, Randy Quaid, and Harry Dean Stanton; and "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Sept. 24: "Oscar Wilde" (1960; Gregory Ratoff), with Robert Morley and Ralph Richardson; and "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952; Anthony Asquith), with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford.

Sept. 25: "Zelig" (1983; Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow; and "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte.

Sept. 26-27: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "If . . ." (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.

Sept. 28: "The Working Class Goes to Heaven" (†) and "Strange Deception" (†).

Sept. 29-30: "Before Stonewall: The Making of a Gay and Lesbian Community" (1985; Greta Schiller), a documentary; and "The Times of Harvey Milk" (1984; Robert Epstein), a documentary.

Oct. 1: "Easy Money" (1983; James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield; and "Caddyshack" (1980; Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase, Rodney Dangerfield, Ted Knight, and Michael O'Keefe.

Oct. 2: "The Dead Zone" (1983; David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams; and "The Brood" (1979; David Cronenberg), with Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar.

Oct. 3-4: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.

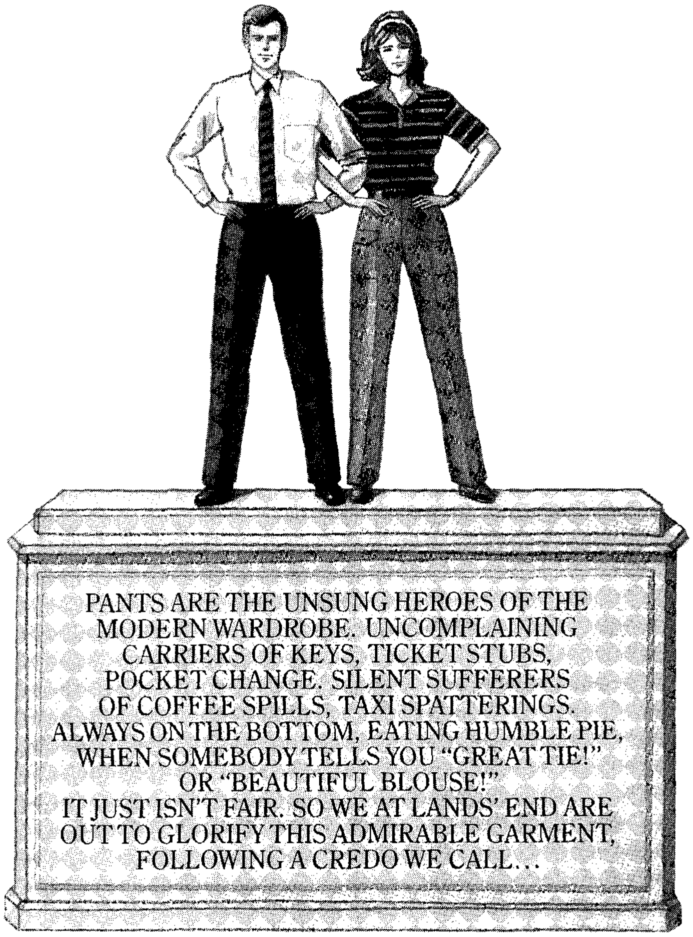
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 24: "My Favorite Wife" (1940; Garson Kanin), wtih Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott; and "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison and Linda Darnell.

Sept. 25: "The Nanny" (1965; Seth Holt), with Bette Davis; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford.

Sept. 26-27: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

Sept. 28: "Blonde Venus" (†); and "Shanghai Express" (1932; Josef von Sternberg), with



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Sept. 29: "Rififi" (†); and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.

Sept. 30: "Dementia #13" (1963; Francis Ford Coppola), with William Campbell and Luana Anders; and "The Terror" (1963; Roger Corman), with Boris Karloff, Sandra Knight, and Jack Nicholson.

Oct. 1: "This Gun for Hire" (†) and "The Glass Key" (1942 †).

Oct. 2: "Man on the Flying Trapeze" (†) and "International House" (†).

Oct. 3-4: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Sept. 25 at 12:30, 2, 5:15, and 6:30, and Sept. 26 at 12:30 and 2: A program of the winners of the 1986 British Television Advertising Awards. . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 2:30: "Figaro's Big Day" (1931; directed by Mario Camerini; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6: A program of four silent films with performances by Gabrielle Réjane, Sarah Bernhardt, Minnie Maddern Fiske, and Eleanora Duse. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 2:30 and 6: "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 2:30 and 6 and Oct. 4 at 2 and 5: Three different programs of animated films by the Quay Brothers.

THEATRE 2: Sept. 26 at 3 and 6:30: "I Do Not Know What It Is That I Am Like" (1986; Bill Viola). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 1 and 4: "Victory Over the Sun" (1984; Robert Benedetti). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Sanford Meisner: The Theatre's Best Kept Secret" (1985; Nick Doob), with Meisner and his students. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 2: A program of four silent films with performances by Gabrielle Réjane, Sarah Bernhardt, Minnie Maddern Fiske, and Eleanora Duse. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 5: "Figaro's Big Day" (1931; Mario Camerini; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 3 and 6:30: Two programs of silent films directed by Thomas H. Ince. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 2:30 and 5:30: Two programs of silent films for which Thomas H. Ince served as producer.

New York Film Festival—A series of international films at Alice Tully Hall—Sept. 24 at 6:15: "A Time to Live and a Time to Die" (Hou Hsiao-hsien; Taiwan; in Mandarin, with English and Chinese subtitles). . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 9:30 and Sept. 25 at 6:15: "Charlotte and Lulu" (Claude Miller; France). . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 9:30: "Dancing in the Dark" (Leon Marr; Canada). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 6:15: "Cactus" (Paul Cox; Australia). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 9:30 and Sept. 27 at noon: "The Sacrifice" (Andrei Tarkovsky; Sweden/France). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 3:30: "Scene of the Crime" (André Téchiné; France). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 6: "Dancing in the Dark." . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 9: "The Decline of the American Empire" (Denys Arcand; Canada; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 2: "The Wedding March" (Erich von Stroheim; United States; 1928). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 4:30: "To Sleep So As to Dream" (Kaizo Hayashi; Japan). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 7: "Isaac in America" (Amram Nowak; United States) and "International Sweethearts of Rhythm" (Greta Schiller and Andre Weiss; United States/Great Britain). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 9:30: "Scene of the Crime." . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 6:15: "The Decline of the American Empire." . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 9:30: "To Sleep So As to Dream." . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6:15: "Round Midnight" (Bertrand Tavernier; United States; in English and French). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 9:30: "No End" (Krzysztof Kieślowski; Poland). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 6:15: "Menage" (Bertrand Blier; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 9:30: "Round Midnight." . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6:15: "Thérèse" (Alain Cavalier; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 9:30: "Menage." . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6:15: "No End." . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 9:30: "Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox; Great Britain). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 12:30: "True Stories" (David Byrne; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 3:30: "Thérèse." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6: "Sid and Nancy." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 9: "True Stories." (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

About Last Night . . .—This adaptation of "Sexual Perversity in Chicago," David Mamet's one-act play about singles bars and the hostility between the sexes, is close to being a conventional romance about the adjustments that lovers have to make in their first year together. Danny (Rob Lowe) is intimidated by his pal Bernie (Jim Belushi), but he learns to trust his love for Debbie (Demi Moore) and get off the singles treadmill. And Debbie casts out the doubts that are engendered by her roommate, the caustic Joan (Elizabeth Perkins). If anyone comes out of this enterprise with honor it's Perkins, who brings appealing, plaintive undercurrents to a ghastly role. Directed by Edward Zwick. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/14/86.) (Criterion Theatres.)

Ace in the Hole (1951; also known as "The Big Carnival")—Some people have tried to claim some sort of satirical brilliance for this Billy Wilder film, but it's really just nasty, in a sociologically pushy way. Kirk Douglas is the big-time New York reporter who is so opportunistic that when he gets to where a collapsed roof has buried a man in New Mexico he arranges to have the rescue delayed so that he can pump the story up. The trapped man dies, while Douglas keeps shouting in order that we can all see what a cynical exploiter he is. With Jan Sterling, Porter Hall, and Richard Benedict. (Ziegfeld; Sept. 29.)

Alien (1979)—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on Earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. Directed by Ridley Scott. (Film Forum; starting Sept. 26.)

Aliens—An inflated sci-fi action-horror film, this sequel to Scott's 1979 "Alien" (see above) is really a combat film set in the future, in space. The writer-director James Cameron pits a platoon of United States Marines (ethnically assorted, of course) against a family of extraterrestrial monsters—a queen and her slimy brood. He does it with an action director's gusto, and a shortage of imagination. As Warrant Officer Ripley, the only human survivor of the spaceship that voyaged forth in the earlier picture, Sigourney Weaver seems to take over by natural authority and her strength as an actress. She gives the movie a presence. But at two hours and seventeen minutes this is just a very big "Boo!" movie, with bum dialogue. With Michael Biehn, Paul Reiser, Lance Henriksen, Jenette Goldstein, and Carrie Henn. (8/11/86) (New Gramercy, Gotham Cinema, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

Back to School—Rodney Dangerfield, the archetypal complaining loser, plays a winner here—a jovial, avuncular multimillionaire merchant; he discovers that his son (Keith Gordon) is miserable at college, and enrolls as a freshman so he can change things for the kid. It's Dangerfield's movie, and when he can't say a line directly to the camera he seems worried that he's not doing enough, and so he does some eyeball mugging. The picture's inertia is overpowering. With Robert Downey, who gives the film its only airy touches, and Sally Kellerman, Paxton Whitehead, and Sam Kinison. Directed by Alan Metter. (7/28/86) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through Oct. 2.)

Le Beau Mariage (1982)—At twenty-five, Sabine (Béatrice Romand) is weary of freedom and insecurity and married men; she wants to be taken care of and to make a home for a man and have children. When she meets a lawyer who she decides is her type, she goes after him briskly and transparently—watching her lay siege to this man is like watching someone arrange his desk. The director, Eric Rohmer, who wrote the script, never gives us a clue to why she doesn't draw upon her knowledge of men to be more elusive. Seriocomic triviality has become Rohmer's specialty. His sensibility would be easier to take if he'd stop directing to a metronome. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 30.)

Blonde Venus (1932)—Marlene Dietrich in one of those forgettable stories about women who "sacrifice" their bodies for the noblest of reasons (sick husband Herbert Marshall, child Dickie Moore); the man she sells herself to is played by the young and not yet sufficiently stylized Cary Grant. Once degraded, she sinks down to flophouse level before she pulls herself together and becomes the toast of the night-club world. The director, Josef von Sternberg, caps the silliness by putting Dietrich into a monkey suit to sing "Hot Voodoo"—a number that may define camp. With Sidney Toler, Cecil Cunningham, Hattie McDaniel, Sterling Holloway, and Dewey Robinson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 28.)

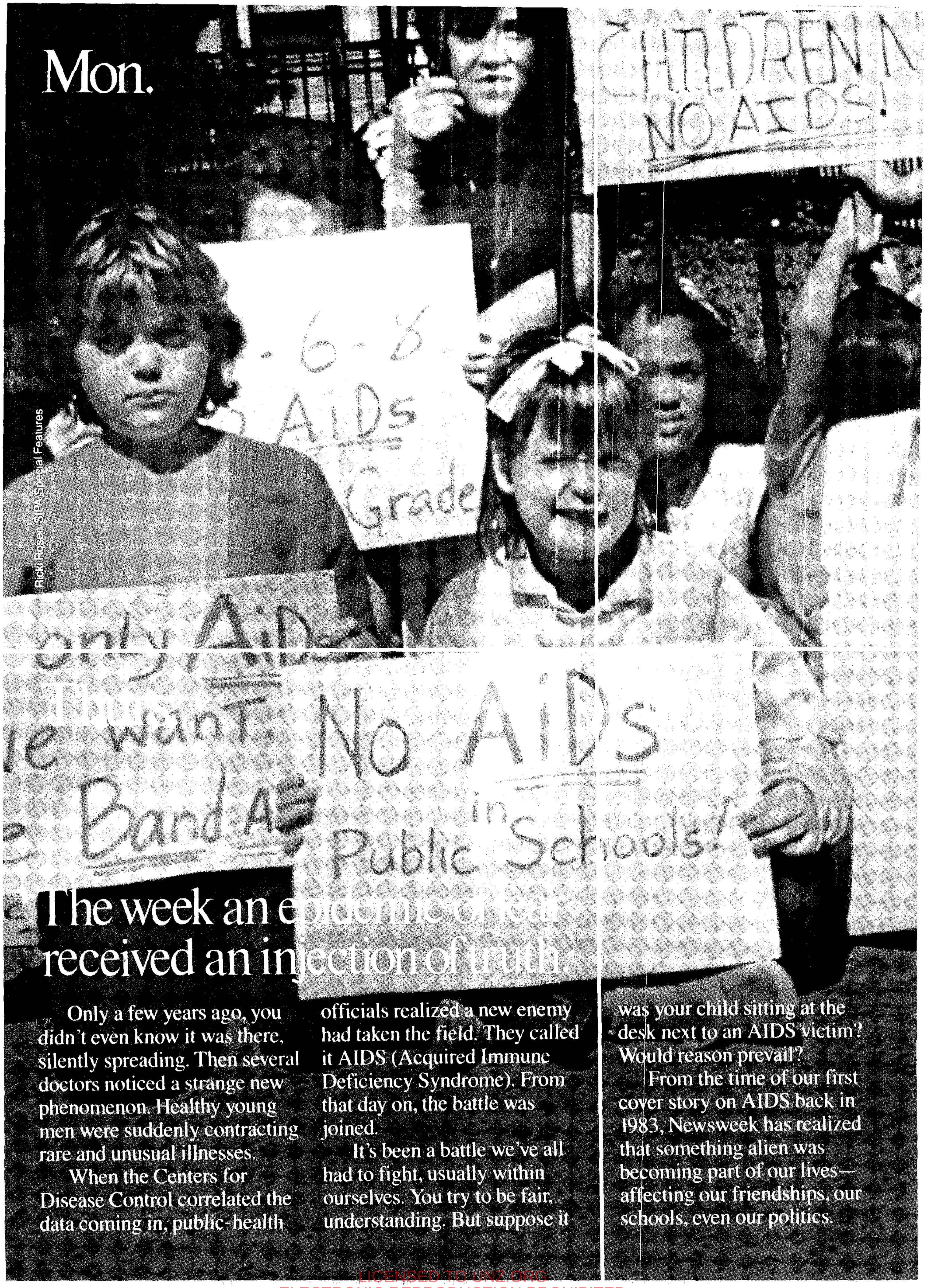
Blue Velvet—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The charged erotic atmosphere makes the film something of a trance-out, but Lynch's humor keeps breaking through, too. His fantasies may come from his unconscious, but he recognizes them for what they are, and he's tickled by them. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. Lynch skimps on commercial-movie basics and fouls up on them, too. But his use of irrational material works the way it's supposed to: at some not fully conscious level we read his images. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. The cinematography is by Frederick Elmes; the production designer is Patricia Norris; the sound design is by Alan Splet; the score is by Angelo Badalamenti. (9/22/86) (Bay Cinema, and Baronet.)

The Crimson Pirate (1952)—This wonderful travesty of the buccaneer film has the physical exuberance of the early Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., pictures. Burt Lancaster and his old circus partner Nick Cravat tumble and jump with exhilarating grace. They charge the film with physical sensations, and if you wanted to dance after seeing the Rogers-Astaire musicals you'll want to get in condition after experiencing the acrobatics here. Robert Siodmak's direction is lively; Roland Kibbee's script is bright and improvisatory (much of the film's wit derives from a series of casual anachronisms). With James Hayter as a wildly improbable inventor who looks like Benjamin Franklin, and Eva Bartok, Torin Thatcher, and Margot Grahame. Cinematography by Otto Heller; music by William Alwyn. (Ziegfeld; Oct. 1.)

Dear Inspector (1978)—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously what they think of her hairdo. In French. (Cinema Village; Oct. 3-4.)

Elmer Gantry (1960)—Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons as Bible Belt evangelists in the nineteen-twenties, in a loud, striking, big-scale melodrama based on the Sinclair Lewis novel about con artists, adapted and directed

Mon.



Ricki Rosen/SIPA Special Features

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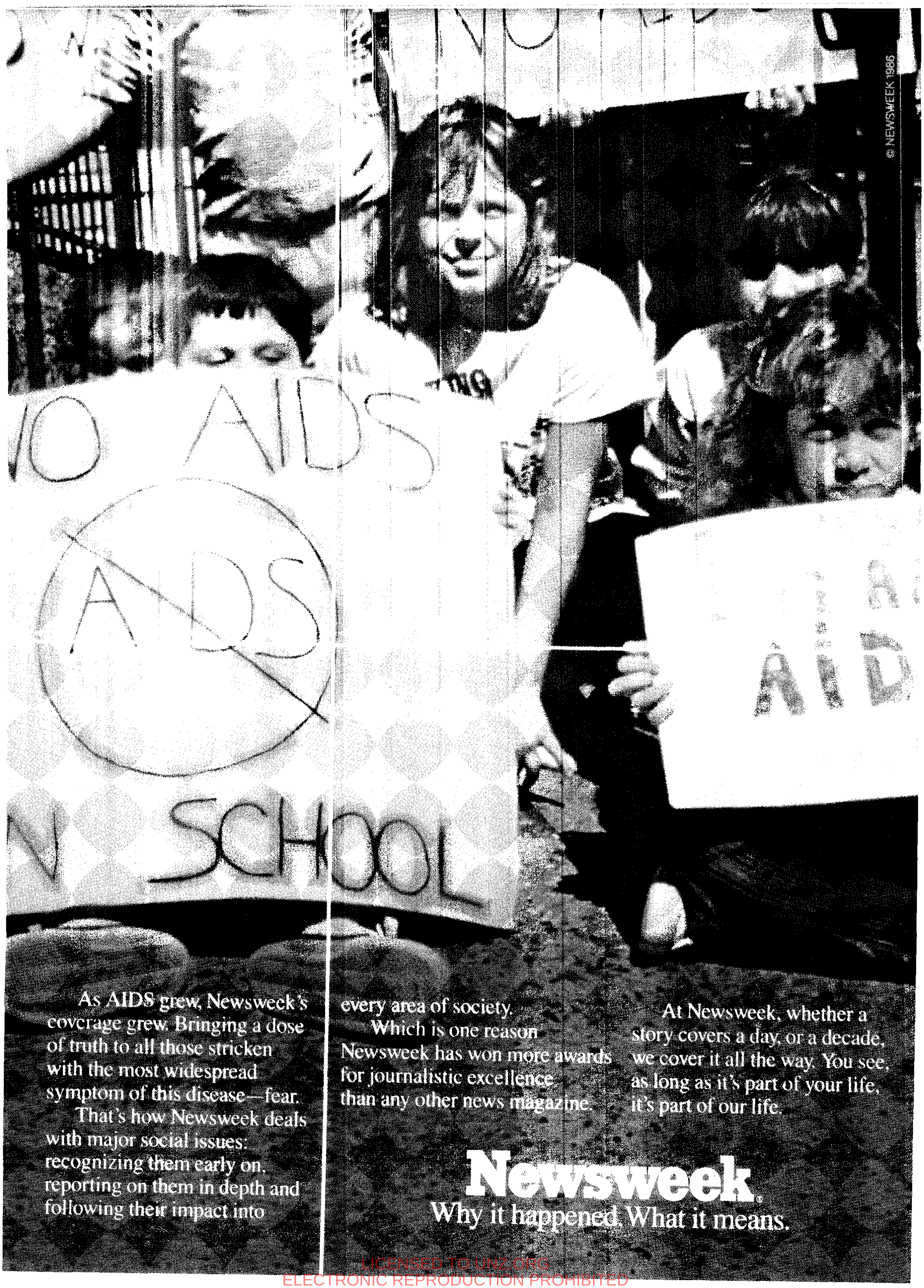

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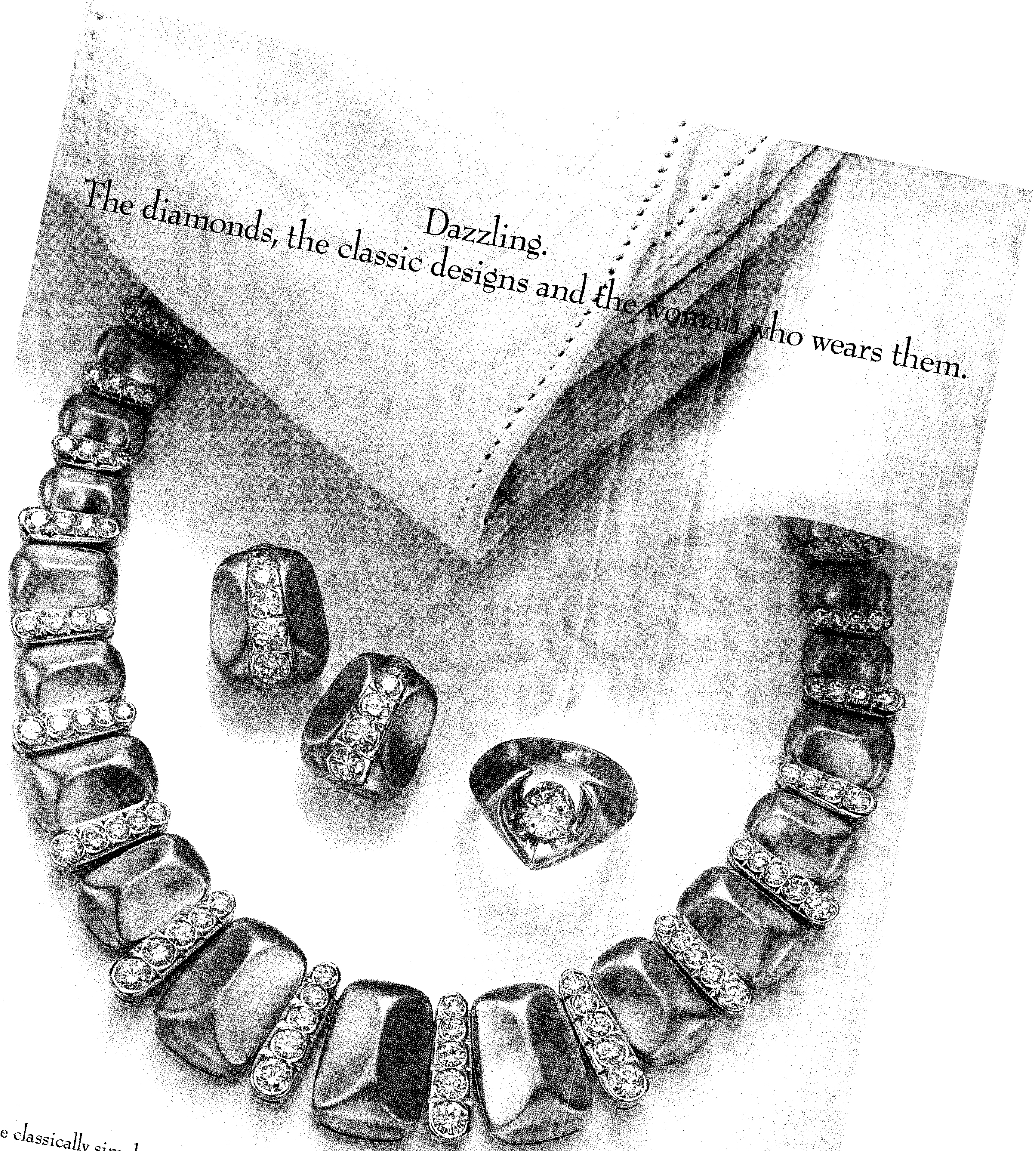
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by Richard Brooks. The movie cheats on the issues, and it's overloaded with gigantic sets, enormous crowds, fires, riots, and human stampedes. But it's coarsely compelling and—though exhausting—never boring. When Lancaster plays a kinetic, broadly exaggerated character like the lecher Gantry, you can't take your eyes off him, and Simmons is one of the most quietly commanding actresses Hollywood has ever trashed. With Shirley Jones, Edward Andrews, Arthur Kennedy, Dean Jagger, and Patti Page. (Ziegfeld; Sept. 28.)

The Fortune (1975)—Charmless slapstick farce set in the twenties, with Warren Beatty as a larcenous sheik and Jack Nicholson as a gleaming-eyed lowlifer and freaky coward. These two play mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill a plump-cheeked heiress (Stockard Channing). The whole thing seems to exist in a frame of reference that rules out feeling, but then the heiress's mascara is smeared at the end; this suggests that she's capable of suffering, though she has never been permitted a human emotion, such as believing in the two men. Some vital element seems to be missing from the film—affection, maybe, or confidence in the insulated, cloud-cuckoo-land atmosphere. Mike Nichols directed. With Scatman Crothers. (Thalia; Oct. 2.)

The Glass Key (1942)—Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, and Brian Donlevy in a not particularly memorable, though reasonably faithful, version of the Dashiell Hammett novel. Stuart Heisler directed, from Jonathan Latimer's screenplay. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 1.)

Heartburn—Directed by Mike Nichols, and written by Nora Ephron, who adapted her own 1983 novel (a jokey, fictionalized version of her marriage to Carl Bernstein), the film is rich in fillips—smart little taps and strokes. But after a while you start asking yourself, "What is this movie about?" Mike Nichols takes much of the cheapness out of the material, but the gossipy kick has gone out, too. The effect is like a weak mixture of "Carnal Knowledge" and a Woody Allen picture and Robert Benton's "Kramer vs. Kramer." With Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson, arguably miscast in the leads, and Stockard Channing, Richard Masur, Catherine O'Hara, Maureen Stapleton, Steven Hill, and John Wood—all in top form. (8/11/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount; through Sept. 25.)

International House (1933)—A Paramount musical revue starring W. C. Fields, with Peggy Hopkins Joyce (as his inamorata) and Rudy Vallée, Burns and Allen, Cab Calloway, and Baby Rose Marie. The songs are by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger. Eddie Sutherland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 2.)

Kennel Murder Case (1933)—One of the pleasanter films in the series starring the suave comedian William Powell as S. S. Van Dine's detective Philo Vance. The plot involves some lively Scotties and a handsome Doberman, as well as that sinister figure the connoisseur of Oriental objects of art. (In the thirties, Ming and murder always seemed to go together.) Mary Astor, at an in-between stage in her career, has a conventional role that doesn't much suit her; however, most of the other players are cast so inevitably to type that the film is like a demonstration of the principles of running a stock company. The group includes snake-hipped Helen Vinson, wicked Jack La Rue, and tedious Ralph Morgan. Directed by Michael Curtiz. (Regency; Sept. 28-29.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The original uncut version of the James Hilton novel, directed by Frank Capra—part popular adventure and part prissy, high-flown cracker-barrel sentimentality. The early trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his charmingly cadenced manner, but Shangri-La, the genteel Himalayan utopia, resembles, as Graham Greene pointed out, a film star's luxurious estate in Beverly Hills. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, and Edward Everett Horton and Thomas Mitchell. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 26.)

Lust for Life (1956)—Unlike the usual Hollywood lives of artists, this biographical movie about Vincent van Gogh (Kirk Douglas) and his loneliness and his frustrated attempt at friendship with Gauguin (Anthony Quinn) is thoughtful, ambitious in a dedicated way, and remarkably free of howlers. Perhaps just because it is so concerned with fidelity to the facts, it's less exciting than one might hope; something seems to be missing (a unifying dramatic idea, perhaps). The cast includes James Donald, Pamela Brown, Henry Daniell, Lionel Jeffries, Jill Bennett, and Everett Sloane. Vincente Minnelli directed. Norman Corwin adapted Irving Stone's best-selling biography. (Ziegfeld; Sept. 30.)

Man on the Flying Trapeze (1935)—From their titles, it's hard to tell the W. C. Fields movies apart; as John Mosher observed, "Fields is Fields, a rose is a rose." For the record, in this one Fields is Ambrose Wolfinger, and he and his daughter (Mary Brian) are the defenseless victims of his new wife (Kathleen Howard) and her sponging relatives (the worst is Grady Sutton). Directed by Clyde Bruckman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 2.)

Men . . . —When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ulrike Kriener) has been having an affair with the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. Julius takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job; while that happens, whimsical gags are tossed together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine;" it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. Written and directed by Doris Dörrie. In German. (9/8/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation (1939)—There were nine of these ingratiating, mildly clever B pictures starring Peter Lorre as the smiling, super-polite, super-smart Oriental detective. This is the eighth of the batch; in it Mr. Moto perceives, from an examination of footprints, that a man who pretends to be lame is only faking. Norman Foster directed; with Joseph Schildkraut, Lionel Atwill, and Virginia Field. (Regency; Sept. 30-Oct. 1.)

Mona Lisa—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a one-time petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hang-outs, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Metro Cinema.)

AUCTION
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My American Cousin—Set in the summer of 1959 on a ranch in British Columbia, this first feature by the writer-director Sandy Wilson is a fictionalized account of her experiences at twelve, when she developed a crush on her flashy, mixed-up boy cousin, who was seventeen. In the movie, he arrives from L.A. in a red Cadillac convertible, and he's a dreamboat—a tanned, golden-haired ringer for James Dean. The lively, restless Sandy, who wishes she were sixteen, is very well played by Margaret Langrick—there's nothing actressy about her. The picture has humor and it's perceptive; it's even fair to the helplessly stuffy adults (though it crudely caricatures the boy's rich-American parents). There's nothing much wrong with it, except that it's levelheaded in a terribly conventional way. It's too mild, it's poky, and it's a little dull. The fine cinematographer Richard Leiterman gives the paradisiacal terrain its due. With John Wildman as the tormented young Adonis, and Richard Donat and Jane Mortifee as the girl's parents. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Sept. 25.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, once the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Network (1976)—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. Who has—him? Oh, no, the blacks, the revolutionaries, and a power-hungry executive named Diana Christensen (Faye Dunaway), at the fictional UBS network. The cast of this messianic farce includes William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, Beatrice Straight, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (Thalia; Sept. 29.)

Nothing in Common—Tom Hanks is like an updated version of the cocky reporter heroes of thirties movies, but the script puts him in a mawkish situation. After thirty-six unhappy years, his unworldly housewife mother (Eva Marie Saint) leaves his garment-salesman father (Jackie Gleason), and the son is thrust into the grownup role of being a mainstay to each of them. He discovers that he has a bond with his sour, self-centered father, once a wizard at selling, who loses his job and is losing his sight, too. The movie is "Death of a Salesman" as a sitcom, with the father's misery used as a lesson to the swinging Yuppie son. Directed by Garry Marshall, from a script by Rick Podell and Michael Preminger. With Hector Elizondo, Barry Corbin, Bess Armstrong, Sela Ward, and Conrad Janis and the Unlisted Jazz Band. (9/8/86) (Gemini, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Six-plex; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 26.)

The Professionals (1966)—The title is accurate. This action Western, written and directed by Richard Brooks, with Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin, Robert Ryan, Woody Strode, Jack Palance, and Claudia Cardinale, has the expertise of a cold old whore with practiced hands and no thoughts of love. There's something to be said for this kind of professionalism: the moviemakers know how to provide excitement and they work us over. We're not always in the mood for love or for

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art, and this film makes no demands, raises no questions, doesn't confuse the emotions. It's as modern a product as a new car; it may be no accident that Ryan, the man in this Western who loves horses, is treated as some sort of weakling. Cinematography by Conrad Hall; music by Maurice Jarre; based on Frank O'Rourke's novel "A Mule for the Marquesa." (Ziegfeld; Sept. 30.)

Rififi (1955)—A quartet of thieves breaks into a jewelry store, and for a tense half hour we watch as they work, silently. It is like a highly skilled documentary on how to disconnect a burglar alarm and open a safe, and it is thoroughly engrossing, because we see the criminals as craftsmen, and we celebrate their teamwork, their finesse, their triumph. From there on, this movie, made in France (and in French) by the American director Jules Dassin, follows the tradition of "Scarface" (1932) and "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950), bringing the tragic, trapped figures (now symbols of our own anti-social impulses) to a cadaverous finish. "Rififi" is the granddaddy of a batch of suspense films featuring how to knock over safes or break into banks and museums, but its own chief distinction is its nasty tone. With Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, Carl Mohner, and Dassin as the four; and Robert Hossein, Marie Sabouret, and Magali Noel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 29.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

Ruthless People—A cheesy low farce, with Danny DeVito as a thieving millionaire who wants to kill his heiress wife (Bette Midler) and is overjoyed when she's kidnapped. With Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater (who has good eyes for rolling) as the warmhearted kidnappers; Anita Morris as the husband's mistress (she looks as if she could do considerably better); Bill Pullman as the mistress's ninny of a lover; and William G. Schilling as the police commissioner. Directed by the "Airplane!" threesome—Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker. (7/14/86) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy 1.) . . . ¶ Manhattan; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin; starting Sept. 26.)

Short Circuit—Ally Sheedy is painfully adorable here, and so is the whole movie. She's a girl who takes in stray animals, and she plays opposite Steve Guttenberg, perhaps the least likely of all the young actors who have been cast as scientific prodigies. One of the robots that this genius has invented for Army use as "the ultimate soldiers" is hit by lightning and comes alive, and his wide-spaced big round eyes tell you that the moviemakers had him designed to be a lovable robot version of E.T. This robot—Number Five—escapes from the military compound. Sheedy takes him in, Guttenberg comes after him, and they try to save Number Five from being slaughtered by the government meanies. The picture is smoothly directed; it required a lot of craftsmanship to make it, but it has so little individuality that it seems merely an example of a simpering new genre: sci-fi for the teen market. Directed by John Badham. With Fisher Stevens, Austin Pendleton, and Brian McNamara. (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Olympia Quad; through Sept. 25.)

Stand By Me—On a summer weekend in 1959, four twelve- and thirteen-year-old boys from the fictional Castle Rock, Oregon (pop. 1,281), go on an overnight hike in the woods outside town to look for the body of a boy their age who has been missing for several days. The four, misfits who feel rejected, keep intuiting one another's emotions, and they're plucky—when they get in tight spots, they stand by each other. Rob Reiner's film, taken from Stephen King's autobiographical novella "The Body," overdoses on sincerity and nostalgia. Seeing it is like watching an extended Christmas Special of "The Waltons." With Wil Wheaton, River Phoenix, Jerry O'Connell, Corey Feldman, Andy Lindberg, and, as the narrator, Richard Dreyfuss. (9/8/86) (Waverly, and New Carnegie. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Oct. 2.)

Strange Deception (1951)—Curzio Malaparte's only film is a visually exciting but emotionally upsetting allegory of justice, guilt, and expiation. Malaparte, author of "Kaputt" and "The Skin," stopped at many stations—Fascist, Communist, pro-American—and in this somewhat ludicrous semi-Christian lament for man's inability to solve his moral problems he finds his strongest image in the masked, robed procession for the Game of the Cross. The hero, Raf Vallone, returns to his Italian village after the war and tries to hunt down the man who caused his brother's death. The villagers, sick of blood and vengeance, refuse to tell him anything; to put an end to the search, his best friend (Alain Cuny) falsely confesses that he was the betrayer. The movie was condemned by the Catholic Church, attacked by the Communists, and ignored by the public. Perhaps there is a kind of writer's moviemaking that, despite talent and originality, despite "art," is too self-serious and is doomed at the box office. "Strange Deception" has similarities to Pasolini's "Accatone." They are boring, fascinating, maddening movies. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 28.)

Sweet Smell of Success (1957)—The movie is a sweet slice of perversity—a study of dollar and power worship, with Burt Lancaster as a Broadway gossip columnist and Tony Curtis as an ingratiating, blackmailing press agent. Clifford Odets never came through more pungently as a screenwriter; his distinctively idiomatic dialogue is harshly expressive and taut. The director, Alexander Mackendrick, has a crisp *film noir* style: the production is shaped by a zest for the corrupt milieu, the pulsating big-city life (what used to be called "the symphony of a city")—the streets, the night clubs, the cynical types, the noise and desperation. The melodrama is somewhat synthetic and is pitched very high, but the film has body and flavor. With Martin Milner, Susan Harrison, Barbara Nichols, Sam Levene, and Emile Meyer. (Ziegfeld; Sept. 29.)

This Gun for Hire (1942)—Glossily amusing version of the Graham Greene spy-intrigue thriller "A Gun for Sale." Alan Ladd is the nervous, gentle, and sensitive gunman without a trace of human kindliness; what heart he has he gives to the care of sad cats, mongrels, and such. Laird Cregar is the sinister stout villain with fussy habits; the proprietor of a night club, he hires Veronica Lake to entertain the patrons. This was Veronica Lake's first big starring role, and she is the most stylized character of all. Her face is so impeccably blank that when she smiles, as she does perhaps twice in the film, hearts can be heard to break—*smack*—in the theatre. With Robert Preston, Tully Marshall, Marc Lawrence, and Mikhail Rasumny. Directed by Frank Tuttle. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 1.)

The Working Class Goes to Heaven (1975; "Lulù the Tool")—Elio Petri's film about a factory worker (Gian Maria Volonte) who has been so numbed by doing piecework that his insane drive to beat everyone else's production record has begun to invade his private world. Domesticity and work start to be interchangeably mechanical for him, like his sexual life, in which he talks about himself as if he were a car doing well on a road test. The film is rather too schematic, but the pattern grows eloquently disarrayed near the end, with a rebellious dream that the hero has after talking to an aged fellow-worker: the old man has lived out his days in a mental institution because he had the unforgivable nerve to demand of a factory overseer the ultimate purpose of what he was working on. Like him, the over-ordered movie is best when it bursts its own bounds. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 28.)

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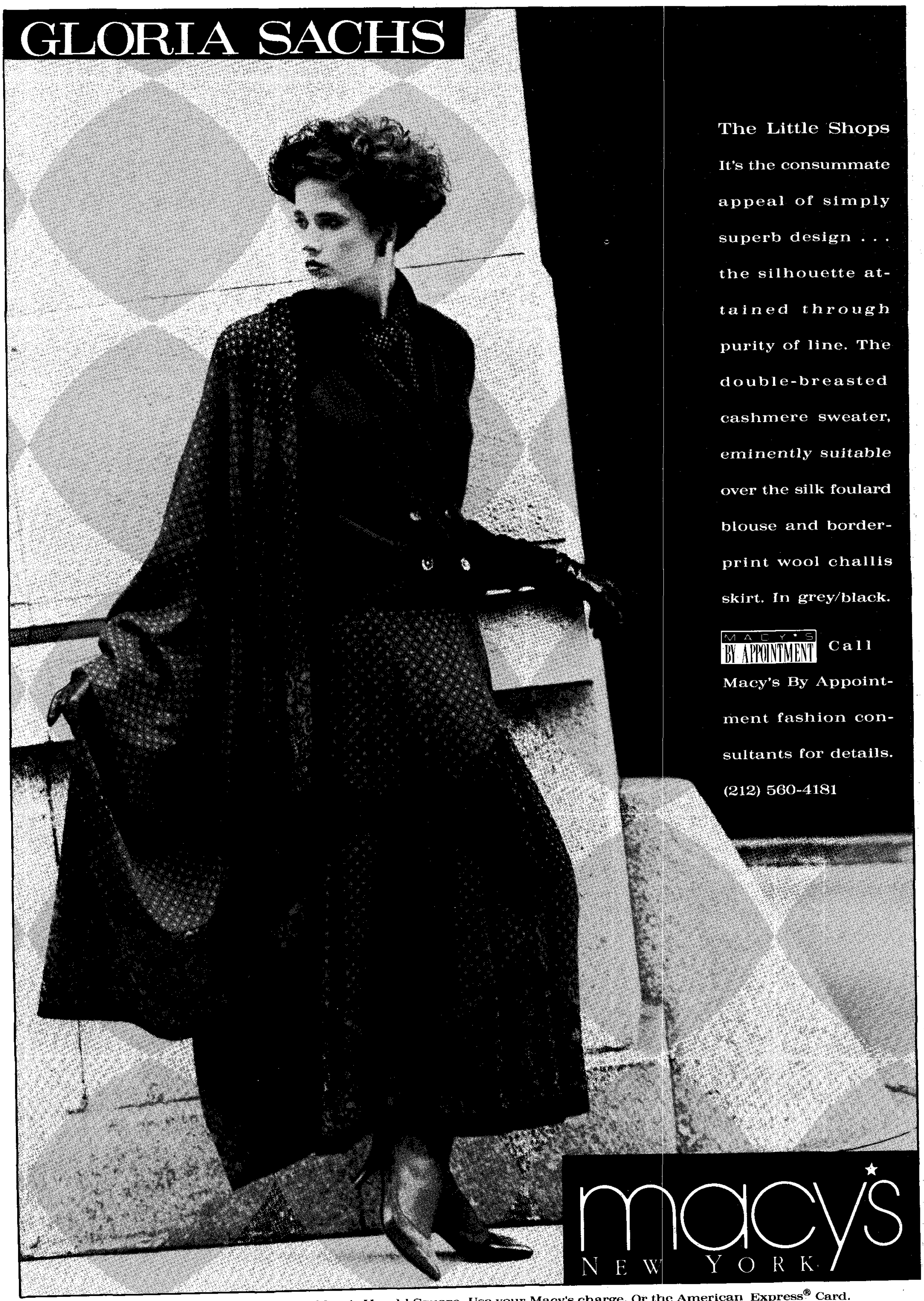

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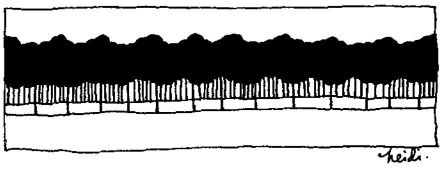
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE are relatively few things that the Polish regime of General Wojciech Jaruzelski seems to know how to do right (the Polish economy, for example, continues to be an utter shambles), but one of them is how to pull off a coup. On December 13, 1981, Jaruzelski and his fellow-officers managed to execute an astonishingly well-planned lightning imposition of martial law, taking their opponents in the Solidarity trade-union federation completely by surprise and, in the process, taking several thousand of them into prison. Time passed, many of the prisoners were released, but many of the released were soon rearrested, and the sorry human-rights situation in Poland continued. Then, suddenly, one evening earlier this month, the Jaruzelski regime announced the release of all two hundred and twenty-five of its remaining political prisoners, thereby inventing a brand-new procedure in totalitarian practice—the blitz amnesty. The prisoners themselves, their friends in the Polish underground and in the country at large, and observers of the Polish scene throughout the world were as startled by the gesture as they were heartened. Everyone had been caught completely off guard. Time has continued to pass, and surprise has begun to give way to bafflement regarding the ultimate significance of the regime's strikingly original gesture.

In evaluating that significance, one should probably begin with a sense of caution. Although this is far and away the most extensive amnesty in Polish Communist history, it is not the first. There have been eleven partial amnesties since 1945, two of them since 1981, and in each a pattern has reasserted itself: large numbers of prisoners are released with flamboyant magnanimity, but soon thereafter several of the released are rearrested. The big question is whether that pattern will be repeated here. Even if the regime is acting in good faith with this amnesty, however, it may not deserve much credit. For one thing, there's what might currently be called the Daniloff factor: a regime hardly deserves applause for the release of prisoners it should never have detained in the first place. For another, the release can never recompense the prisoners themselves and their families (or the thousands of earlier prisoners and theirs) for the often brutal treatment—beatings, malnutrition, dismal quarters, arbitrary denial of visitation rights, extended stints in solitary confinement, forced feedings during hunger strikes—that they have suffered. Beyond that, in terms of world history the status of two hundred and twenty-five prisoners—or even of ten thousand prisoners—was never the fundamental issue with regard to any evaluation of the Jaruzelski regime, so their release can hardly be expected to clean the slate. No, Jaruzelski's major aim since his declaration of a "state of war" against his own country has been the liquidation of what may have been one of the most hopeful, innovative, and exciting experiments in worker democracy the world has seen. And that is the aim upon which the Jaruzelski regime has to be judged, even if the regime has not proved entirely successful in achieving it. For one of the truly amazing aspects of the Polish story has been the stubborn persistence of Solidarity—in the hearts of the Polish people, and in the underground structures that Polish society has managed to preserve—despite the Jaruzelski regime's repression. Indeed, at one level the recent amnesty should be seen more as Solidarity's triumph than as the government's free initiative: Solidarity's unrelenting pressure formed an important backdrop to the regime's concession.



Still, all that having been said, the Jaruzelski regime does deserve some credit. The blitz amnesty was a far bolder and more imaginative move than anything we have seen anywhere else in Eastern Europe, or in the Soviet Union, in a long time (far bolder and more imaginative, for that matter, than anything we have seen lately in either Chile or South Africa); it also has a far wider potential effect. Everything now depends on the follow-through. Lech Walesa, speaking shortly after the declaration of the amnesty, observed, "Obviously, I received the news about the release of prisoners with great pleasure. The last six years of our national history have proved in a convincing way that there is a need for deep changes if we are to find a solution to our problems. All Poles want to have a chance to work for their country while at the same time remaining true to their own convictions. In other words, only the road to social pluralism can lead to a situation in which the prisons will not soon begin filling up with political prisoners once again."

The question now, therefore, is whether the Jaruzelski regime has the vision, the desire, and the ability to expand upon the breakthrough of the blitz amnesty: whether Jaruzelski and his colleagues are interested in attempting to achieve an authentic social contract—one that would be as pathbreaking and as promising, in its way, as the Solidarity movement, to which it would be a response. Just as in an earlier generation a terrible European war broke out over Poland, so in this one an astonishing European peace could have its beginnings there, depending on what happens now—depending, that is, on whether Jaruzelski, for his part, and the opposition, for theirs, are capable of seizing the opportunity.

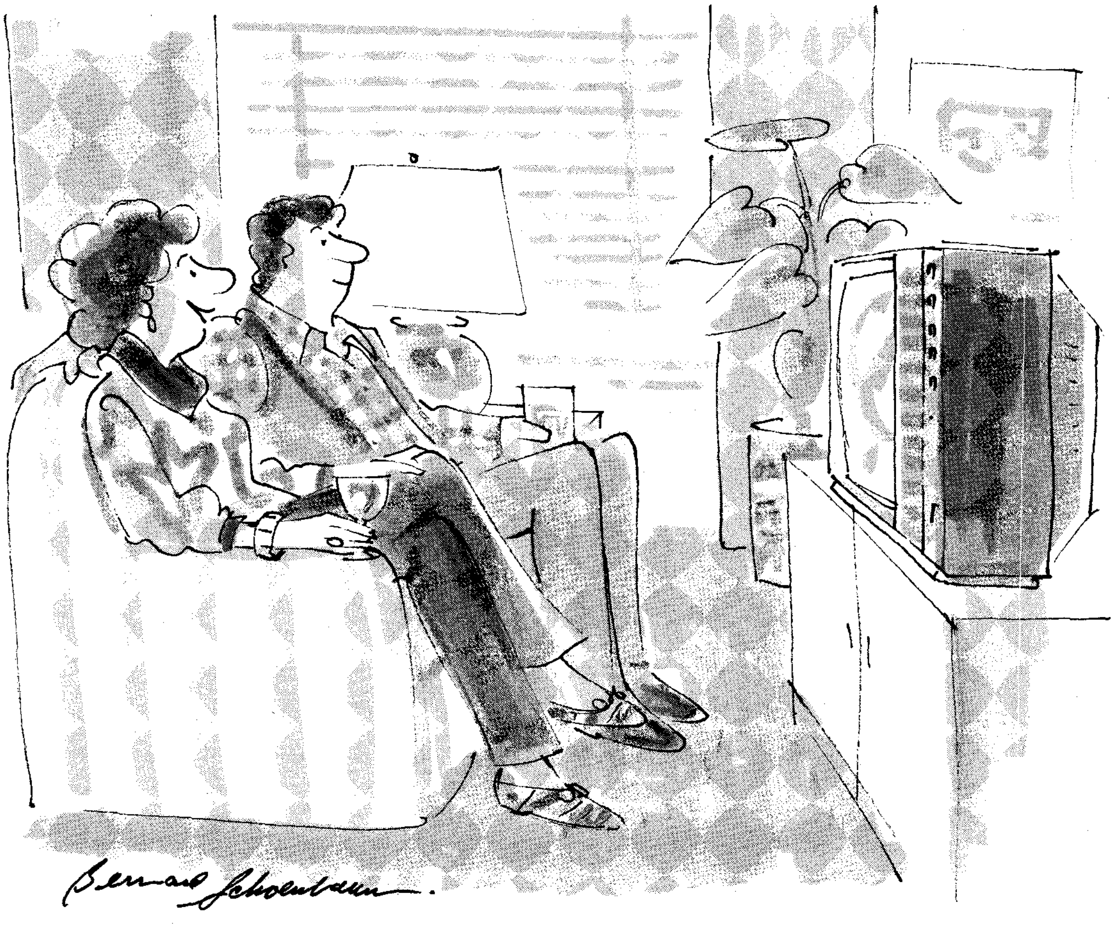
Shortly after the announcement of the amnesty, we were able to talk by telephone with a friend of ours who has been active in the Polish opposition. "We were frankly stunned," she told us. "And we're still euphoric. It's strange, though. We in the underground here had become so focussed on how impossibly difficult things were for us that we'd failed to notice how impossibly difficult things were becoming for them, too—in the regime. To take just one example, at one of Poland's largest electronics plants the entire assembly line has been idle for months—hundreds of workers sitting around with nothing to do—for lack of three hundred dollars' worth of spare parts. Literally, three hundred dollars' worth, in hard currency. In such a situation, the regime has to achieve some sort of accommodation with society. Things are absolutely impossible for us, and things are absolutely impossible for them—with the curious result that in Poland today almost anything might happen."

• •

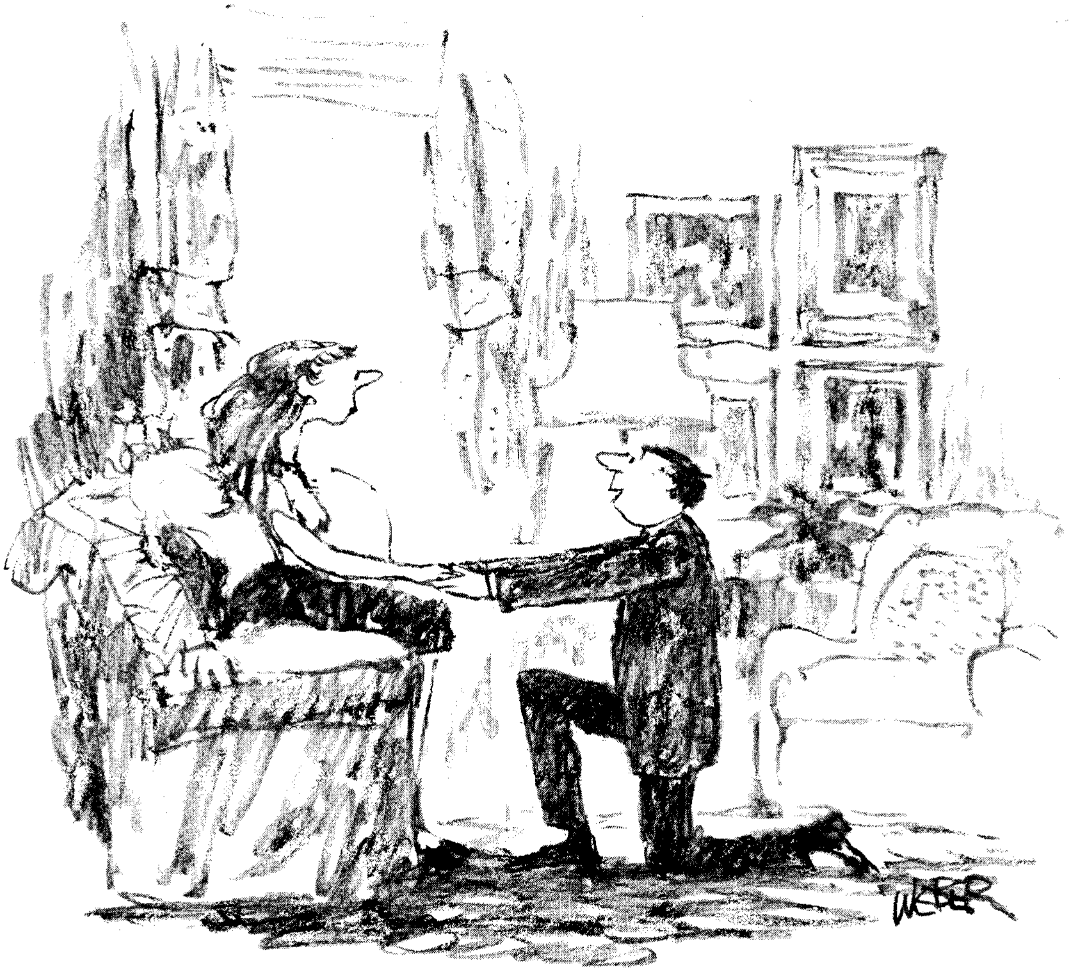
The Yavari

AFTER fighting in one of the Ashanti wars in West Africa and taking part in a British expedition to the Arctic, Lieutenant Wyatt Rawson, of the Royal Navy—Meriel Larken's great-grandfather—was stationed aboard the royal yacht. "He made quite a mark," Meriel Larken told us when she visited New York not long ago. "Queen Victoria was reluctant to let him go for the Egyptian campaign. But Sir Garnet Wolseley, the commander, was persuasive—he had seen him fight in West Africa, and very much wanted him on his team. So the Queen released him, on condition that she get him back as soon as possible. Because of his knowledge of navigation, which he'd gained in the Arctic, he found himself leading the British Army across the trackless desert by night, so that it could take Arabi Pasha's Egyptian Army as the sun rose. All night, he checked the troops' position by the stars, and around five in the morning they arrived at the base of the sand dunes that formed Pasha's redoubt. My great-grandfather's unit was instructed to attack on the points of its bayonets. The British had perhaps fifteen thousand men to Pasha's thirty-eight thousand, and my great-grandfather was out in front, because he'd been leading. He was one of the first to go over, and he got shot, fell, and was taken to the rear of the lines, seriously wounded. As soon as Sir Garnet learned of this, he galloped back, and leaned over him and said something like 'Got you at last, did they?' And my great-grandfather, who was dying, looked up at him and said, 'But did I not lead them straight, sir? Did I not lead them straight?' And those words were repeated from every pulpit in England, with preachers asking their congregations how many of them would be able to say as they died, 'Did I not lead them straight?' "

The reason Meriel Larken was in town, however, was to raise money to refurbish an iron steamship that for a century, beginning in 1870, plied the waters of Lake Titicaca, on the Peru-Bolivia border—the highest large, navigable lake on the planet. Miss Larken, an Englishwoman in her early forties who does free-lance promotional work in London, told us, "The ship was commissioned by the Peruvian government from Laird Brothers, a firm that is well known to most Americans as the maker of the first iron ship to sail in American waters, the John Randolph, and also the Alabama, which ran the Civil War blockades and destroyed Union ships. [The English courteously maintain the fiction that our schools are the equal of theirs.] Anyway, the ship was to be sent up to the lake in pieces, and the Peruvians stipulated that no piece should be heavier than a mule could carry. The pieces were delivered to a small port, Arica, that is now in Chile, and then were carried by rail to Tacna, about forty miles north. There were one thousand


Bernard Schoenbaum

"My, don't you sense a perkier Dan Rather?"



"My first love is the theatre, of course, but you're right up there."

three hundred and eighty-three pieces, including the anchor, the capstan, and the propeller shaft, and they had to be carried to twelve and a half thousand feet above sea level over a distance of only about a hundred and eighty-five miles as the condor flies, so you can imagine the gradient. I've done that journey, and it's very demanding. The muleteers they hired thought it would take about six months, but in fact it took six years." Finally, though, the craft, named the Yavari, after a tributary of the Amazon, was launched, and began to carry cargo around the lake, whose surface area is thirty-two hundred square miles. "At first, it could hold very little," Miss Larken said. "The engine was fuelled by dried llama dung, and you can imagine the volume of that which was required to keep it going at those high altitudes." Then, in 1913, a new engine—"a Bollinder four-cylinder hot-bulb semi-diesel, which people who know about engines go nuts over"—was installed, and the craft sailed happily for most of the century. The Yavari is currently owned by the Peruvian Navy, but is badly in need of repair and has not stirred from the dock at the lake port of Puno for a number of years. Miss Larken's plan is to raise a half-million dollars to restore it to its 1913 condition and then rent it out to tourists for bird-watching voyages and the like, all in an effort to help the local economy.

"The lake is the legendary birthplace of the Incas, and there is quite a lot of tourism already, but there could be more," she said. "It's true that the terrorism in Peru may have put some people off going, just as it has put some people off going to London. But there is no doubt that as soon as that is quelled the country of tomorrow for tourism is Peru. I mean, people have *seen* the Himalayas. In my view, Peru has the most to offer of any South American country. There is a narrow coastal strip that is almost desert, yet within eight hours by road you can be at the top of the Andes, through the pass, and down in the rain forest of the Amazon. You go over the top and you're greeted by hummingbirds and butterflies. That rain forest and New Guinea are the remotest places on earth. There are tribes in South America that have yet to be communicated with. 'Up the Amazon' is a catchphrase, but that trip is not very pioneering—the river is quite wide. It's when you get off into the tributaries and then start hacking your way through the undergrowth that it gets to be fun. It's amazing that in this century you can still go to some place where no non-native woman has ever set foot before."

The Merc

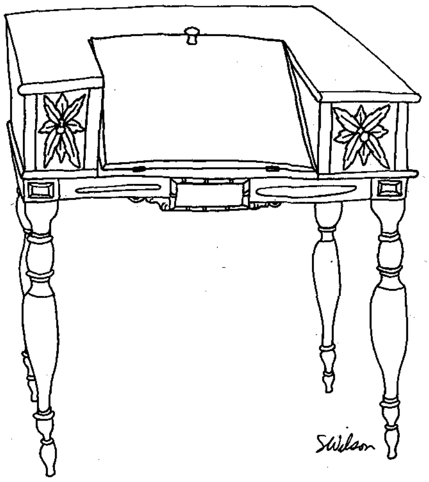
IN one of the busiest and noisiest areas in the world, midtown Manhattan, there is an oasis of calm called the Mercantile Library. Wedged in a narrow white marble building on East Forty-seventh Street, just west of Madison Avenue, it is one of a relatively few private lending libraries extant that predate the public-library systems. Founded a hundred and sixty-six years ago for young merchant clerks (hence the name), it has operated continuously ever since. Membership is open to anyone for a fee of forty-five dollars a year, which accords one the privilege not only of borrowing books but of reading them in the clublike Members Lounge, a sanctum complete with high ceiling, red leather wing chairs, large Oriental rug, marble busts of noteworthy persons, and gold-framed oil portraits of nineteenth-century presidents of the library. The Merc, as it is known to its friends, is far from the madding crowd while being right *in* it, standing amid the honks and screeches of traffic, the flashing reflections of sun on windshields and skyscraper windows, the smell of Chinese eggrolls warming on venders' carts, and the blur of messengers racing their bikes dizzily through stoplights. All that faded when we stepped into the library recently and took a look around the lounge. Nothing was heard but the rustle of pages being turned by its denizens, a mixed lot including a man from the nearby diamond-trading district dozing over a paper, his yarmulke slowly sliding off; a couple of senior citizens peering through magnifying glasses at encyclopedias; and a half-dozen young executives reading magazines and eating brown-bag sandwiches in a corner where eating and smoking (no cigars) are allowed. We made ourself a cup of coffee (twenty-five cents for a packet of instant) at a water fountain with spouts for hot and cold, and then took an elevator up to the office of the director, Claire J. Roth.

"We consider ourselves a club for book lovers," said Mrs. Roth, a willowy widow with blue-gray eyes and short, wavy gray hair. Her office has pale-green walls, glass-covered bookshelves, and a long, well-polished table in the Duncan Phyfe style, which is used for board meetings. We sat with Mrs. Roth at a smaller, round table with a carved border in the eighteenth-century piecrust style.

The furnishings in the library—down to engravings of Thomas Cole's "Voyage of Life" series—reflect an attention to detail that was honed by Mrs. Roth during five years she spent in the antique business some time ago. She has prudently preserved, among other things, a venerable dumbwaiter that delivers books from the stacks (containing a hundred and ninety-five thousand volumes) to the circulation desk. "Sometimes it collapses," she said. "New, young mechanics are impatient with it. It's the kind of thing you have to kick twice to get it going."

Mrs. Roth has three academic degrees and was formerly the librarian of Finch College, a fashionable women's college in Manhattan that closed in the mid-seventies. She sees the Merc as a part of the social and cultural history of the country. "Benjamin Franklin founded the first subscription library, in 1731," she told us, adding that subscription libraries, designed to serve middle-class readers who could afford a small fee for borrowing books, really began to thrive in the second decade of the last century, when adult education came into existence for the workingman. "The Merc itself was founded in 1820 by a merchant, William Wood, as a means of educating clerks, through books and lectures, and keeping them away from houses of ill repute." An organizational meeting attended by some two hundred and fifty clerks and apprentices was held at the Tontine Coffee House, in the Wall Street section, which was already an important financial center. In 1821, the library opened in a rented room on Fulton Street, with seven hundred books and a hundred and fifty members. Dues were two dollars a year. "In the early days, clerks would push wheelbarrows from door to door soliciting books from merchants for the library. That was the start of our excellent collection of nineteenth-century Americana," Mrs. Roth went on. "Later, a book-delivery system for readers was devised, using a horse-drawn cart and a network of boxes, like postal boxes, stationed on certain streets. You could drop a note in a box requesting a particular book. The cart would pick up your note and, a day or so later, would deliver that book to the same box, where you would pick it up. After you'd read it, you'd return it to the box to be picked up by the cart and taken back to the library."

As the city grew, so did the Merc, surviving such member-reducing events as a typhoid epidemic, migrations to California, and the Civil War. By the end of that war, it had become one of the leading cultural bodies in the country. Membership stood at almost eleven thousand. From 1827 to 1875, the library had a renowned lecture series, with Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and Henry Ward Beecher among the speakers. The demand for new books became so great that the Merc bought seven hundred copies of Disraeli's "Lothair" (published in 1870) in one year. By 1876, its collection numbered more than a hundred and forty thousand books and was the fourth-largest in the country, behind the Library of Congress, the Boston Public Library, and the Harvard University Library.



With free, tax-supported public-library systems beginning in the eighteen-nineties, subscription libraries went into decline. The Merc has survived by tightening its belt and maintaining a cozy ambience in which its membership, of about fifteen hundred, is served by a staff that is friendly and well informed and knows members' names. Membership drives are conducted periodically to permit the Merc to remain alive as a library of historical and literary merit, and not be swallowed up by real-estate development. Roughly a third of its operating income derives from individuals' dues and donations, another third from corporate memberships, and the final third from the library's endowment. Its book collection is strong in nineteenth-century and early-twentieth-century English and American fiction. In non-fiction, its strength is in nineteenth-century social science, travel, and biography. The library also has a comprehensive collection of contemporary fiction and non-fiction.

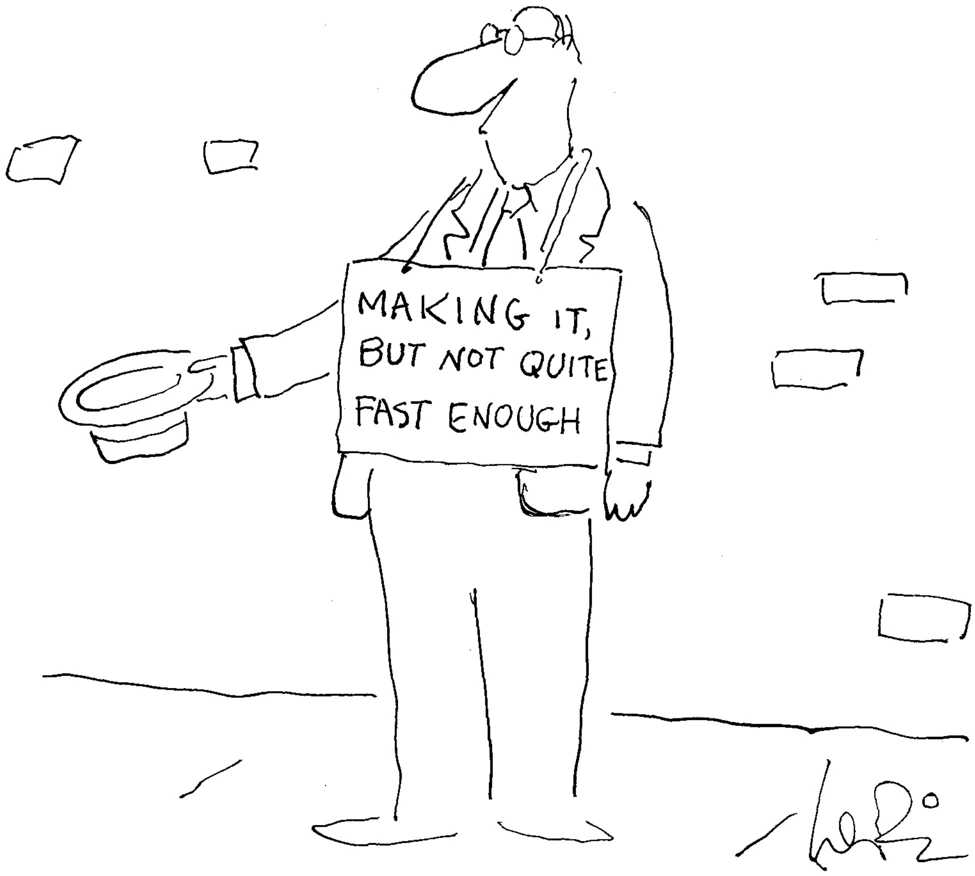
As we rose to leave, we asked Mrs. Roth if the library had any eccentrics. (Most libraries do.)

"I didn't know there was anything else," she said, laughing. "We had a man—not a member—who used the phone booth as an office, arriving with stacks of coins. We got rid of him by moving the phone. Now we have a member who travels with an armload of Kaopectate and other bottles of medicine, and another who surrounds himself with a ring of empty sandwich wrappers, paper bags, and fragments thereof. When things get really out of hand, I talk to them. There was only one member we've ever asked to leave. He was very quiet and reasonable, but he would suddenly begin moving furniture—tables, chairs, lamps. I had a talk with him, during which he said that another member was out to get him, and then he spoke at length about stars. I said perhaps we should part company for a while. He agreed."

Empowering

WHO: Barney Pressman (*the* Barney, of Barneys New York), Andrée Putman, Andrew Stein, Robert Abrams, Mayor Koch, Peter Allen, and eight women's organizations.

WHO ELSE: Audrey Cohen, president of the College for Human Services; Mallory Spain, member of the Women's Economic Round Table; and Shane Davis, free-lance champagne server for the caterers Taste Alliance, Inc.


MAKING IT, BUT NOT QUITE FAST ENOUGH

WHAT: A party celebrating the new women's store at Barneys New York. Thirty cases of Perrier-Jouet, twenty cases of Muscadet blanc de blanc, tricolored pasta salad with sun-dried tomatoes, buffalo mozzarella with fresh herbs, smoked Norwegian salmon from Petrossian, cold classic filet of beef with mustard and horseradish sauces, miniature red and golden beets, miniature carrots, long-stemmed strawberries from New Zealand. ("In the last five years, corporate entertaining is the heaviest I've ever seen," Lon Sulkowski, the president of Taste Alliance, told us. "But it's low-key. The trend is toward casual formality.")

WHAT ELSE: Spiral stairs, tiers and tiers of clothing, a Guggenheim Museum for the busy executive (pure-silk Kilgour, French & Stanbury shirts in red, blue, or gold stripe, with rosette—black, red, or white, respectively—in lieu of bow tie). A lot of interest in shoes—Manolo Blahnik, $250. Conversation ("I love this coat. It's two thousand dollars, but I get a discount." "The CO/OP isn't quite ready—that's what we call the group of lower-priced shops where we sell shoes, sportswear, and accessories. The Penthouse is where the women's clothing *used* to be. Construction took longer than expected. We hit Manhattan schist").

WHERE: Seventeenth Street just east of Seventh Avenue, south side. The store. ("Sales for the hundred-and-seventy-thousand-square-foot store, fiscal year ending July 1987, are anticipated to exceed ninety million dollars.")

WHERE ELSE: Seventeenth Street east of Seventh Avenue, north side. Police barriers. A dozen demonstrators—one or two dressed outlandishly in bright orange and green, another in all black—chanting, "You're shopping in somebody's home." (Barneys relocated seven families from six brownstones to make room for its new addition, incurring the anger of neighborhood groups.)

WHEN: Monday, September 15, 1986. (The *Times*: "Investors Leery Following Big 2-Day Decline . . . according to Jack Baker, head of equities trading at Shearson Lehman Brothers. 'Everyone had a chance over the weekend to think a lot. . . . They came in this morning very nervous.' ")

WHEN ELSE: Thursday, the eighteenth, when the wives of the International Bar Association are to drop by for breakfast.

WHY: "How do you relate Shakespeare to marketing? This is one of the questions I try to answer," Audrey Cohen told us as she reached for a flute-shaped glass of champagne. "Over twenty years ago, I saw that America was shifting toward a new kind of economy, a service economy, and that we'd need a new model for education. At the College for Human Services, each semester has a purpose. For instance, under Researching and Communicating all your accounting problems, all your Shakespeare, and all your Freud relate to how these theorists illuminate research and communication. Under Developing Empowering Professional Relationships you read Sartre and Machiavelli and ask, 'How will their ideas allow me to supervise more effectively?' " Machiavelli? "Well, Machiavelli is very useful when you're trying to understand power."

WHY ELSE: "I don't know. The last thing I did was a wedding for five thousand in Parsippany," said Shane Davis, who, standing at attention in a black tuxedo amid the Chanels, was pouring champagne. "There were bands everywhere—mariachi bands, string quartets. There was a hot-air balloon for the bride and groom in case they wanted to take a ride, but they never did. The bridesmaids all wore gowns that looked like wedding gowns. When the first girl came down the aisle, I thought it was the bride. But the dress was pink."

"You have to be making fifty-five thousand a year to afford a blouse that's almost two hundred dollars," Mallory Spain commented as she picked up an hors d'oeuvre. "This can be intimidating."

"You know, I'm really an opera singer," Shane Davis continued. "I sang at Carnegie Hall once. The food preppers here are named Deborah and Greg. They're in the stairwell. There's not much room there, and if the Fire Department comes by they'll have to move. A photographer from *Time* followed me around Dallas once for a whole day. They were doing a story on unemployment, and they picked my name out of about four thousand. I felt like a celebrity. The story ran in the summer of 1982. I wasn't in it."

WHAT HAPPENED

Dear:

We are fine. Please do not worry about us. I know it must have come as a shock to find your wife and children gone when you got home from work, but there is nothing to worry about. We are still the same loving family we were before. Nothing has changed. I will send you a post-office box number where we can be reached just as soon as I know where we'll be, but at this point I don't know when that will be. All I can say is that any concern or anxiety on your part would be premature and alarmist.

Still, I know you can't help asking yourself: What happened? And the answer is: Nothing. Doc hung a curveball a couple of times, that's all. It could happen to anyone. There's no more to it than that. The Mets are still a winning team. What matters now is to take things one day at a time.

Please try to understand that although nothing has changed, nothing can stay exactly the same, either. No sane person could possibly have expected Doc to sustain the incredible greatness of last year. To expect that would be to expect superhuman perfection. Even Doc himself would admit that. But it's no reason to suspect that there's some hidden explanation for why things don't seem to be going as well as they used to (which doesn't mean things have changed, just that they're not going as well). Knowing you, I can tell that your mind is already racing with all sorts of gloomy scenarios based on little things that have happened in the past and now, in retrospect, loom as significant—like the ankle sprain before spring training. Believe me, I have searched my heart about the possibility that maybe the ankle sprain (without my even consciously realizing it) might have something to do with this, and I feel it's highly unlikely. Also, I hope you won't be tempted to dwell on some distressing generalization like "overthrowing" (because there is no such thing). I pray that other people won't encourage you in this line of thinking. There's always someone who will play on your nerves by saying, This is not as good as it was yesterday, so there must be something wrong. When, in fact, that's a contradiction. If anything, there's reason to think the opposite. If things are not as good as they were yesterday, isn't that all the more reason to believe that chances are they will be better next time? Especially for a young man with Dwight Gooden's extraordinary poise.

Now, dear, I want to confess something that I'm sure you're unaware of. For the past few months, every night after you've fallen asleep I've been going downstairs and watching hundreds of hours of videotapes comparing Doc's pitching motion last year and this year. I didn't tell you about this, because I didn't want to upset you. But you know what I discovered? There is absolutely no difference! It's just that now he's not getting as many batters out. In other words, this is a more *mature* Doc. That's all I'm trying to explain.

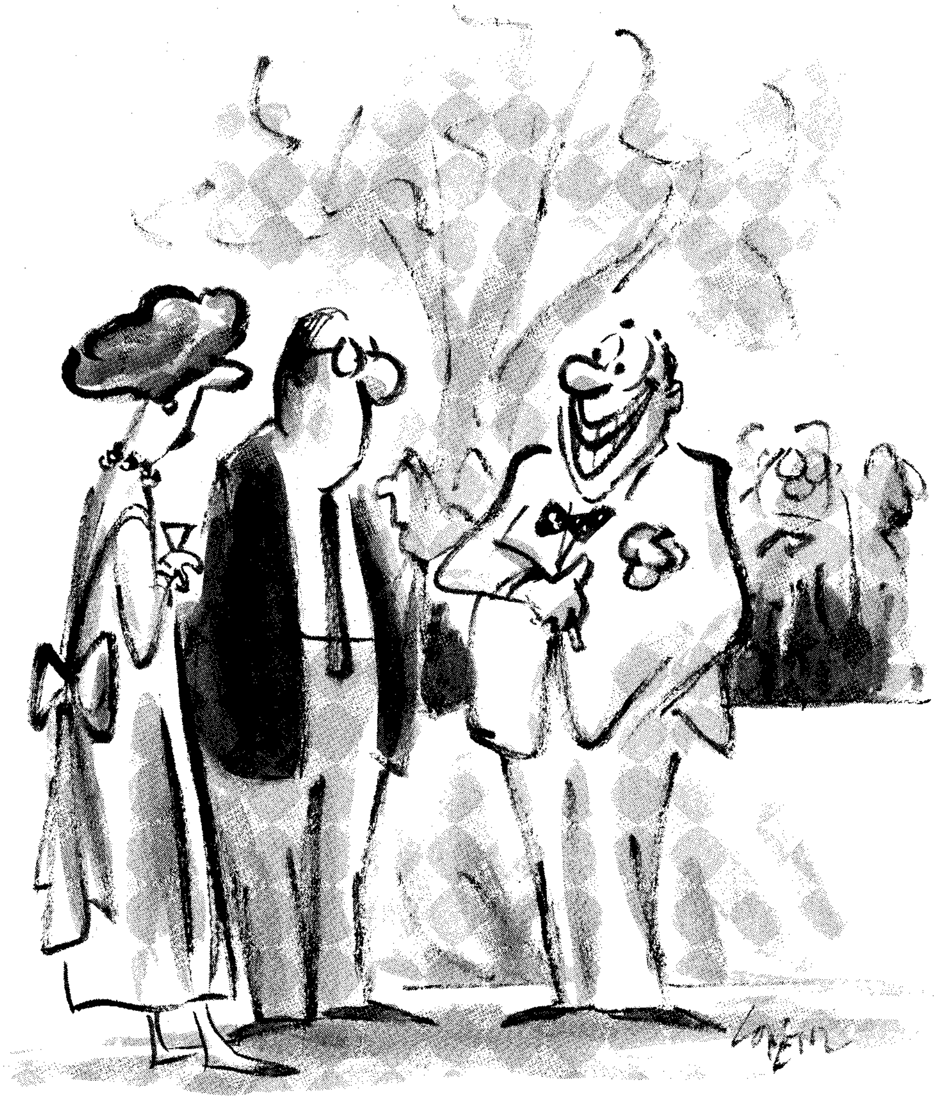
But I can just hear you saying, What is the problem, then? Why has she gone away with the children and refused to tell me where she is? I can assure you with every bone in my body that there is no problem. Last year was the greatest year I've ever known, and I feel confident that future years will fulfill that potential, which may necessitate a few minor adjustments in Doc's mechanics, something that a number of qualified people are helping him with. Above all, I beg you not to pin any blame on Mel Stottlemyre, who doesn't even know us.

There's one thing I'm sure of. If you really have something, then almost by definition there are going to be certain times when you don't have it. If I didn't believe that, I wouldn't be so convinced that at this very moment you and I are closer than any two people could possibly be. Someday we'll look back on all this and, with the complex understanding that comes from placing great demands upon ourselves, we'll be able to say, It was nothing.

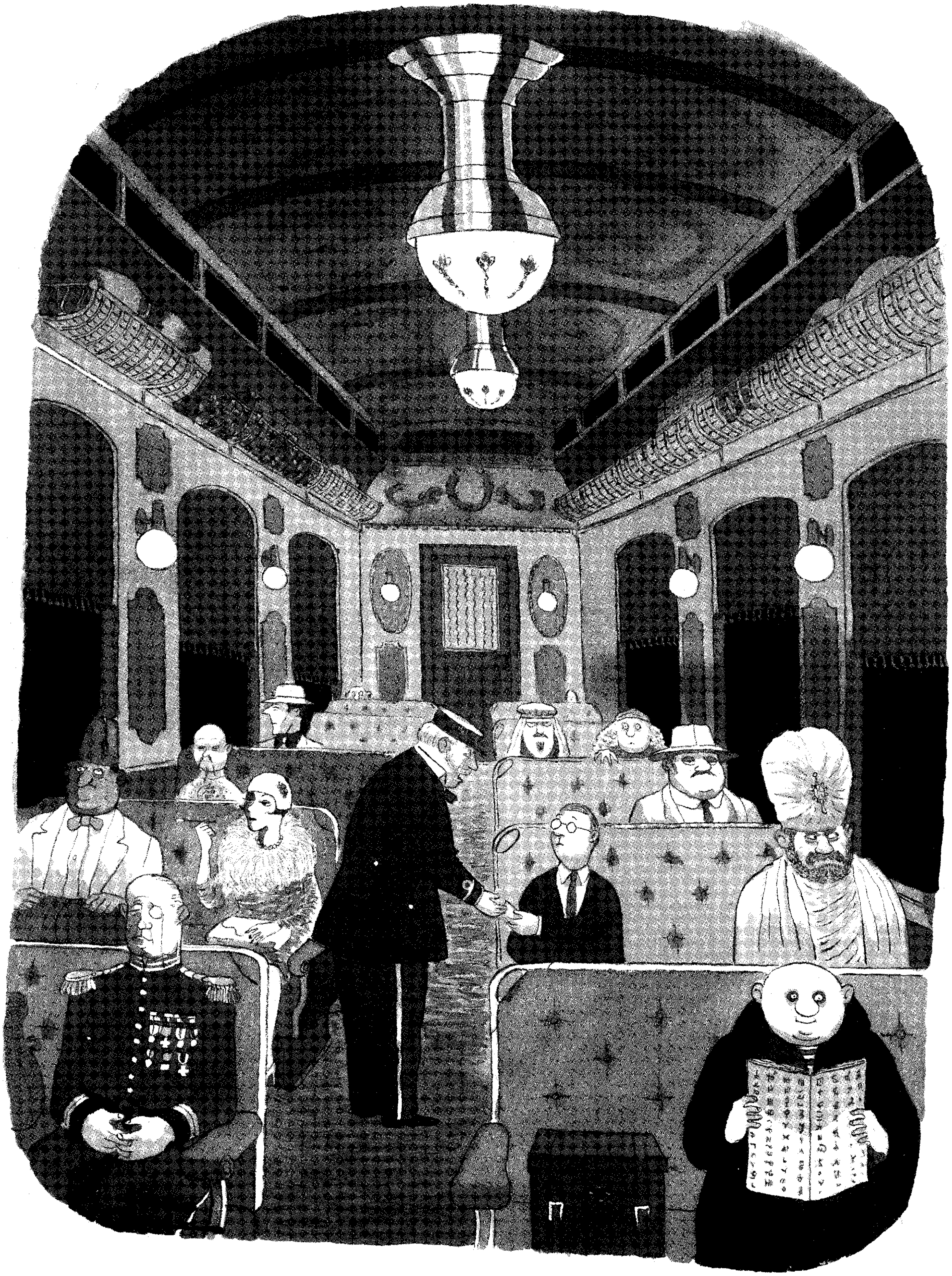
—Love, Kay

P.S.: And Doc? He's better than ever.

—Veronica Geng



"I've always been happy, but lately I've turned it up a notch or two."



"No, this is not the 12:38 to Bridgeport."

THE GIRL FROM CARDIGAN

I WAS never exactly a cuckoo in the nest, since there was no chance of pushing anyone out of our house, large and demanding though I was. My grandmother and my mother were small and unyielding; their hardness was a prime fact of life: their elbows and hands were hard, their words were quiet and hard, hardest of all was the judgment of their eyes. I was, no doubt of it, idle, clumsy, without any promise at all. There were just the three of us. My father made his escape when I was a baby. I can't remember anything about him.

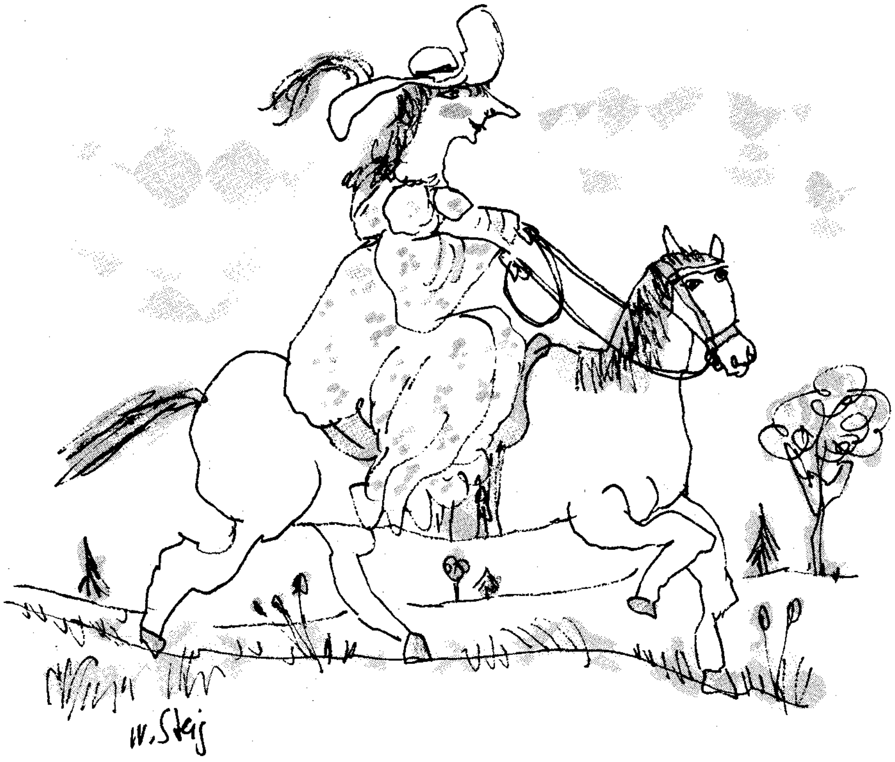
I went once to Francis Nolan's house, years ago, when I was about thirteen. "Selwyn Howard? You're George Howard's boy," Francis's dad said.

"How do you know?" I said. I hoped it was because I looked like my father, could claim resemblance to somebody. I certainly didn't look like the two dapper women in our house. But Francis's dad only laughed. I used to see him about. Years later he told me my father lived in Birmingham and was very happy.

Our house was filled with small, convoluted, and brittle objects. I only had to turn around and five or six of them lay broken on the carpet—fragile china baskets of china flowers, winsome breakable dogs with tails that snapped at a glance. It didn't matter how many I broke. My grandmother replaced them at once from some inexhaustible store. She would take the dustpan and brush, remove the shards of my passage, sneer audibly at my great feet. As best I could, I would slink away. Slinking was difficult for me.

We lived in a small town in Monmouthshire, at the head of one of the coal valleys. Unemployment was endemic there, and enforced leisure gave rise to protracted bouts of philosophy and politics. Most men leaned toward politics, since it gave an appearance of energy and deceived some people into believing they possessed power and influence. It was, if you like, political theory, imaginative and vituperative. The hills about our town were full of men giving their views an airing; eloquence was commonplace.

True power lay in the hands of a small group—the aldermen and councillors of the town. To a man, they sold insurance and were prosperous. This was because they ran the municipal transport, the public parks and gardens, the collection of taxes, the whole organization of local government in the town and its surrounding villages. They hired and fired, dispensed and took away. They were so corrupt that the Mafia never got a toehold among us. Those Italian boys would have starved.



Equestrienne

In order to get anywhere in our town you had to buy insurance. When teachers, for example, got their salaries at the end of each month, most of them paid heavy insurance. The remainder of the teachers were the sons and daughters of councillors.

One day my mother and I were walking together down Wallhead Road. She was explaining to me that as I was eighteen it was time I found gainful employment and that no gentleman walked as I walked, his toes turned in, his knees bent, his arms hanging apelike at his sides, his expression vacant, his very being a shame and burden. No family, she continued, had been so vexed. "And, talking of family, there's my cousin."

Her cousin, Harvey Lockwood, was one of the councillors. His insurance business was reputed to be the richest in the county, his daughters, all three, taught in the best schools, his house was full of antiques and carpets. I had even seen him smoking a cigar—symbol of incredible wealth. We had never been in his house. We were the poor relations. Seeing us, he thought to avoid us by crossing the street, but the traffic was not kind to him. My mother planted herself in front of him. For a moment, I thought he would knock her down, so steadfastly was he looking at something above her head.

"Good morning," she said to Harvey. It was a nice morning, in fact, but winter was in her eye.

Harvey's start was a pleasant mixture of simulated surprise and delight. "Elsie," he said.

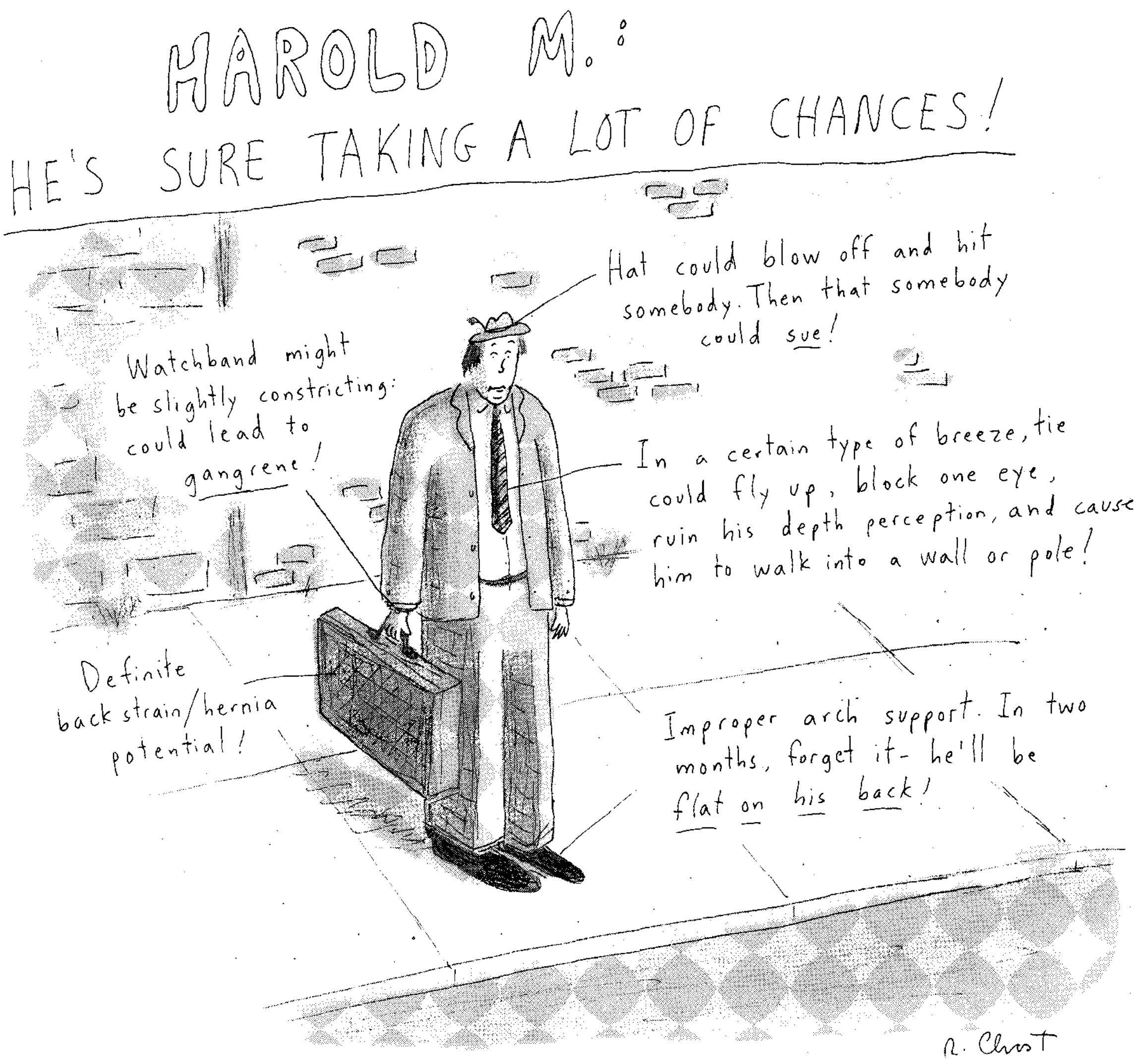
"You remember my name!" said my mother. "That's amazing." She said it cynically, and with reproof.

"Now, Else," said Harvey. "There's no need for sarcasm. After all, we're family. Our mothers were sisters, after all."

I noticed that he had begun to wriggle and turn red. There was no cure for this, as I knew. My mother examined coldly the growing evidence of Harvey's embarrassment.

"And who is this?" he blustered. "This young man can't be your Selwyn? What a size he's grown!"

"Hullo, Mr. Lockwood," I said nastily.


HAROLD M.:
HE'S SURE TAKING A LOT OF CHANCES!
Hat could blow off and hit somebody. Then that somebody could sue!
Watchband might be slightly constricting: could lead to gangrene!
In a certain type of breeze, tie could fly up, block one eye, ruin his depth perception, and cause him to walk into a wall or pole!
Definite back strain/hernia potential!
Improper arch support. In two months, forget it- he'll be flat on his back!
R. Chast

"Oh, Uncle Harvey," he said. "Call me Uncle Harvey." He turned to my mother. "Now that I look at him," he said, "he has quite a look of his grandfather about him. What a handsome fellow the old man was! What a big man! Pity he had such expensive habits."

"That's a nice coat you're wearing, Harvey," my mother said. "And where's that lovely new car of yours?" Harvey winced. I could have told him he had no chance. "When are you and Sylvia going to Paris again?" my mother said, turning the steel.

"What are you going to do with this young man of yours?" Harvey said. I had to admit he was game, but this was the opening my mother had been looking for.

"What indeed?" she said. "That is something you might give a little thought to, Harvey. I see your daughters are all nicely settled, your brother Paul is an inspector of local transport. Selwyn must be the only member of the family who hasn't yet enjoyed your generous help." Now that Harvey was on the run, she was almost happy. She smiled, she made small, graceful gestures with her hands. "There's nothing available for him in the Town Hall, is there?" she said. "He has a good brain, he's industrious. What's more, he can keep his mouth shut." She offered this with a curious nod of the head.

Its effect on Harvey was instant and terrible. He gaped, he turned pale, and, grasping his briefcase firmly under his arm, he shot off into the traffic. "I'll see what I can do," he wailed, running.

"That's all right, then," my mother said.

"Is that why we came out this morning?" I said.

"You're getting sharper, Selwyn," my mother said. "We might make something of you yet. Stand up straight."

THAT is how I came to work in the Clerk's Department of the Town Hall. There all the legal work was handled, all the local bylaws interpreted, all the niceties of government at this level discussed. It was also the place where the aldermen and councillors came for their supplies of stationery.

Small amounts of paper and ink were appropriate, I suppose, for the men of power to conduct their legal council affairs. It was my responsibility to give them such supplies. I was astonished by the appetites shown by these men. Week after week they took away truckloads of paper, gallons of ink, relief nibs by the many gross, erasers, wooden rulers, loose-leaf binders, pencils, ruled foolscap and unruled foolscap, envelopes of every size and color. It seemed I was in charge of an Aladdin's cave of office supplies.

"Am I supposed to keep note of these withdrawals?" I asked Henry Morgan, an old man who had worked in the office for over thirty years.

"You are supposed to keep your eyes shut," he said.

I took for my own use a notebook of impressive thickness with a hard blue cover. It gave every indication of weight and permanence. As our leaders took away their paper troves, I would enter, neatly and ostentatiously, a set of meaningless ciphers against their names. After a while my colleagues noticed this habit and grew restive. Some of them, having cultivated powers of inattention and quietness over periods of long duration, were cautious of anything that might alter the smooth groove of custom. Others were suspicious that I was so far exceeding my duties that I might jump over their heads and achieve promotion—something that had not happened in the office for ten years. Wesley Graham was one of these. Wesley was a tall and personable young man who all day bustled about the Town Hall, his expression alert, his stride brisk. In his hand he carried a bundle of documents chosen at random from some file. His travels took him into every office in the building, and he was able to bring back to us innumerable items of news and interest. This was all he did.

"What are you writing in that notebook?" he asked me one day. He hovered like a hawk over the soft, expected prey of my answer.

"It's a wise man, Wesley," I said, "who knows his own father."

I do not know why I said this, except that I had no better reply in mind. It threw Wesley Graham into wild confusion. He gasped, he hissed, he puffed his cheeks, he clutched his documents with both hands to his chest. "You'd better be careful," he bleated. I thought he was going to cry, but he went to his desk and buried his head in his arms. My colleagues, disturbed by this small drama, went back with unusual seriousness to their newspapers.

"What did you mean by that?" Henry Morgan asked me some days later—" 'It's a wise man who knows his own father'?"

"Nothing, Henry," I said. "I wouldn't like to say I meant anything profound or ominous."

He looked at me uncertainly. "I don't know," he said. "I don't know at all. You're a deep one."

It was later that week that my Uncle Harvey came in. I went to meet him. "Good morning, Councillor Lockwood," I said. "Let me take your coat."

It was raining heavily outside, and my Uncle Harvey stood in his own small pool. Rain dripped from his hat, his nose, the hem of his coat. "No, no," he said. "My business won't take long."

This surprised me, for he was fond of making statements about his acumen, his probity, and his general superiority when compared to other men. And when he wanted supplies from my cave he needed at least twice as much as other customers. I awaited his pleasure.

"How are you getting on here, Selwyn?" he asked. "Are you happy? I wouldn't like to think that I had put a young man of promise and ambition into a dead-end job like this." He laid a hand like a flatfish on my shoulder, and a wet smile struggled onto his face.

"I'm fine here," I said. "Very happy."

"No, no," he said. "I can see that you're out of place. A boy of your intellect and energy is lost here. I've had a word with the Town Clerk, and you'll be working with him from tomorrow, in his own office, where he can keep an eye on you and guide you."

"Thank you," I said.

My Uncle Harvey wrapped his wet coat about him and prepared to leave. "Selwyn," he said piteously, "get rid of that blue notebook. The other councillors might object to it. It could be misunderstood."

"Certainly, Uncle," I said. "It shall go at once."

SO it was that I entered the Clerk's Office, the center of power, the heart of the web. The next morning I walked through the general office, and those who had been my colleagues greeted me according to their temperaments.

Albert Hubbell

"How did you do it?" said Henry Morgan, his expression composed equally of admiration and bewilderment. He sat at his desk, his copy of the *Guardian* folded so many times that only the crossword was visible. I would miss old Henry Morgan. On slack winter afternoons we had read together some of the novels of Thomas Hardy, and he had just introduced me to "The Turn of the Screw" and "The Aspern Papers."

"Luck, Henry," I said, "and an inborn talent for the devious."

"You're a dark horse," he said. "You'll take some watching."

I flicked a wink at his amiable gaze, tapped the Clerk's door, and walked in.

Mr. Felton was sitting in his chair behind a scrupulously neat desk, leather-topped. He had before him a sheet of paper. Mr. Maynard Felton was short, trimly made, perhaps sixty years old. He could move quickly, with long, sharp strides. His suits were immaculate, his linen precise, his skin pink and clear. The most obvious thing about him was his baldness, or, more correctly, his elaborate coiffure. He let his silver hair grow very long at the back and sides of his head and then brought it to the crown, the strands meeting in a crest that ran the length of his dome. Beneath the plastered strands of hair, his naked skull gleamed. It was at this carefully dis-

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MAKING LIGHT OF IT

I call out a secret name, the name
of the angel who guards my sleep,
and light grows in the east, a new light
like no other, as soft as the petals
of the blown rose of late summer.
Yes, it is late summer in the West.
Even the grasses climbing the Sierras
reach for the next outcropping of rock
with tough, burned fingers. The thistle
sheds its royal robes and quivers
awake in the hot winds off the sun.
A cloudless sky fills my room, the room
I was born in and where my father sleeps
his long dark sleep guarding the name
he shared with me. I can follow the day
to the black rags and corners it will
scatter to because someone always
goes ahead burning the little candle
of his breath, making light of it all.

—PHILIP LEVINE

• •

"Noah, I'm tired of doing battle with you!"

• •

guised tonsure I stared while awaiting his questions. They were very general. He was interested in my family, in my ambitions and my curiosity. At length he seemed satisfied.

"You'll sit at that desk over there," he said.

"Thank you, Mr. Felton," I said.

"Have you brought that blue notebook with you?" he said.

"What blue notebook?" I said.

We got on very well together. I can't say we were friends, but I studied him closely. He was, for example, easily disturbed. His wife gave him a new fountain pen and, since he was very clumsy in practical matters, it became my responsibility to fill it when necessary. Once, in a spirit of experiment, I used not ink but a glutinous adhesive that came to us in bottles. Mr. Felton could not write with the pen, shook it venomously, swore, turned red, damned all pens, and went home for the day. I learned that he was allergic to the smell of oranges, and on one occasion when I wished him gone for an hour or so I ostentatiously peeled an orange and sucked it noisily. Mr. Felton rose in nausea from his seat, clapped his large, starched white handkerchief to his face, shouted, "You dirty pig!," and rushed, retching, from the room. In these and other ways, I began to have some control over the affairs of the office. In particular, I observed his clothes, which were beautiful and orthodox. I began to feel in me the onset of dandyism.

One day Mr. Felton came to work wearing his brown tweed, a cream shirt with a paisley necktie, and the finest pair of brown shoes I had ever seen. I admired them.

"I bought them at my brother's shop," Mr. Felton said. Mr. Felton had two brothers—Bennion, who kept the shoeshop, and Elwyn, who was a butcher. All three had come to our town from Cardiganshire when they were young men, and had prospered.

"How much would a pair like that cost, Mr. Felton?" I said.

I didn't want to know. I was giving him a chance to boast a little, but the idiot overplayed it. He laughed. His laugh implied that I had ambitions to purchase such shoes and that these ambitions were ridiculous. His laughter was brief and dismissive. "You can't afford shoes like this, boy," he said.

At lunchtime, I told my mother of this remark. Since I had joined the ranks of the comparatively wealthy, she had been notably more congenial, had sometimes even asked my opinion on unimportant matters. Her eyes gleamed. She was the most competitive woman I have ever known; in her was the spirit of a great and cruel general. "So that's what he thinks," she said. "Put clean socks on. I'll see you outside the Town Hall at five o'clock."

"We don't finish until five-thirty," I said.

"Five o'clock," she said. My mother was convinced that there was no man-made law she could not countermand merely by ignoring it.

First we went to John Montague's, a tailor shop whose doors were sumptuous and hushed—they closed behind us with the sound of paper money. There we bought a suit of such elegance that when I tried it on I could not find myself in the mirror. Of Irish thornproof, it was a closely woven heather mixture, subtle and distinguished. I was astonished to find that my wrists did not protrude several inches below the sleeves. We bought a shirt and a tie of equal splendor. My mother engaged to pay for these luxuries over a period of twelve months.

"Now," she said, "for Bennion Felton."

Bennion Felton did not look like his brother. He was round and comfortable, and years of bending at other people's feet had given him a stoop. He sent toward us one of his assistants, Alfie Edwards, a thin boy I had once to beat up for cheating at marbles. When we were small, of course.

My mother sent him reeling with an iron glance. "I'll see Mr. Felton," she said.

Bennion Felton came forward, recognizing a customer of unusual mettle.

"I'll see some of your very best brown shoes," my mother said. "For my son."

"For this young man?" said Bennion. "Our best shoes are rather expensive, Madam."

"We'll see them," said my mother. Queen Victoria could have taken lessons from her when it came to dealing with lesser mortals.

"He has a very large foot," said Bennion persuasively. We remained silent. He shrugged his shoulders. Soon the floor was littered with shoes. None of them looked like Mr. Felton's admired footwear.

"I think we might like to try a pair like those you sold your brother recently," my mother said. "Rather a decent brogue."

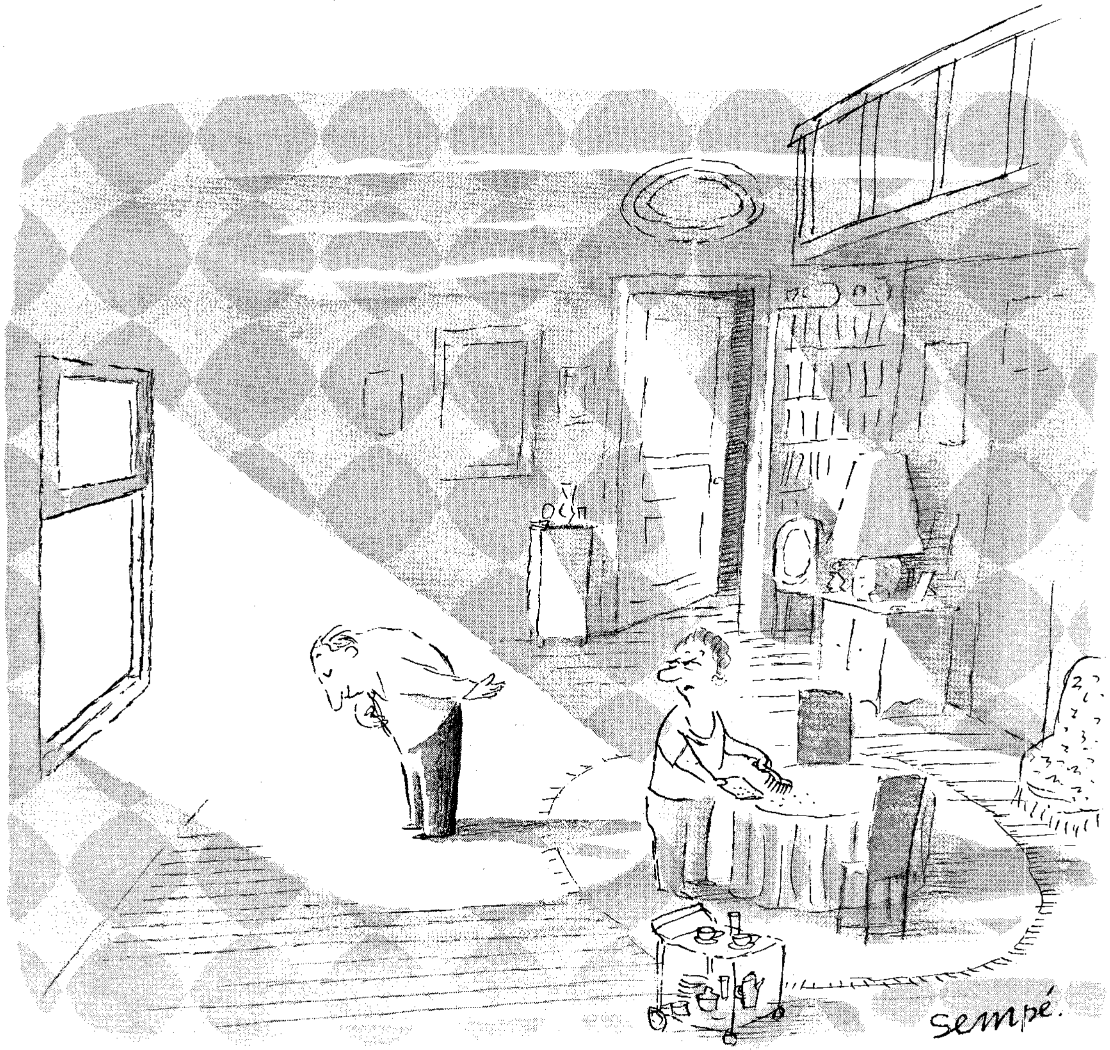
Bennion Felton brought them. They were beyond footwear—they were the shoes of gods. He named a price so far in excess of my monthly salary that inside I turned pale, though I did my best to look as if I bought such things by the dozen pairs.

My mother did not show any trepidation whatsoever. "We'll take them," she said, "since it seems unlikely there will be better in this shop."

Crushed, little Bennion wrapped the shoes, took the money, bowed us out of his shop.

"I've been saving up," my mother said as we walked home. "It doesn't look as if you're going to grow anymore, so you might as well wear something decent."

My grandmother examined my finery, approved the quality, hoped that its purchase would coincide with a new, more graceful physical control on my part. Excessive size she felt to be a moral flaw and I must do my best to atone for it.



The next morning, dressed in my new finery, I breakfasted early and walked down to Anton's. Anton's was where men of fashion in our town had their hair cut. Until that day my grandmother had cut my hair. Anton's was empty.

"Good morning—uh, sir," said Anton, puzzled. It was the garb and the assurance it brought me that puzzled Anton.

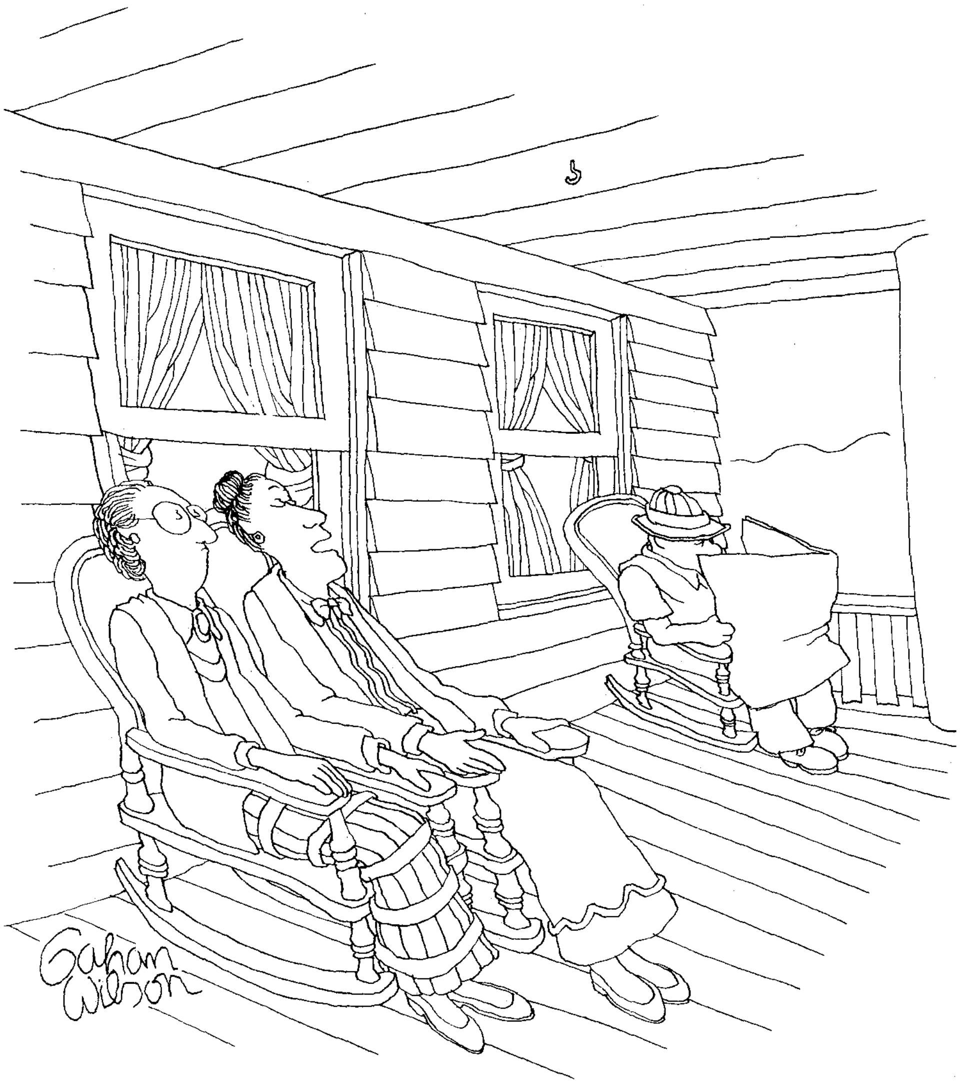
"Good morning, Bertie," I said to Anton.

I had known Anton since we were six years old. Most of that time he'd been Bertie Turner.

"I thought it was you," he said. "You look really good. You really do."

"See what you can do with the old top end, Bert," I said. "Something conservative and high-class—what you might call a classic cut. Nothing foppish."

He did beautifully.



"I always know what Harry's going to say, and he always knows what I'm going to say, so, by and large, we just don't bother."

• •

My entry into the office that morning was sensational. Men reeled away. Wesley Graham turned ashen and sobbed openly.

Mr. Felton was properly appreciative. He looked me up and down, he walked around me. I was suitably modest, merely lifting an interrogatory eyebrow.

"There's a committee meeting this afternoon," he said. "You'd better come in, look after my papers, take a few notes, that sort of thing. You'll soon pick it up."

After the meeting, Henry Morgan stopped me outside the Clerk's Office. He told me he was worried about my welfare. "You meet a funny class of person at those gatherings," he said.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"All they think of is money," he said. "That's all Felton ever thought of."

I told him I could handle the idea of money, but he was not consoled. "You might think that uncle of yours—that Harvey Lockwood—is a cunning one with silver," he said. "Let me tell you, Harvey Lockwood is a pygmy compared to old Felton—a feather, a hammer of air, a financial cripple, an infant mewling in the dark, an idiot counting pennies. I could go on."

I invited him to continue.

"Who," he said, "built the Old People's Homes?"

"Patrick Parry & Sons, Ltd.," I said.

"Right," said Henry. "And who built the two new schools down the valley, and the hospital extension, and the bus shelter? Who has the contract for the new Civic Center, worth millions?"

"None other than that same Patrick Parry," I said.

"Maynard Felton and Patrick Parry are as thick as thieves," Henry said. "Until Maynard became Town Clerk, Parry was just an ordinary carpenter. Work it out for yourself. You know what happens to men who worship money."

I did. They grew rich. The next day I bought shares in Patrick Parry & Sons, Ltd.—my first investment.

"He won't take it with him," Henry said on a later day, when we were again discussing Mr. Felton's money. "He won't even be able to keep it in this town. It will all go back to Cardigan."

"Why Cardigan?" I asked.

"He married a girl from Cardigan," Henry Morgan said. "After his first wife died. She came up to keep house for him—years younger than he is. A distant cousin. Oh, they're clannish in Cardigan—they're close. They wanted someone right up next to him to keep an eye on his bank balance; they won't let any of that out of the family. It will all go back to Cardigan. He has no children, you see."

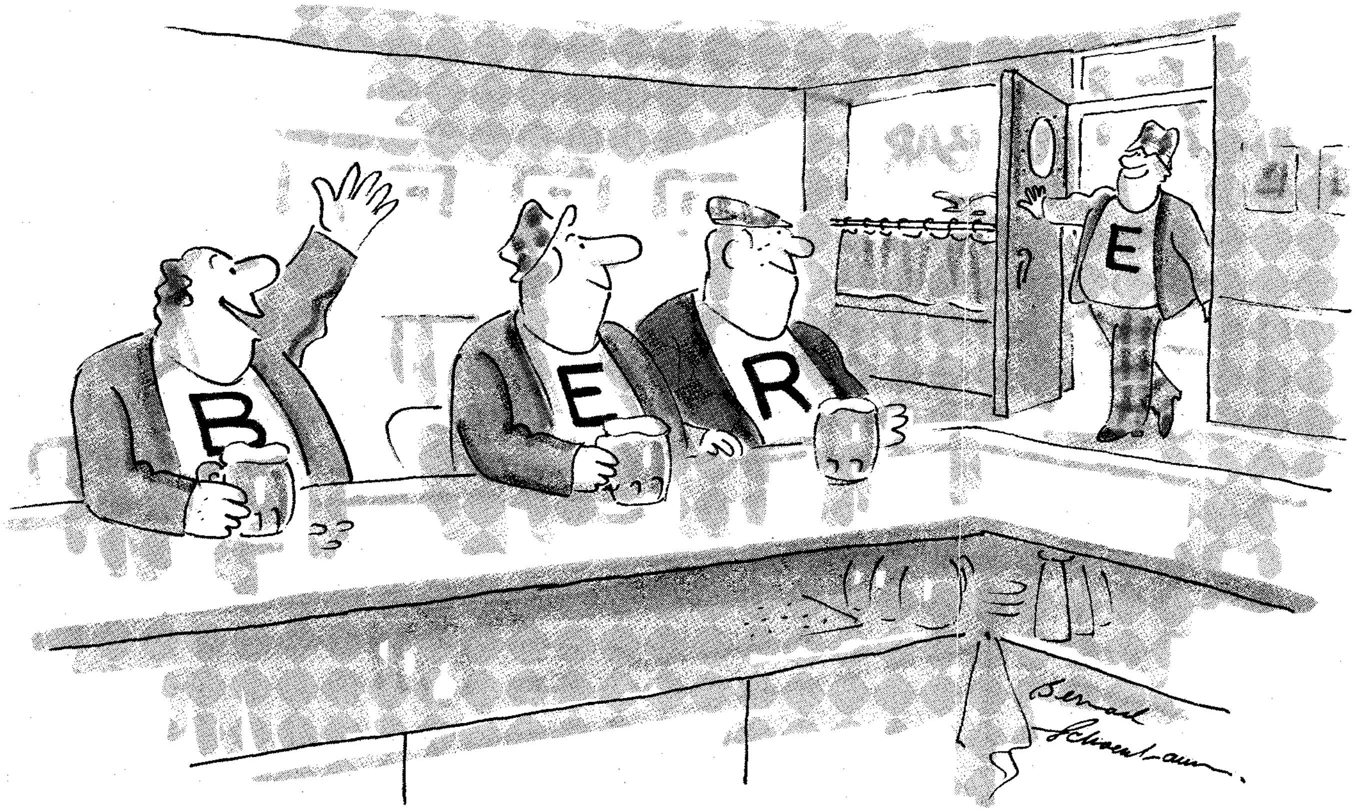
"You mean it was a plot?" I said. "They meant him to marry this girl?"

"Of course," Henry Morgan said. "Imagine the farms they can buy with Felton's money. They certainly didn't want him to marry anyone else, some stranger who'd keep all that lovely clover for herself. What a clan! Mind, she looks after him, I'll say that. She's a good wife, the girl from Cardigan."

THAT winter was long and stern. I remember it with some affection, because, walking to the office one morning, I slipped on a treacherous patch of ice beneath the snow and twisted my knee. I had to walk with the help of a stick, and when I recovered I kept the stick. It became recognizable, helped to define me. I still have it, although more expensive models have long since replaced it in the shops. Mr. Felton caught influenza, struggled on, wheezing and coughing, and then took to his bed. At the end of the week, on Friday morning, I collected those papers that demanded his attention and took them up to Mr. Felton's house.

"Watch out," Henry Morgan said as I passed through the outer office, buttoning with care my new British warm, adjusting my scarf. "Look out for that girl from Cardigan."

Mr. Felton's was a large, detached house, built of dressed blocks of the local gray stone. Quiet, rich, impres-



sive. I rang the bell, and the girl from Cardigan answered. She was hardly a girl, but she was much younger than Mr. Felton. She was dark, slender, rather severe. She let me in, and I went upstairs to Mr. Felton's bedroom. He was in bed, his features sharper than usual and his skin the color of rice. The furniture was heavy, gleaming. Mr. Felton wore on his head a conical nightcap. I had seen such in illustrated copies of Dickens. We began to go through the papers.

"These," I said, "are all straightforward and require only your signature."

He looked them through very carefully and signed them.

"These," I said, "require some decision from you. As far as possible, I've brought necessary supporting documents."

He told me what his decisions were.

"This smaller group," I said, "is outside my understanding and is obviously for your consideration."

He read them through with the greatest care, word by word. I had read them equally carefully.

"Are you sure, boy," he said, "that you don't understand these?"

I gave him a blank and blue-eyed stare. "Certain," I said.

Mr. Felton got steadily worse. Each week I took him his papers. Mrs. Felton would bring coffee to me, and chocolate biscuits. He would work his way laboriously through those documents that were concerned with his work at the office and then spend a very long time over the papers that detailed his more profitable activities.

One Friday he leaned back on his pillows and watched me sip my coffee. Mrs. Felton had just brought it and had vanished silently down the wide stairs.

"My wife is much younger than I," he said. "My first wife died."

"So I understand," I said.

"She's my cousin's daughter," he said, "come up from the country to look after me."

"Is that so?" I said.

"It isn't decent for a man and woman to live in the same house unmarried," he said. "I could see that."

"Why not," I said, "and you related to her?"

He gave me a quick glance. "There's more to it," he said. "You're a sharp boy and a big boy, but there's more to it."

I thought he was going to tell me all about his money, but he didn't say another word. Mrs. Felton let me out; the heavy door didn't make a sound behind me.

Maynard Felton's bronchitis turned into pneumonia and he died, just after Christmas. Henry Morgan and I, representing the office staff, went to his funeral.

"Did you see the two Felton brothers?" said Henry as we went back to the office. "Looked pretty blue, and it wasn't just the cold. They were thinking of all that lovely money that they won't get." Henry sounded very happy. We walked through the freezing dark, and he hummed and whistled all the way.

MR. FELTON'S house was sold. The girl from Cardigan returned demurely to that green county, her luggage full of money. Sometimes I've felt I can see the road to Cardigan, green as banknotes, shining under the moon. Patrick Parry & Sons went bankrupt, but I'd sold my shares by then.

That was my early education in politics—sound, practical, informative. I've done well, I admit it. But I wouldn't say I am a self-made man. No, no, I was well taught. I was very well taught. —LESLIE NORRIS

•

Milton Dolinger, right, and Joseph Ryan, Dolinger's administrative assistant, stand in the middle of Dolinger's new office until December, an office once occupied by the legendary Cyrus S. Eaton. —*Photo caption in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

In December, the furniture arrives.

THE SPORTING SCENE

MUNDIAL NOTEBOOK: ARIEL v. CALIBAN

UNTIL about six years ago, I don't think I ever uttered the word "billion" except as a wild exaggeration; but now it is an everyday measure. Linguistic inflation has brought us global statistics to a jaw-dropping degree. According to the Washington *Post* of July 7th, the five-billionth inhabitant of our planet was to be born that very day, just missing by a week the most emphatically global event of all—the final stage of the World Cup, which is competed for every four years by the soccer-playing countries of the world, and which took place this year in Mexico, all through the month of June. From planetary authorities in the Mexican press I learned that the games were watched by one out of every half dozen of the world's population, with some of the others peering over his shoulder, at least for part of the time.

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A FEW clarifications. In just about every part of the world, the game is known as "football." Its correct appellation is "association football," to distinguish it from rugby football and other aberrant variations; and the word "soccer" is a laconic English adaptation of "association," like "brekker" for "breakfast" and "rugger" for "rugby." (Since the English have always been the great legislators of the sporting world, they have provided most of its vocabulary.) Soccer is certainly our most ubiquitous sport; compared with it, American football is about as provincial as mumblety-peg or pig-sticking.

The World Cup competition—and, indeed, all soccer games on the international level—is organized and supervised by the Fédération Internationale de Football Association, or FIFA, from its headquarters in Zurich. One hundred and fifty-eight countries are members of FIFA—just one less than the membership of the United Nations; and of these a hundred and twenty-one entered the 1986 World Cup competition, the thirteenth since its inception in 1930. The preliminary rounds were played off throughout 1984 and 1985, in an intricate zoning system devised by FIFA to yield up the twenty-four countries qualifying for the final rounds, the summit of a great mountain of effort.

The finals are staged alternately in Europe and South America, and, in fact, the event is often looked on as a competition between these two footballing continents, twin cradles of the game. Soccer came into being (we used to be told in Scotland) when a bunch of Scottish soldiers began to kick about, in the marketplace of some Border town, the head of a captured Englishman, sometime in the fourteenth century; and in Mexico City this year the National Museum of Anthropology put on a special exhibition of the trappings and origins of the game of pelota, which is a most plausible precursor of soccer, except for the summary executions of players after the game. Much is made by sportswriters of the different playing styles of the two continents: in Europe, soccer is mostly a winter game, with a close critical following, while in the countries of Latin America it is a continual passion, with legendary heroes. In Latin America, the World Cup competition is known as the Mundial, a suitably global label.

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SOME time ago, FIFA had designated Colombia as the host country for the 1986 finals, but in the wake of the 1982 World Cup, in Spain, the Colombian government decided, quite prudently, that its economy was not up to bearing the weight of the competition and declined the honor, leaving FIFA to name a new location—one with an adequate number of stadiums and hostelries, and a television network capable of handling the worldwide transmission of the games. Three countries—Brazil, Mexico, and the United States—made a bid.

FRAMING
DLG

The president of FIFA for the last twelve years has been a wealthy Brazilian businessman named João Havelange, a man with vaulting ambition where soccer is concerned. He managed to increase the number of qualifying countries for the 1982 World Cup from sixteen to twenty-four, thereby extending the proceedings over a whole month, and he runs FIFA like a private empire. Being Brazilian, he has always known that a soccer game can bring a country to a standstill, as it does in Brazil, and he seems bent on nothing less than bringing the whole planet to a standstill. Under him, FIFA has grown and flourished, in members, influence, and funds.

The United States' bid for the World Cup was energetically sustained by the nation's most conspicuous public fan, Dr. Henry Kissinger, who is by now a fixture at World Cup finals. The United States offered facilities that could not be faulted; what it lacked was public enthusiasm—or even curiosity—about the game of soccer. (The United States team was summarily eliminated from the 1986 World Cup competition by Costa Rica in May of 1985 without attracting significant public attention.) A regular soccer season has proved unable to shoulder its way into the sporting year, although trying valiantly; and only a few rabid minorities—Latins, Europeans, college students, and Little Leaguers—keep the game going. The country would not even have slowed down for the World Cup, let alone come to a standstill.

Mexico had staged the World Cup once before, in 1970—in many people's eyes the best World Cup of all from a purist's point of view, for it was won by a breathtaking Brazilian team that included the majestic Gerson and the incomparable Pelé. Mexico had also staged the 1968 Olympic Games, and stadiums abounded; after Senhor Havelange made an exploratory visit to Mexico, FIFA announced in early 1983 that the 1986 competition would take place there, and the Mexicans began to prepare for it with some enthusiasm; Mexicans are good hosts, and enjoy the role. Besides, back in those happier days not even the gloomiest of Mexicans could have imagined the anxious state that their country would be in by June of 1986, as a result of acts of both God and man.

THE PUPIL

Picture me, the shy pupil at the door,
One small, tight fist clutching the dread Czerny.
In those days time was harmony still, not money,
And I would spend the whole week practicing for
That moment on the threshold.

Then to take courage,
And enter, and pass among mysterious scents,
And sit there straight, and with a frail confidence
Assault the keyboard with a childish flourish!

Only to lose one's place, or forget the key,
And almost doubt the very metronome
(Outside, the traffic, the laborers going home),
But still to bear on across Chopin or Brahms,
Stupid and wild with love equally for the storms
Of C sharp minor and the calms of C.

—Donald Justice

•

ABOUT five days before the Mundial began, I descended into Mexico City, through the yellow haze that now encloses it like a permanent dome. It is a place I feel warm toward: I have a handful of good friends there, among Mexican writers in particular, and I always look forward to seeing them, and to the conversational pleasures of catching up. I had rented an apartment in the Colonia Roma, a quiet residential barrio that is the flower district of the city, and when I had installed myself I went for a wander in the neighborhood. It was something of a shock. The Colonia Roma was one of the parts of the city most brutally affected by the earthquake of September 19, 1985, and nine months later it still had the appearance of an urban nightmare. The low skyline was jagged and uneven. Some of the larger buildings had collapsed inward and been left as rubble heaps; others gaped open, lacking a side wall; and on the corner of Mérida and Durango three abandoned apartment buildings leaned forward toward the street, as if kneeling. From several houses came the sound of shovels and sledgehammers—an everyday sound that was still continuing when I left. A few of the tall buildings skewed off the vertical. Some were being shored up, others were being nudged down, but it was likely, my friends told me, that many of the ruins would stay just as they were now—empty, broken, blind.

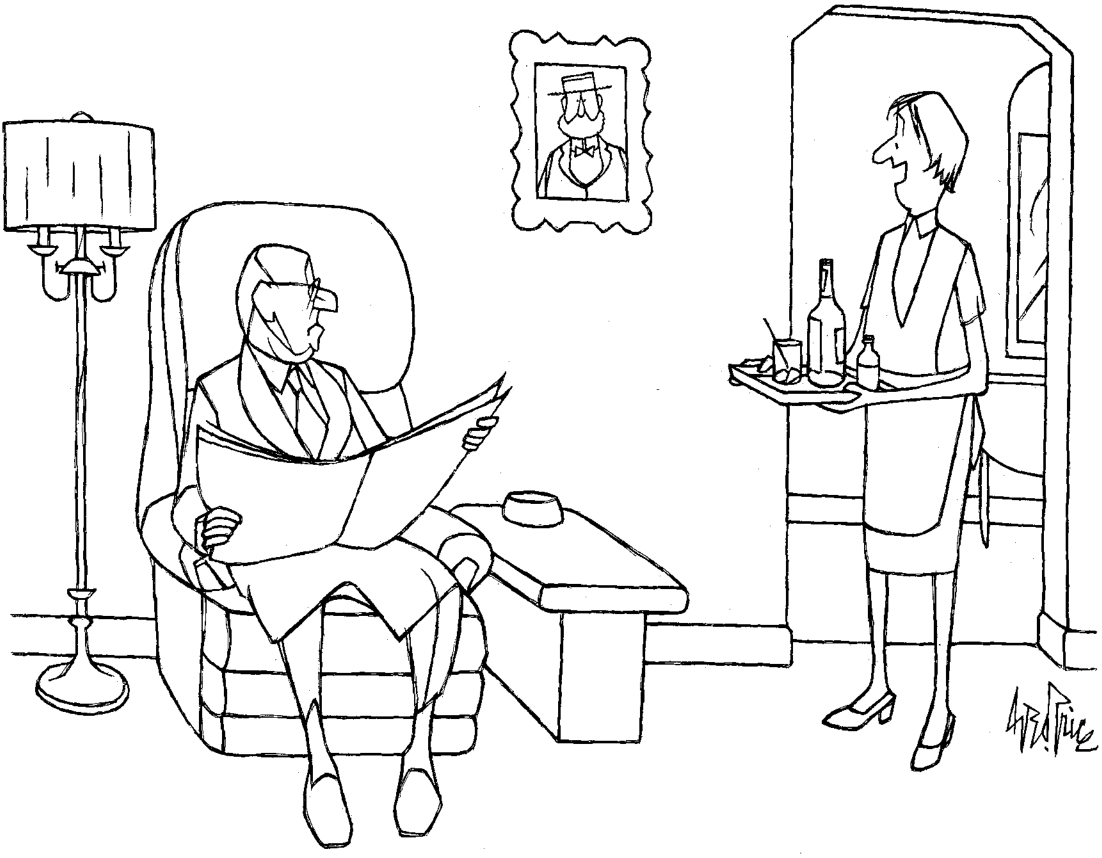
The building I was living in had miraculously weathered the earthquake, at the cost of little more than broken glass, but the side window of my apartment looked out on a clutter of broken concrete and bent iron, where the apartment house next door had fallen in on itself. The same element of chance figured in the many separate accounts of the *temblor* which I heard from my friends and from neighbors: their stories were mostly of inexplicably lucky escapes, yet they all knew of tragedies. A woman who lived upstairs from me put it in a way that made me feel retrospectively the enormity of its happening. "I'd been in earthquakes before, but very brief ones—not like this one," she said. "It lasted a full two minutes. When the ground is moving beneath you—solid ground, the thing you are surest of—suddenly *everything* becomes an unknown. I felt real terror—the terror of being able to count on *nothing*. That doesn't leave you easily. It still haunts me. I'm aware of it all the time."

Walking, listening, I got some inkling of that uncertainty, that horror. Cristina Pacheco, a dedicated chronicler of Mexico City, gave me her book, "Zona de Desastre." A small oral history of the *temblor*, it is a collage of short, intense versions of disaster and survival. She writes, "There is no end to it. The story is not finished. Those two minutes that darkened the day of September 19th will last as long as we last, we, the survivors of that day and this city. Nothing will be the same again. The earthquake was the terrifying peak in the agony of the Mexico we knew."

Just as the lasting effect of the earthquake was internal, in the form of fear, however, so also was it seen as a kind of externalization of Mexico's troubles, a fearful vision of how close chaos was. I spent a lot of time in Mexico with an old friend of mine, the Colombian writer Alvaro Mutis; I had been translating some of his work, and we would occasionally spend a day together working and talking, but mostly talking. "There was one crucial moment on that day," Alvaro told me. "It was when the President appeared on television—and, mind you, this was several hours after the earthquake, with none of us knowing what had happened outside our own small circle of disaster. I think it dawned on everyone who saw him that he had *no idea* what to do. You could tell from his face that the government was very far from being in charge. I think everybody saw then that this huge mechanism called Mexico had no driver, that it was shuffling along with nobody in control."

•

IN June of 1986, Mundial month, all Mexico's troubles seemed to come to a head. At the end of the month, interest would fall due on Mexico's ninety-eight-billion-dollar foreign debt. The tumbling oil prices of the previous winter had hit Mexico hard, depriving it of perhaps eight billion dollars in revenues. Shortly after I arrived, the peso, which as recently as January, 1982, exchanged at the rate of twenty-five to the dollar, stood at five hundred and forty-five to the dollar; a couple of weeks later, it had slipped to more than seven hundred. During June, too, harsh words were uttered in Washington about Mexico—about its drug traffic, about the continuing illegal entry of Mexicans into the United States, about cor-



"May we approach the bench, Your Honor?"

ruption within the system. It was not an auspicious month for fiesta. As the Mundial loomed, it crept into conversations, newspapers, and television programs, and strong views began to develop. Optimists saw the contest as a lucky distraction, a chance to breathe, a lucrative tourist draw, and even worked up a surge of sporting nationalism about the Mexican team, which, as the representative of the host country, qualified automatically for the finals. Pessimists, however, saw the Mundial as an irrelevance at best. The spoils, they swore, would go to FIFA, not to Mexico; Mexico would probably end up losing money—Argentina lost millions staging the Mundial of 1978. The Mundial, they said, had become a business, a month-long board game for international television. The tickets were priced out of the reach of most Mexicans. Bread and circuses, they muttered.

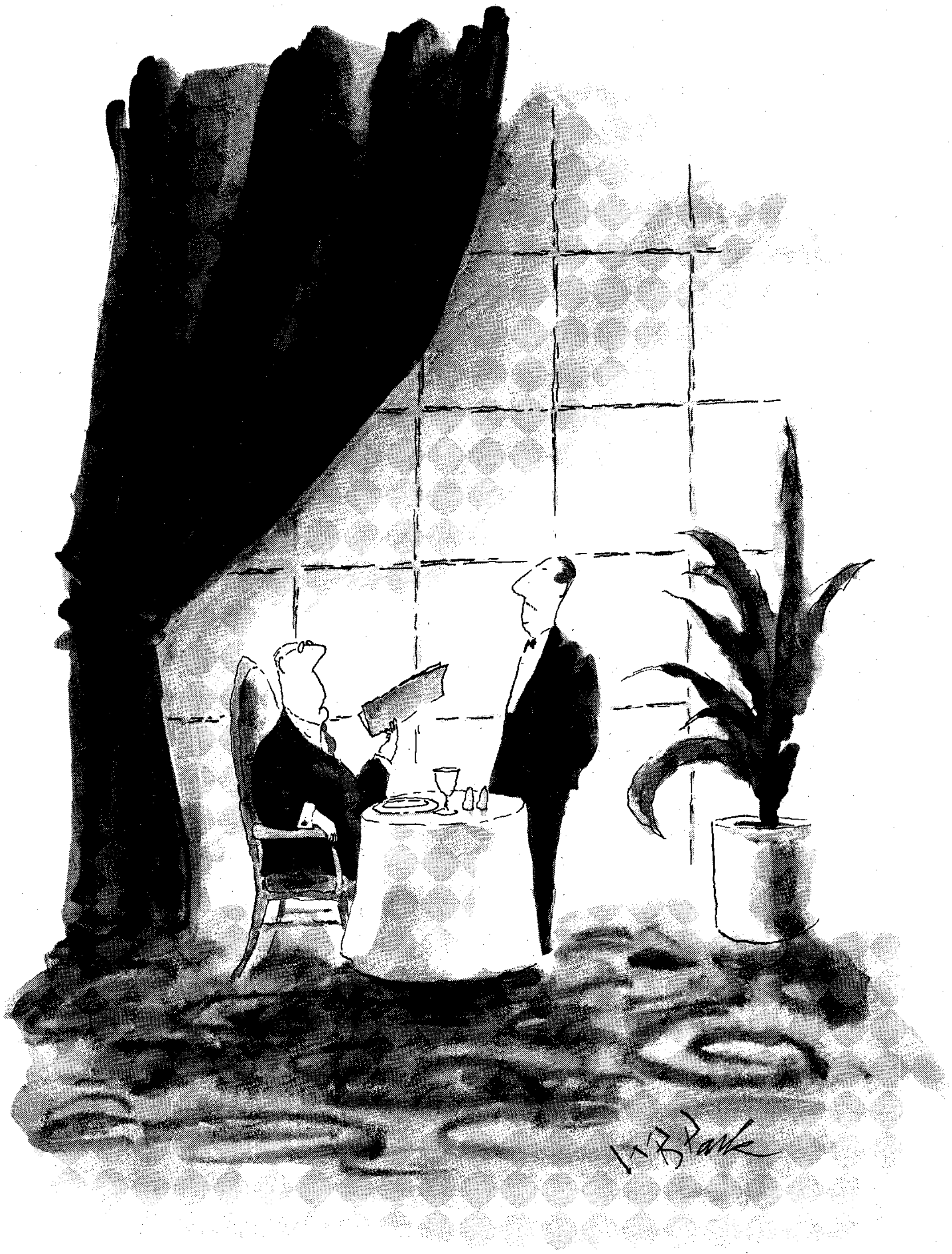
•

THE 1986 Mundial was the fifth I had attended, but although I have watched the game intermittently all my life, I am far from being a passionate fan. What keeps anyone's eye on a particular sport is the expectation of thrill, of absorbing spectacle, and at certain times in my soccer-watching history I have seen certain teams, certain matches even, that have made of soccer a thing of great beauty and exhilaration. In 1960, I lived in Madrid, about six minutes' walk from the stadium of the great Spanish club team Real Madrid, then at the peak of a five-year splendor that had turned all its games into spectacles. The games of my growing up in Scotland had been dour, kick-and-rush, knee-and-elbow confrontations, played to a pattern in which forwards attacked and backs defended—games of chance, really. The games I watched in Madrid were originals, every one—inventions on the part of a group of highly skilled ballplayers who had learned to anticipate one another's moves. Real Madrid was a team much greater than the sum of its parts. I used to go to training sessions for the pleasure of it; in scratch games, with no attendant animosity, the players showed off their skills to one another, improvising, taking pleasure in the play—*playing*, in fact. Real Madrid's example led to a flowering of the European game, and that flowering produced, in the middle seventies, a superb Dutch team, the losing finalists in the World Cups of 1974 and 1978, and certainly the most stirring team of the last twenty years. The Dutch team played what came to be called "total football": the players were both fast and fit, and they played a running game, in which they would interchange positions and "run into space," placing themselves in an open position to receive the ball, circulating quickly in attack and defense. What the Dutch played was improvisational soccer, a mode they were making up as they went along. These two teams are remembered not for their statistical successes but for the intense pleasure they gave to all who watched them.

The other bottomless well of footballing astonishment is, of course, Brazil, where the sport is a national obsession. In that country, small boys play in a perpetual street game with total commitment, hoping to be spotted and propelled to the top, as was their hero, Pelé; consequently, Brazil has always had a rich supply of wonderfully skilled individual players, although they have not always coalesced as a team. When Brazil plays, however, heady expectation hovers close at hand, and one goes to watch the Brazilian team like a pilgrim to a shrine, hoping for a sign.

•

THE first round of the finals had been cunningly designed by FIFA to give maximum exposure to the teams: the twenty-four countries were divided into six groups of four. Each team played the three others in the group once: six games in all. Six games times six groups: thirty-six games—in the span of fourteen days. Each of the groups, moreover, was assigned to a stadium in a different part of Mexico, where it encamped surrounded by fans and attendant journalists, who kept communiqués flowing home. The first round was clearly designed for television: the games were usually played three a day—two at noon and one at 4 P.M.—and were transmitted in succession over a six-hour period, with suitable spaces for



"Fish, without complications."

• •

punditry, recorded highlights, precaps, recaps, and all. At noon, I would settle in for a six-hour vigil, feeling at the end as a video-game addict must feel. Sometimes I would watch with friends, and we would keep a conversation running parallel to the game. Sometimes I would watch in a café on Alvaro Obregón, all heads in the crowd turned one way. And once I stopped off in the Galeana sports park, to the north of the city, to watch a game on one of three huge outdoor screens that the city had supplied for gongoozlers like me. I did not stay long, however; the sunlight made the huge figures of the players ghostly, faceless, and ethereal. After a few days of this, I began to feel some dismay at the utter passivity of my game watch. It was a very long and somnolent way, I felt, from the activity of kicking a football to the slumped extreme of watching it on a television screen from an armchair, with a commentator explaining what was happening. It left me nothing to do but gape receptively. I had trouble, besides, with the Mexican commentators. I remember a man who broadcast horse races for the BBC, whose running account would rise from a low baritone through the decibels to high tenor—taking the listeners' excitement with it, he clearly hoped. Similarly, the Mexican commentators gushed and gumboiled their way through indifferent games in the language of high passion, hoping play would rise to their cries. The good games I watched soundless.

•

BEFORE that flood of soccer was released, however, the whole business had to be got off the ground. On the Saturday of the Inaugural game—between Italy, the titleholder, and Bulgaria—all roads led to Aztec Stadium, on the southern fringes of the city. I became one of the converging crowd, running a gantlet of souvenir venders and being spasmodically frisked by Mexican soldiers, who looked like lead soldiers freshly painted for the occasion. Well before game time, the stadium had filled; it holds a hundred and ten thousand people, and on high days like this it can squeeze in five thousand more. I climbed to the press rows, on a high hum of swarming human sound. All around me, reporters and commentators were setting up small language factories, ready to send translated versions of the game on their electronic way. I stationed myself just behind the commentators, since each had a television set in front of him, making it possible for me to watch live goals repeated again and again between my feet.

Meanwhile, on the field below, the vast spectacle of welcome was being enacted by marching bands, troupes

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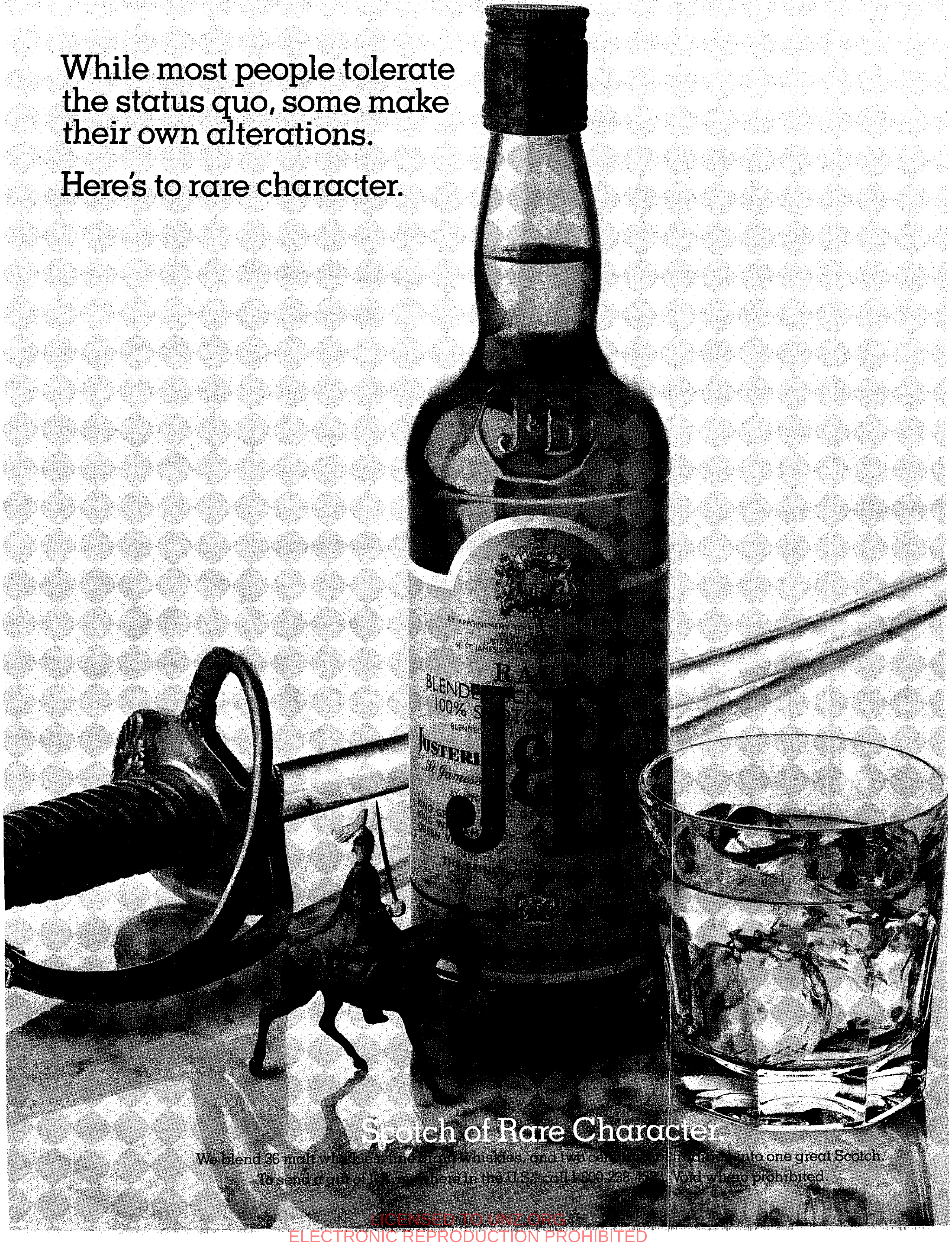
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky, © 1986 The Paddington Corp., Ft. Lee, NJ

While most people tolerate the status quo, some make their own alterations.

Here's to rare character.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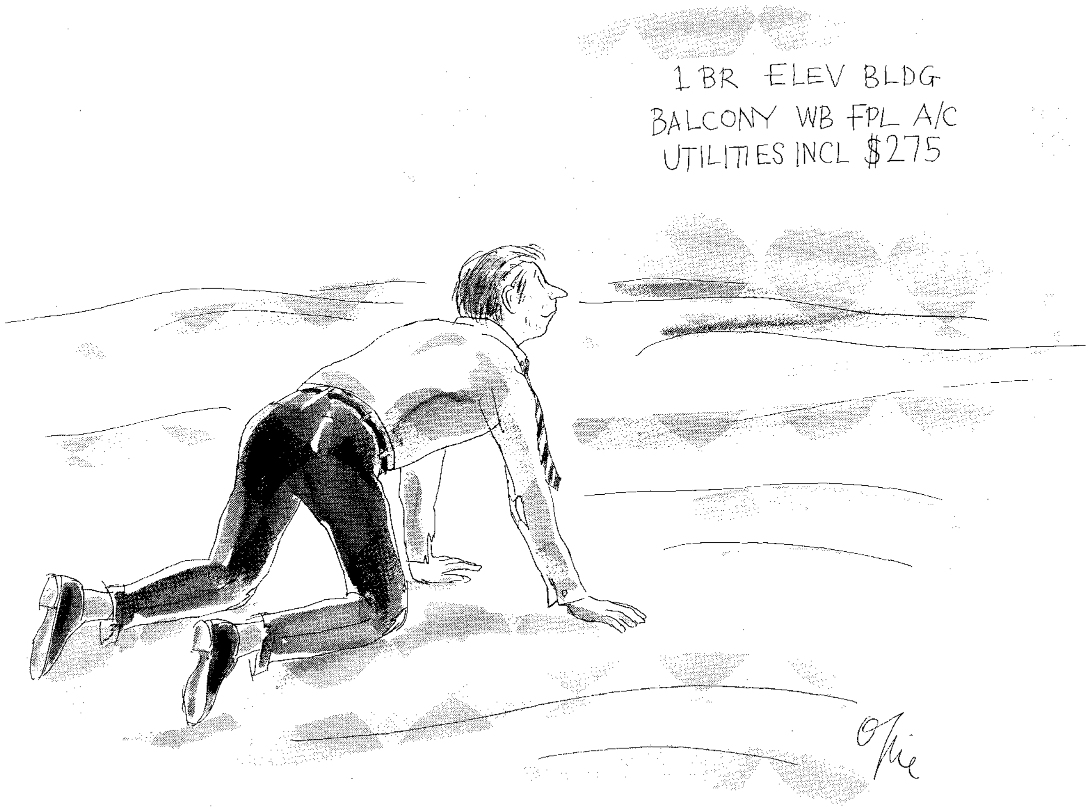

of dancers, mock-Aztec warriors, and the like. I have to confess that I am numbed by such flesh-and-blood fireworks displays; everything, even the music, is drowned out, and the display loses its soundtrack. The dancers finished and threw their hats into the crowd, which delighted me, since I like to see people giving things away. About a half hour before kickoff, out came the Italian team, in blue shirts and white shorts, followed by Bulgaria, in green. Roars. The teams looked to me extraordinarily small until it dawned on me that they were boys dressed in the colors of the participating teams. They kept coming, taking up national stations all over the field. More roars. Then, suddenly, huge silver globes suspended under the roof all around the stadium opened and spilled out red, silver, and green scraps of metallic foil, which shimmered down in a slow rain. One piece fell on my notebook, and I still have it. Finally, the boys dissolved down the tunnel, and out came the real teams, lining up before the Presidential box with the referee and the two linesmen to hear speeches of welcome from the Mexican President, Miguel de la Madrid; Guillermo Cañedo, the president of the Mexican organizing committee; and Senhor Havelange himself.

At this point, the whistling began, rising to an ear-piercing pitch and staying there. Not a word of the speeches was audible, but the Mundial, we understood, had been opened. The players stiffened in place as we stood for the Mexican, the Italian, and the Bulgarian national anthems. The teams broke ranks, came together again briefly for team photographs, and spilled out across the vivid green, potting balls to one another, wired to go. The referee, from Sweden, called up the captains to toss a coin, and the game was on.

I settled down to watch it with some misgivings. The opening game is traditionally a wary one, since no team wants to trip on the threshold of the competition. More than that, if I may simplify drastically, there are two quite opposed ways of playing the modern game—what we might call the Ariel mode and the Caliban mode. The first gives priority to a fast, attacking game; the other occupies itself with maintaining a solid and impenetrable defense, scoring mainly through sudden and swift counterattack. The latter might well be called the Italian game, since Italy has been its most successful practitioner. However tactically sound the defensive approach may be—and in Spain Italy demonstrated how such tactics can quench an attacking side like Brazil—it makes very dull watching for all but chessboard strategists and Italians. And, indeed, the game turned out to be easily forgettable. Some ugly fouls on both sides let unpleasantness in—but then defensive strategy holds it better to trip an attacker at the cost of a free kick rather than to let him escape and possibly score. We saw Italy's strikers—the short, heavyset Conti and the thin, bearded Altobelli, who could have modelled for Sancho Panza and Don Quixote—come close to scoring snap goals, and then Altobelli did just that, turning a floating free kick neatly into goal. In the second half, Italy, resting confidently on its lead, did what it usually does: it slowed the game down to a walk, keeping possession of the ball but doing little with it, and extinguishing any sparks of opposition. The Bulgarians were short not in effort but in grace, a team increasingly in disarray. They did, however, snatch an equalizing goal close to the end, catching the by now laconic Italians napping. When the game ended, we all stretched and yawned, glad of the final whistle. No tingle remained in the air, as it does after good games.

•

HAVING dinner with friends that evening, I discovered that the whistling that had drowned out the speeches had been erased from the television transmission; however, the columnists made much of it the next day. "Finally, tens of thousands of Mexicans were united, united in discontent. Political? No. It was rather a discharge of weary disgust, of anger, of antipathy toward politics and politicians," wrote David Huerta in the weekly magazine *Proceso*. It made a sharp contrast with the last Inaugural, in Spain, when the appearance of King

Juan Carlos was warmly cheered by the Spaniards, who a few years before had been indifferent, even cold, toward the restoration of the monarchy.

◆

“THE rhythm of the country synchronizes with the rhythm of football,” the lead story in *Uno Más Uno* announced the following day, and footballing metaphors began cropping up liberally in the press. Three days after the Inaugural game, when Mexico first took the field, against Belgium, the streets emptied and the city shut down to watch. There is an inevitable surge of sporting nationalism during the Mundial. To some extent, the destiny of the host country is invested in the national team, and “home advantage” is expected to raise a team mystically beyond its powers. Nobody went as far as to suggest that Mexico might win the Mundial, but there was a general hope that the team might “do well.” It did better than well. It played courageously, even recklessly, to beat a strong and experienced Belgian team by two goals to one, tiring out the Belgians by sheer dash. Mexico’s first goal, scored by Fernando Quirarte, became a kind of television banner, and was shown before every Mundial program. I think I must have seen it two hundred times. A euphoria verging on delirium spread over the city. The horns began—*honk*, *honk*, *honk*, MEH-HEE-COH!—moments after the end of the game, and did not let up all evening. The President had attended the game, but this time anonymously, as a spectator. It was the first public jubilation for long enough, but it got out of hand: the newspapers the next morning reported that the great Monumento a la Independencia on the Paseo de la Reforma had been climbed and vandalized, and the statue of Miguel Hidalgo had lost its sword. The police had arrested a bunch of the miscreants, and there was considerable foreboding over what would happen if Mexico were to go on winning. No one who followed the sport had forgotten the horrendous events in a Brussels stadium the previous year, when a group of English fans turned on their Italian counterparts in a vicious riot that left some forty dead and caused England to be temporarily expelled from international competition. The English fans were quartered in Monterrey, where their team was playing, and they were watched warily by all in case they might explode, although the heat, the altitude, and the lifeless performance of the English team gave them little impulse to riot.

◆

THIS Mundial had sponsors, a round dozen of them, who paid FIFA handsomely for the exposure. One of them, Coca-Cola, made a great play about introducing the Wave to the stadiums of Mexico—particularly since the Spanish word for wave is “*ola*” (rhymes with cola), a Mexican adman’s dream. In truth, the Mexican crowds turned out to be not very good at performing the Wave: they upstretched at anarchic intervals, generating something that resembled not so much a wave as a choppy sea.

◆

DURING Mexico’s second game, against Paraguay, the screech in the stadium was at a high pitch—the sound of nerves vibrating. Mexico and Paraguay proved on that occasion to be perfectly matched; each played a scrappy and disorganized game, full of energy and error, and they exactly cancelled each other out. The fervor of the crowd, however, did not subside, and when, in the dying minutes, with the score at one goal each, Hugo Sánchez, Mexico’s star player, was tripped close to goal Mexico was awarded a penalty and the stadium got ready to explode. Now, a penalty kick is taken from a spot eleven metres out from goal, and since the defending goalkeeper may not move until the ball is kicked, the odds are heavily with the kicker. Sánchez plays for Real Madrid, and is something of an idol, turning up ubiquitously in television commercials. Therefore, when he stepped up to take the penalty kick we were, it seemed, a second away from another Mexican victory and another evening of general delirium. The Paraguayan goalkeeper, throwing himself to his right, miraculously parried the ball, turning it against the post and out of play. The game was a tie, and the hiss of escaping frenzy was audible. It will probably be some time before Sánchez can cleanse his image of that dramatic miss—even though, as some pundits pointed out, it may have saved some parts of the city from spontaneous demolition. It was certainly nothing to honk about. The Paraguayan goalkeeper later explained that he had watched films of Sánchez in action and had noted that he mostly shot from right to left when he took penalty kicks. A current television commercial, for Choco-Milk, shows Sánchez scoring a fancy overhead goal, and there was some whimsical concern expressed about the future sales of the product. From my window, I saw a newsboy on the street waving a late paper with a one-word headline: “OOOOF!”

◆

VERY few of the first-round games, I regret to say, belong in any sporting archive; they were, in the main, unmemorable occasions. Much of the fault lay, I think, in the nature of the competition. Uppermost in the mind of every competing team was the hope of qualifying for the next round, since each game brought substantial financial reward with it, and the more the richer. Many of the teams played with the clear intention of not losing, rather than of winning: a fast attacking game risked injury to star players; a stolid defensive game, a genteel tie, guaranteed qualification without pain, without risk. One infuriating tactic: a player with the ball in midfield would pass not forward, to set an attack in motion, but backward, to a deeper defender, who would then direct it farther back, for the goalkeeper to pick up and redistribute—all this wasting a couple of minutes and incurring no danger. The move was generally whistled and booed by the crowd, but we saw it enacted too drearily often.

With caution predominating, the exceptional games and teams stood out. A young Danish team, playing for the first time in the finals, took everyone’s fancy by performing with immense élan, scoring six jubilant goals against Uruguay, a team of Calibans so unabashedly brutal on the field that it was eventually reprimanded, in the form of a fine, by FIFA. Soccer sages compared the Danes’ performances with those of the great Dutch team of the seventies, dash for dash, and the more fanciful of the sportswriters already wished them winners. When they went on to beat

West Germany, probably the best-drilled team in the competition, it did not seem altogether impossible. To me, however, the most appealing team in the finals was France. For almost the last ten years, it has been the most polished team in Europe. The French play a fast, intelligent game, and combine beautifully. Like most great teams, they have at their heart one superb player to orchestrate their play. In France's case, it is Michel Platini, a strong and inexhaustible midfielder from whom all moves seem to stem. Platini took his team to brilliant heights against a Russian team that had surprised everyone by beating Hungary 6–0 and playing as though it were giving an exhibition of the game's possibilities. Russia played out a 1–1 tie with France in what was easily the best game of the first round. Platini was everywhere at once, sparking his team incessantly. He looked as though he were having a great time.

Of the other favored teams, Brazil carried a battery of superb players but did not astonish except in short bursts, although it won all its games without giving up a goal. The team got better with each game, and was clearly thinking ahead. Italy and Argentina, which were in the same group, played out a nullifying tie as though by tacit agreement, and both qualified. Scotland beavered away, with little reward for inventive energy, since Denmark, West Germany, and Uruguay were in its group, and although Scotland played better than some of the qualifying teams, it went home early. The five "exotic" qualifiers, Canada, South Korea, Morocco, Algeria, and Iraq—so called because they came as unknown quantities, from the less evolved soccer zones—all struggled valiantly but, in the case of four of them, vainly. (We heard from the television commentary one evening that Iraqi soldiers had stopped their shooting war with Iran long enough to watch the national team lose to Mexico, on front-line television.) The exception was Morocco, which ended up winning its group—the only real surprise of the first round. I watched Morocco run round England with great energy to earn a draw, stupefying the English team by its zeal.

Sixteen would qualify for the second round—the two leading teams in each group, along with the four third-place teams having the best record—and since the eight second-round games were win-or-lose, it was generally expected that the teams would shed their initial lethargy and come up with games worth watching. Yet the design of the Mundial left little time for retrospective reflection. Its relentless progress was certainly to FIFA's advantage.

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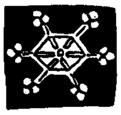
THE Mundial was not without its problems, however. There were indignant howls of complaint from various European countries about the technical ineptitude of the television transmission: some of the games had been transmitted in the wrong language, some without any sound at all, and the comments on Mexican organization were scathing. Mexicans, however, are masters of resignation, and they uncrossed their wires with a cosmic shrug. FIFA's imperturbability was further scratched by a couple of small scandals. The celebrated Brazilian midfielder, Sócrates, a fine and intelligent player and a doctor in his other life, had spoken his mind to reporters, deploring the commercialization of the game and suggesting that the refereeing had been on occasion less than impartial, favoring teams like Mexico and Brazil to give them surcease from their social and economic problems. (Losing 0–1 to Brazil, Spain had had a goal disallowed that looked perfectly good in the television replay.) Sócrates was promptly admonished by FIFA, in the person of a furious Senhor Havelange, who acted like a chess master affronted by one of his pawns. Sócrates claimed that he had been misrepresented, but FIFA accused him of playing politics and suggested that players confine themselves to talking about football, to which Sócrates retorted that he would speak about what he pleased. Senhor Havelange was further embarrassed when some Argentine journalists spotted in his entourage the figure of Carlos Lacoste, once a rear-admiral in the Argentine Navy and the man who, in the junta of General Videla, had been in charge of putting a good face on the Mundial of 1978, which was held at a colossal loss to the country; his former superiors were now in prison. At times, FIFA made me think of SMERSH.



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OUTSIDE of game times, I would meet with friends, and we would be caught up in running conversations, not about the Mundial but about Mexico. The Mexican situation came in for a lot of attention on the front pages while the Mundial rolled implacably to conclusion. I did less talking than listening; conversational modes in Latin America differ from Anglo-American ones. The difference, I think, arises from quite distinct underlying attitudes toward language. We are more disposed to accept the conventions of language—to use it practically and straightforwardly, without making much distinction between words and things. Listening in on Mexican conversations, I became increasingly aware of Latin wariness where words are concerned. There is some element of distrust: language is not reality, nor can it change reality. What words can do, however, is give a certain figuration to reality, transform it—play with it, even. Quite often—talking about, say, the Mexican debt—someone would offer, instead of an explanation, a small, graspable illustration or parable, a kind of fiction, and this would then be taken up by the others, tried out, and, most probably, discarded. These figurations, or fictions, are ways of bringing any chaos into a temporary verbal order, rather than expressions of conviction, or even of opinion. They are attempts to make reality both intelligible and bearable, but for the spoken moment only; by the next day, they will have been abandoned. It is not hard to see how conversational exchanges between the two Americas often go awry.

I made a point of noting down some of these conversational metaphors, for they are usually ingenious and frequently funny. On the Latin-American debt: "You will recall that in playing Monopoly a situation may arise when one player holds almost all the property and money. What happens? If the game is to continue, the winning player, the Monopolist, must give—*give*, remember, not lend—money to the other players. We—Mexico, Argentina, Brazil—are these players." Another: "Mexico and the United States? You must know that if you owe money to someone it affects your relationship with him. You don't talk as equals, you avoid him. It also affects the lender. If someone owes you a lot of money, you don't exactly feel warm toward him. You are easily annoyed by him. We Mexicans are always being made to feel we are in the wrong. We see Mexico as a small, ragged figure standing cap in hand in front of a big, well-fed, well-dressed banker. That's not comfortable."

While Mexicans remain skeptical

about their own fictions, they feel justifiably resentful of the fictions of others—understandably so, because Mexico is often represented from the outside in a manner that verges on insult. The mascot of the Mundial was a small cartoon figure called Piqué, wearing a huge sombrero with a chili-pepper crown—a figure not untypical of the kind of Disneyfication that Mexico is too often subjected to, which proves less than helpful in the complexities of the present. There is an adjective in Spanish, *cursi*, meaning cheap or cheesy—kitsch, but Hispanic kitsch. The figure of Piqué was straight *cursi*, but then a cloud of *cursilería* unfailingly gathers over the Mundial.

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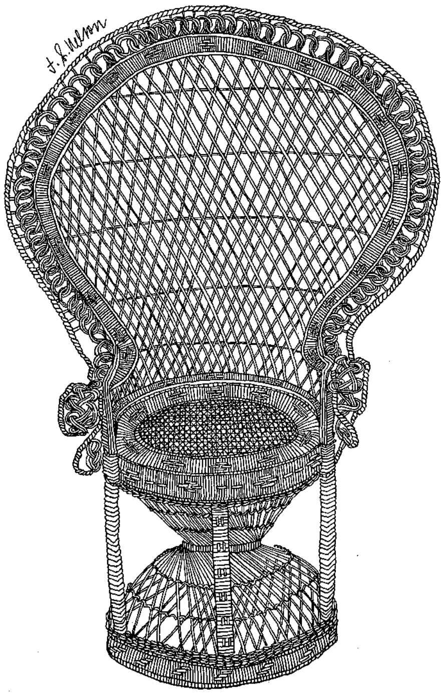
BETWEEN Mexico and the United States of late, the air has felt irritable, petulant, frayed; things have not been going well. When interest payments on the debt loom, as they did in June, both sides begin a kind of shadow play of move and countermove—a kind of stern harrumphing on the part of the United States and, from the Mexican side, an irreverent muttering, a whisper of default. The present bones of contention are many; and, in case anybody had forgotten what they were, Senator Jesse Helms took it upon himself to tick them off on his fingers during Senate hearings he held in May on United States–Mexican relations. He ran through the gloomy list—illegal immigration, drug trafficking, debt, inefficiency, crime, and corruption, with the added suggestion of electoral fraud—in a bully-boy manner that might have driven many a Third World country into angry uproar. The Mexicans I spoke to certainly found the charges both rude and ill-timed, but the extent to which they conceded a number of them surprised me. I expected them to be angrier, more disgruntled. That they were not, I think, is a clear enough indication that as far as Mexico is concerned they feel as much on the outside as foreigners are—spectators at the unfolding of their own destiny.

Even after Mexico had been eliminated from the Mundial, the crowds at the games would occasionally take up the cry "MEH-HEE-COH! MEH-HEE-COH!" no matter who was on the field—a forlorn expression of their longing to feel proud of being Mexican. Beneath the surface of conversations, however, I sensed a feeling somewhere between bafflement and despair, and something of the impotence that Mexicans feel at having no hand in their own destiny. Mexico's situation resembles the plot of a Borges story: the single dominant party, the Partido Revolucionario Institucional, or P.R.I., has grown so far beyond the control of its human devisers that Mexico *is* the P.R.I.; it is probably the most successful one-party state in human history. The influence of the P.R.I. intrudes into every corner of Mexican life—so much that its domination is accepted as a kind of fate. The P.R.I. strenuously maintains its supreme fiction: that all Mexicans are of one mind. It does not accommodate dissent; instead, it demands obedience. By now, it has hardened into a monolithic social pyramid, an intricate web of perks and payoffs. That web is so all-enveloping that almost no public voice is raised against it; or, as Mexicans put it proverbially: "*Quien se mueva no sale en la foto.*" ("If you move, you won't come out in the photograph.") The underlying fear, which I heard expressed quite often, is that Mexico will one day come to a complete stop, and the cumbersome mechanism of Mexican society will seize up.

"What then?" I would ask.

"We have only one recourse" would be the reply. "We would just have to turn to our great *padrino*, our godfather in the north, and cry 'Help!' "

The relationship between Mexico and the United States is of such inevitability as to make divorce out of the question, although the services of a marriage counsellor would not go amiss. It is the inequity of the partners which causes trouble, for it is humiliating to Mexicans to be made to feel like poor relations—and debtors, to boot. Mexico resents the brushing aside of the peace process advanced by the Contadora group, as it does the high-handedness of the United States government in general. Across the long border, a reciprocity of suspicion has surfaced in recent years. If the United States has treated Mexico as its back yard, so Mexico has looked on the United States as its front yard, the border representing both escape and opportunity. It may be, as some Mexicans cynically suggest, that the only solution would be to move the border to Chiapas, Mexico's southern frontier. Interpreters are sorely needed to break up the present pattern of accusation and resentment. The great pyramid of Mexican society is antiquated and inefficient, and the large mass at the bottom is suffering cruelly from rampant inflation, with no relief in sight, with little hope, and with a very real fear of the future. Mexicans are not easily given to anger, but continuing criticism might well push them over the edge. The United States, they feel, has been lucky in having as peaceable and well disposed a neighbor as Mexico for so long, and Mexico has served it well—as ready-made market, as source of cheap labor, as tourist haven, as oil supplier, as a place for used cars to go. Nothing at all is to be gained by abusing Mexico; much, on the other hand, by helping it. The present Mexican government is better disposed toward the United States than those of the past, but to be treated as a recalcitrant pupil by an angry headmaster could well erode that tattered good will. If the United States could for once avoid taking an adversarial stance and could help Mexico side by side, rather than eyeball to eyeball, good will might yet prevail. To make an enemy of Mexico would be disastrous for all.



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I HAD got into the habit of picking up the morning papers and going to read them on a bench in the Plaza Rio de Janeiro, a small square with a prodigal fountain, close to my house. June is a rainy month in Mexico, and in the morning the city had a fresh, washed smell. Saturday, June 14th, was a gameless oasis between the end of the first round and the beginning of the second, and the empty afternoon stretched luxuriously ahead. The papers speculated on the chances of the Mexican team, and brooded on Senator Helms' charges in a tone of injured dignity. A group of small boys with a football were taking turns at being Hugo Sánchez, and four nuns sitting together on a bench looked like an open-air sculpture. Mexico City, in its sprawled vastness, is like an endless progression of small villages tacked on to one another, with an active street life. The extremes of affluence and misery coexist but scarcely touch: every day, a street family would set up camp in a corner of the square, starting a charcoal fire and cooking tortillas to sell to the maids from the affluent town houses who were on their way back from the market. The sound of shovels and sledgehammers never stopped, and thin dogs came to drink from the fountain.

Back in the apartment, I switched on the television set, almost by instinct. Instead of a stadium, the head of Octavio Paz swam into focus. As I listened, I realized that he was talking about Borges, and at the same time using the past tense. Moments later, the program confirmed the fact that Borges had died, earlier that day, in Geneva. When I attended the 1978 Mundial, in Argentina, I spent a good bit of time with Borges between games. He could not have been less interested in football—or, indeed, in sporting occasions—but he took a whimsical interest in the progress of the Mundial as a kind of alternative universe that brought unlikely countries into conflict. For days, the newspapers were full of eulogy, and he appeared on television almost every evening, in replayed interviews, as though his death were generating a continuing life.

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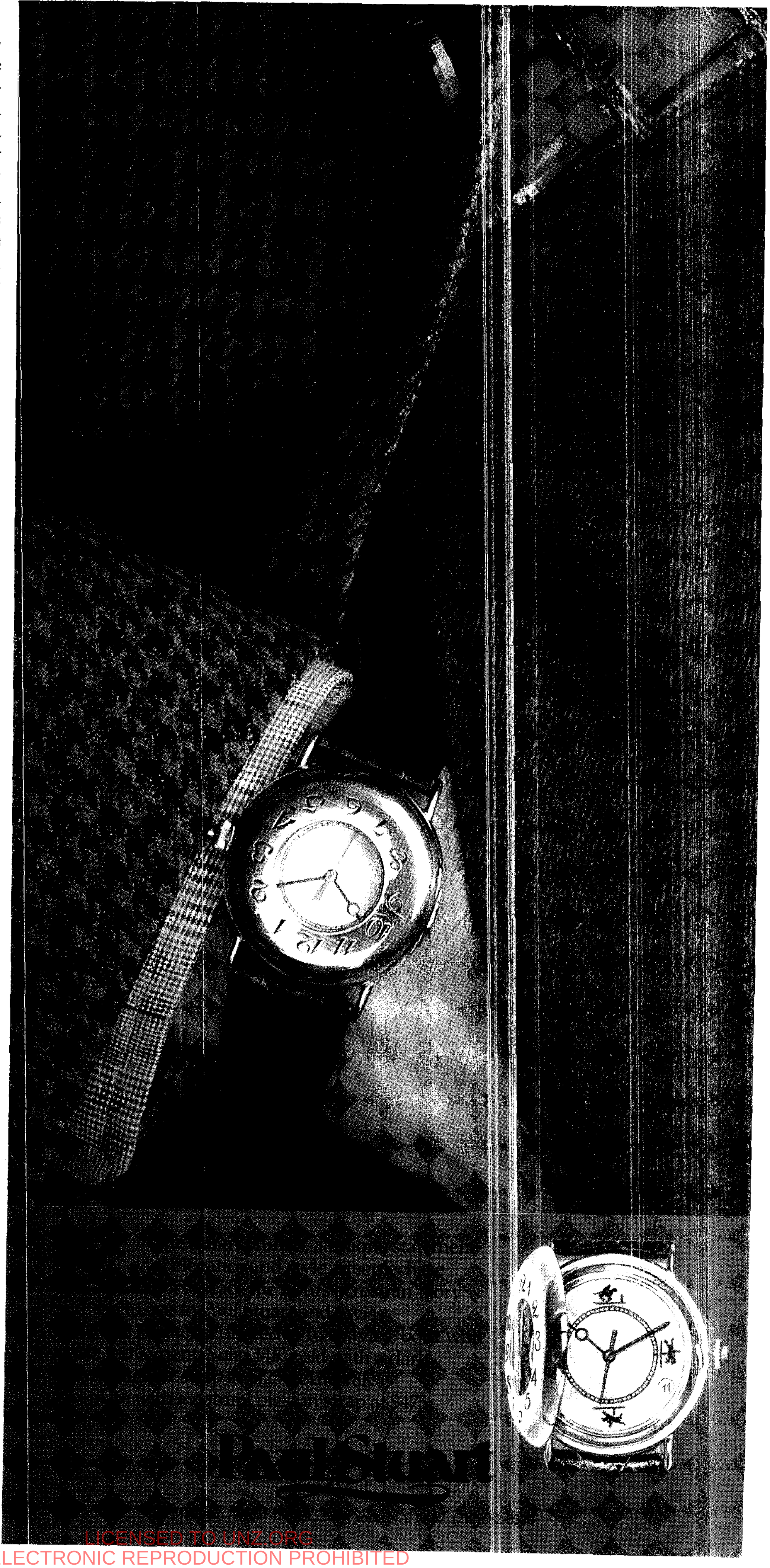
THE Mundial, however, ground on, and the next day saw the first two of the eight second-round games: Mexico against Bulgaria, followed by the Soviet Union against Belgium. Since all matches now had to yield up a winner, the pace did quicken. Mexico beat Bulgaria 2–0, one of the goals a flashing airborne shot by Manuel Negrete which was bound for the archives. And so Mexico reached the quarter-finals, to the delighted disbelief of even its staunchest supporters. The afternoon game upset all prediction, for the Russian team—still playing fast, constructive football—inspired the Belgians to play even better. The game ended at two goals each,



and the teams played two overtime periods of fifteen minutes each. Belgium won, four goals to three, in a game so crisp and keen that I watched a good part of it again in the evening, just for pleasure. The next day, Brazil played Poland, and Argentina played Uruguay. Both won, as they were expected to—Brazil handsomely, four goals to zero; Argentina nervously, scoring the only goal—but both played patchily, below expectation. (The *Jornal do Brasil* reported that each game played by the national team caused Brazil to lose millions of dollars in revenues, since the country's production came to a halt on game days.) Pelé, who enjoys oracular status, had reservations about Brazil's chances: the team would have to play a lot better than it had, he said—four goals notwithstanding—if it wanted to win the Mundial, as all Brazilians had assumed was inevitable. Argentina almost defeated itself by wasting chance after chance, but it dispatched Uruguay, whose thuggish defensive tactics had made it easily the most unpopular team of the whole event.

In the other matches, England woke up from its earlier somnolence to beat Paraguay by three clear goals, and West Germany disposed of Morocco efficiently and unmemorably. France, I am glad to say, put Italy decisively away, with Platini, like a master of ceremonies, distributing a flow of precise passes to his teammates and allowing Italy few breakaways, no latitude at all, no goals. The one surprise of the round came when Denmark, which had won friends and fans with its breakneck brilliance, ran into a Spanish team that appeared to have switched itself on for the occasion. The Spaniards beat the Danes at their own game by running them ragged, and scored five goals to Denmark's one. Curiously, the fact that the Russians and the Danes had evoked such superlatives, and had played so conspicuously well, caused both Belgium and Spain to raise their game quite remarkably against them, as though to confound prediction.

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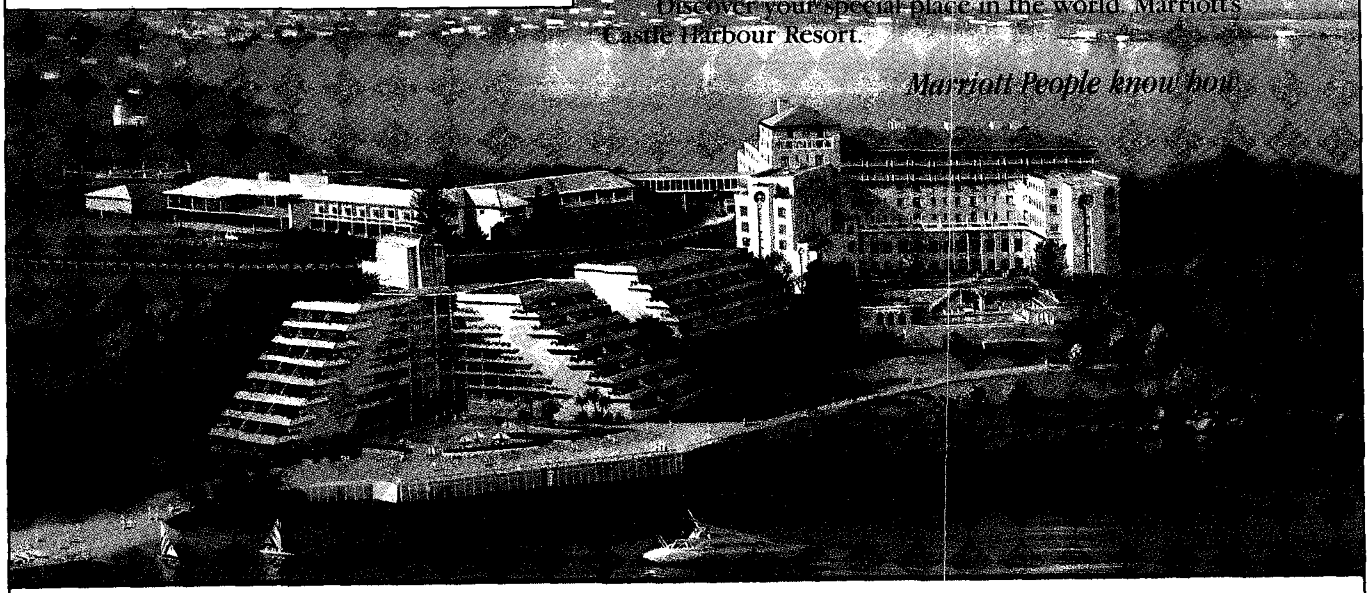
WITH eight teams left, it was time to take stock. Of the forty-four games of the first two rounds, I had watched all but about five, and most were, in Borges' phrase, "destined for oblivion." The game as spectacle had suffered. Sócrates had been quite right: commercialization had dulled the games—doomed them, even. Very few had proved to be better than expected. A good soccer match has a certain atmospheric edge to it; a rhythm that keeps eyes and attention glued, hovering on the borders of surprise; a promise of the unexpected, of excitement. If that tingle is not brought on by the play, a game becomes mere enactment, dutiful and drear.

Of the four quarter-finals, the juiciest prospect by far was the meeting of France and Brazil—although Spain was playing Belgium in a game whose outcome nobody was prepared to predict, since both teams had already surprised us. No one really believed that Mexico had much chance of beating West Germany, for the Germans can be counted on to play a disciplined and workmanlike, if uninspired, game, while Mexico's performance had varied wildly. The game that drew me, however, was the meeting of England and Argentina. Their playing styles contrast sharply, and a long-simmering rivalry exists between the two sides. The sporting press, of course, labelled the game a replay of the Falklands/Malvinas war, but in fact the



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footballing antagonism between the two countries goes further back—to England in 1966, when they met in the World Cup quarter-finals. England, which won the World Cup that year, had as manager—or "technical director," as it is now known—a tight-lipped gentleman called Alf Ramsey, later to become Sir Alfred for his services to English football. When England played Argentina, there were stormy scenes. Argentina's captain then was a giant of a man named Antonio Rattin, who fouled opponents with abandon until he was ordered out of the game by the diminutive German referee. Rattin refused to leave at first, and then the rest of the team left with him. It took some time to bring order back to the field. Interviewed later on television, Ramsey referred to the Argentine players as "animals"—a slight that has rankled ever since and has been enough to give any meeting of the two an extra sharpness. Besides that, Argentina had in its ranks the stocky little figure of Diego Maradona, who is quite often referred to as the best player in the present-day sport and captained Argentina for this Mundial.

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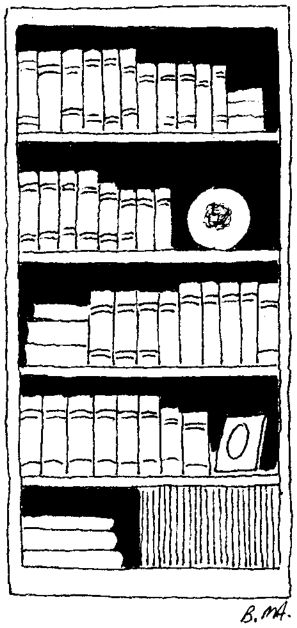
OUTSIDE Aztec Stadium, the English fans had formed into clumps, waving, and even wearing, the Union Jack. I noticed that everyone gave them a wide berth. I ran into a couple of English journalists I had not seen since the last World Cup, who were sanguine about their country's prospects. England had a striker named Gary Lineker, who has an uncanny knack of seizing slim chances and turning them into goals and had so far notched five of them. On the other hand, Argentina had Maradona.

Maradona is twenty-five now, and plays in the regular season for Napoli, in the Italian first division. (It seems remarkable how many players from other national teams turn out for Italian clubs, but not at all remarkable once their princely salaries are published.) I had seen Maradona play for Argentina in Spain four years ago, but there his reputation as boy wonder had preceded him, and he was marked so tightly and fouled so regularly that he turned petulant and played badly. Physically, he is short and curly-headed, with heavily muscled thighs like pillars, and he always looks wound up, coiled to spring. He is the perfect stuff of soccer legend, being one of seven children of a poor Buenos Aires family and now both celebrated and rich—a latter-day Pelé. On the field, he draws the eye; whenever he gets the ball, you can feel the whole crowd tense. Lined up with his teammates for the playing of the national anthems, he jigged nervously, strung tight, impatient to go.

It did not take long for the pattern of the game to show itself. England had plumped for defense over recklessness, forming a defensive wall to cut off the moves that Argentina set in motion, and doing little more than sending occasional, wistful long passes—token attacks only—in the direction of its strikers. Ten minutes into the game, Maradona was sent flying with an ugly tackle. It has quite often been his fate to be so treated; closely marked as he is, he has to create space for himself, work himself free, which he does with a particular wizardry, feinting, shifting direction, changing pace, receiving the ball and quickly redirecting it to one of his teammates—or, quite often, to a spot where a teammate would have been had he been thinking as fast as Maradona. He designed Argentina's moves, each pass a suggestion; his plays opened up possibilities that only he had seen. It is his brilliant reading of the game at any moment that makes him such an asset to his team. His short, swift interchanges with his strikers, Valdano and Burruchaga, fine players both, gave the match an elegance to which England contributed next to nothing; its entire effort in the first half was directed at keeping Argentina out.



Early in the second half, Argentina was pressing on the right, and an English defender, playing safe, lobbed the ball back to Shilton, the veteran English goalkeeper. Out of nowhere, Maradona darted in, rising along with Shilton but beating him to the touch, and put the ball in the net. I shall return to that first Argentine goal, because it became, in the days that followed, a cornerstone of complaint. Five minutes later, however, we witnessed something that verged on the miraculous. About sixty yards out from the English goal, Maradona, facing the wrong way, received a pass from Burruchaga. Spinning round with the ball, he suddenly darted ahead with almost unnatural acceleration, at the same time swaying his way past a pair of English defenders, and then just as suddenly changed both pace and direction. With two more English players about to converge on him, he appeared to turn inside but actually veered outside, moving the ball to his other foot and speeding toward goal with only Shilton to beat. Again he feints, making Shilton commit himself, and then strokes the ball neatly into the goal. I can divide that movement into stages only because I saw it again and again in slow motion, which seemed to show Maradona making a series of decisions and changes of direction and speed. In actuality, it was all instinct, easy and fluid, a movement of perfect grace, of pure beauty, and around me people were standing openmouthed, amazed, dazzled. It was like a signature put on a work of genius—a stamp, an imprint that anyone who saw would fix in memory; already a plaque has been put up at the stadium, commemorating it.

Two goals down, England, deciding to take a chance, pulled out two midfield defenders and sent in Barnes and Waddle, attacking wingers. This made enough of a difference for England surely to wish that it had thought of it before, since Argentina's defense was far from infallible, and the switch led to a good goal—a ball crossed from the corner which Lineker prodded into the net—and two or three possible scoring chances, so that the teams looked much more evenly matched at the game's end than at its beginning. But then caution had been the rule in the Mundial—and its curse.

I had another look at the game that evening, the replay dwelling again and again on the magic of Maradona's second goal. What it also showed, however, was that his first, which from my vantage point—and from the referee's—he appeared to have headed in, had actually been propelled into the net with his forearm, close to the wrist: a foul, in fact, which ought to have nullified the goal. Now, when it comes to moral outrage no one in Christendom can top the English; and when the offense has been committed by an Argentine, of all people, outrage goes from red to purple to black. A few days after the event, I saw a copy of the *Sun* displayed outside a kiosk, with a headline that positively roared "DIEGO THE CHEAT!," and Sir Stanley Matthews, a Maradona of yesteryear, was reported in the *Times* to be "speechless," and firm in his belief that Maradona had had "a duty to own up on the spot." One has to make allowances for the English, given that they had been beaten by an Argentine team, but their piety on this occasion exceeded itself. Their reasoning was implacable: the true score in the game, they pointed out, had been one goal each, and since England had been pressing toward the end of the game, extra time would have unquestionably resulted in its winning. Maradona has been savaged so often on the field, however, that he could hardly be grudged a decision going his way. At one point in the game, Terry Fenwick, shadowing Maradona, had elbowed him in the face, unnoticed by the referee; it is, in any case, the referee's responsibility to call the play, and, over all, a great many sins had gone unnoticed. All that aside, there can hardly be a spectator who watched the game—the English, of course, excepted—who would not grant with conviction that if Argentina had needed another goal Maradona would have got the ball and delivered it, no matter how many had lined up to stop him. I hope somebody saw to it that he got a tape of that game. It should be a great comfort to him if ever his years decline.

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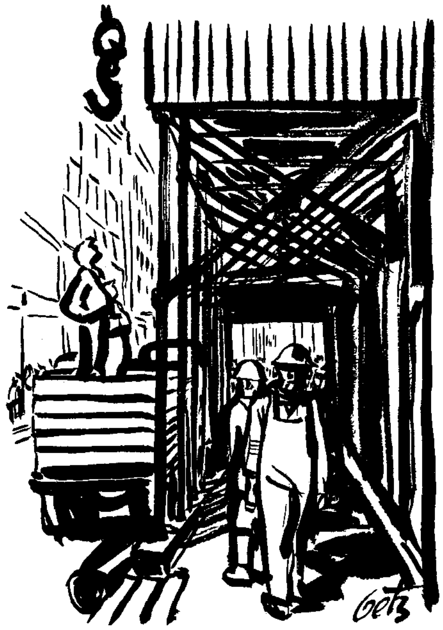
NO linear account can do justice to a good game of soccer—too much happens at once, games rise and fall, surge and ebb, and some promising moves fizz away into nothing at all—but the best games have a distinctive atmosphere, an air all their own. If I were to save one game out of the whole morass of the 1986 Mundial, it would without question be the quarter-final played, in Guadalajara, between France and Brazil. The curious fact about Brazil is that it does not play especially well against lesser teams but, given opposition of France's calibre, the Brazilians will transcend themselves. If a Martian were to ask what soccer is, a tape of this game would convince him that it was high art. Both teams were greedy for the ball, and the play had the to-ing and fro-ing of basketball, sweeping from end to end with never a sag. Brazil produced movements of sheer beauty, the ball passing from player to player and back again, the players appearing to read one another's minds. The samba on the terraces was hard put to it to keep up with the action on the field. Sixteen minutes into the game, Brazil scored from a pattern involving five players, using lightning switches of play that left the agile Careca to flash the ball into goal. Nobody had seen it coming, including Bats, the French goalkeeper. Seconds before the half-time whistle, however, Platini, ubiquitous as ever, materialized in just the right place to turn a deflected cross into the Brazilian goal. Whatever one team produced, the other matched. I could have watched them play all day. Midway through the second half, Brazil made a substitution, sending in Zico, its star player, who, because of injury, had seen scant action in the previous games. A couple of minutes later, one of his teammates was tripped close to the French goal, and the referee signalled a penalty kick for Brazil. Zico stepped up to take the kick and—we assumed—to put Brazil ahead. Bats dived to his left and blocked Zico's shot. The samba stopped in mid-beat, and a cosmic shiver ran all the way from Guadalajara to the southern continent. The score stayed level, and the game went into extra time. It seemed impossible that the players had any more to give, but they kept coming back, each watching for the other's error, close to exhaustion, muscles turned to sponge. When extra time ended with them still level, at one goal each, I would have sawed the World Cup in two there and then, and given each of them a half to keep in perpetuity.



FIFA, however, has decreed that when a game ends in a tie it shall be decided by a "shootout"—a series of ten penalty kicks taken alternately by five different players from each side. So, with the players limp on the turf, Sócrates stepped up to take the first kick. Incredibly, Bats, whose luck was running that day, parried his shot. The next six players converted their kicks successfully, and then Platini, of all people, skied his shot high over the bar, and the game was still level, four goals each. Julio César, the linchpin of Brazil's defense, took the last kick for his team and struck the post, so it was left to France's striker Luis Fernández to score with the last shot of the contest, which he did, leaving France the winner.

The shootout, as anyone who watched the conclusion of that game will agree, is no way to break a tie, and it is to be hoped that FIFA will come up with something better before 1990. Had Zico converted his penalty, Brazil would almost certainly have beaten France, and very probably gone on to win the Mundial, for its game—a combination of grace, skill, and surprise—had reached a level that no other could equal. A fairer way of resolving a tie is, of course, to continue playing until one side scores, or to replay the game, but FIFA, committed as it was to fulfilling the tight schedule of television, had to deliver results, and the shootout brings swift resolution. Ironically, the two other quarter-final matches also ended in ties and were settled in the same unsatisfactory manner. Mexico and West Germany played out a long, dour contest without scoring a single goal, but when it came to the shootout the Germans had obvious advantages: a more experienced goalkeeper and more reliable technical skill. Mexico scored with only the first of its kicks. The Germans did not miss once, and so went on to the semifinals, against France. Spain and Belgium played a robust and well-matched game, which ended tied at one goal each; Belgium won the shootout, principally because it had a remarkable goalkeeper, who had saved the team time and time again during the game, and who parried the second Spanish shot to put his country through to the semifinal against Argentina. The fact that a team as dazzling as Brazil was out and one as drilled as the Germans was in was reason enough for FIFA to think again—but then FIFA's rulings, as we learned in Mexico, do not always coincide with the best interests of the sport.

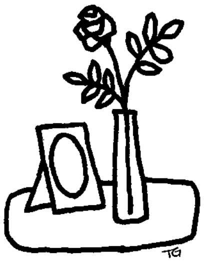
•

AFTERMATH: Tele Santana, Brazil's coach, resigned in the wake of the defeat by France, as he had done when Brazil was eliminated in Spain four years before. Maradona had injured his left knee, but he reassured the press by observing that it hurt only when someone kicked him.

France and West Germany had met in the semifinals of the last World Cup, and that game had gone to a shootout, the Germans winning by a single goal. The French were warmly favored on this occasion, for their flair had made them always a pleasure to watch. We had learned, however, never to discount the Germans. No team is as thoroughly prepared as they are, and they are better versed than anyone else in the technicalities of the game. Their strength is that they are never swayed by the shifting emotions in a game; this dogged concentration has very often enabled them to come from behind and win. Their strategy is to study the playing patterns of their opponent and devise ways of disrupting them. Against France, they did this woefully well, harassing Platini and preventing the French attack from developing any flow. Moreover, they scored an early, lucky goal from a soft shot that Bats should easily have stopped. The French attacks became desperate, and correspondingly careless; the players' own frustration undid them. West Germany has reached the final in four out of the last six World Cup competitions. That it has done so at the expense of spectacle is no argument against the statistics of success.

•

THE rest of the Mundial belongs to Diego Maradona. He dominated the semifinal against Belgium even more than he had the game against England. The Belgians played extremely good football, and had Maradona been absent the sides would have been well matched. I kept my eyes for a while on the stumpy little figure wearing No. 10, and it was never still, moving into open space to receive the ball, darting back to help in defense, slipping arrowing passes to create openings. What makes Maradona unique as a player is his extraordinary ability to shift into a higher gear when he feels it is needed. He played the whole first half as part of the team; then, early in the second half, he accelerated, turning up in space to receive a return pass from Hector Enrique and scoring a nonchalant goal. Ten minutes later, he did just what he had done against England, collecting the ball and stuttering his way past four defenders to slide it into goal just out of reach of the goalkeeper. He subsided for a while, joining the team again, and then, as the game was waning, spurted once more, taking the ball, on his own, close to goal, drawing the goalkeeper, and sending a perfect pass across to Valdano (who, however, shot over the bar). When he left the field with his delighted teammates, he didn't even look tired.



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IN the lull before the final, the talk was all of Maradona, the only question whether the West Germans would succeed in bottling him up. They certainly tried. They had plotted their game with some care; to shadow Maradona, they assigned Lothar Matthäus, who stayed never more than an elbow away from him, thwarting the sudden break. Yet Maradona turned even such close marking to account, constantly distracting the German defense and so making openings for his teammates, who gave the lie to those who had dismissed Argentina as a one-man team. After twenty minutes, following a foul on Maradona, Burruchaga took the free kick and sent the ball curling across the German goal for José Luis Brown to head a simple goal. Disconcerted, the Germans were forced to attack, which meant leaving holes in their defensive wall. Ten minutes into the second half, a pass from Maradona to Enrique probed one of these holes, and the movement finished with Valdano deceiving the goalkeeper and scoring neatly. Argentina was ahead by two goals, and the game seemed, to most of us in the stadium, already settled.

Lesser teams might have accepted that fate, but not the Germans. To their enormous credit, they poured forward in all-out attack, flustering the Argentine defenders. Seventeen minutes from time, with the Argentine goalmouth cluttered with German players, the ball came in from a corner kick, and West Germany scored. Seven minutes later, it repeated the maneuver and, amazingly, scored again, to level the game. It seemed inevitable that the game would go to extra time, and I had the sinking feeling that it might easily end in a shootout. With five minutes left, Maradona received the ball just inside his own half. Realizing that the other half of the field was all but empty of Germans, he stroked a long diagonal pass into the path of Burruchaga, who spurted away with the ball and shot, low and fast, over the advancing goalkeeper. It was Ariel's day after all. My neighbor, a small, intense-looking Mexican, thumped me on the back, unaware of what he was doing. The stadium exploded, and we all remained on our feet until the final whistle. Once again, the foil rained down, red, green, silver, while the players milled about below in a sea of backslapping well-wishers. Maradona, as captain of Argentina, went up to receive the little gold cup, and then came the moment that appeared on the front pages of the newspapers of the world the following morning: Maradona, shouldered aloft by his teammates, holding the cup high above his head, tears of emotion and relief streaking his face. In that moment of triumphant unreality, the world outside the stadium stayed suspended.

•

MARADONA proved to be FIFA's greatest asset, for he gave the Mundial the kind of climax that could never have been contrived, and the sight of him clutching the cup he had done so much to win left everyone with the sense that some kind of sporting justice had been done—that the conclusion of the competition had justified its lengthy preamble. As I left the stadium, the souvenir sellers were making desperate efforts to get rid of their wares, offering, at bargain prices, hats, pennants, plastic trumpets, and all manner of oddments stamped with the legend "Mexico 1986." In the evening, the television commentators were hoarse in their adulation, speaking of the final in apocalyptic terms. The following day, they would have to surrender their month-long time slot to a new *tele-novela*, one of the many Mexican soap operas that are the cultural lifeblood of the country.

For a few days, there was a spate of summings-up in the press—reflections, frustrations, elegies. A few of the columnists beefed about the poor standard of refereeing—quite rightly, for it had been woeful, the more so because the television replays would often reveal referees' errors. The final, on the other hand, was admirably controlled by its referee, Senhor Romualdo Arppi Filho, of Brazil; he helped to make it a good game. And certain other games, like France-Brazil, were played so immaculately as scarcely to require the referee's intervention. Another thing: In real soccer games, the referee keeps account of playing time lost in attending to injuries, squabbles, invading fans, mayhem, and the like, and adds it to the end. Since the games of the Mundial had to keep to a tight transmission schedule, however, no such allowance was made, and some games were certainly truncated. (Who knows? Maybe England would have scored against Argentina in injury time.)

I found that I could remember the games I had attended much more vividly than those I had watched on television. The eye of television follows the ball most of the time, and so impedes the reading of a game and its deployments. Television has no peripheral vision. Notwithstanding, the fifty-two games of the Mundial would be re-transmitted over the next two years in the soccer countries of the planet, to help fans through the drought until, in early 1988, the next Mundial will lumber toward Italy to be born.

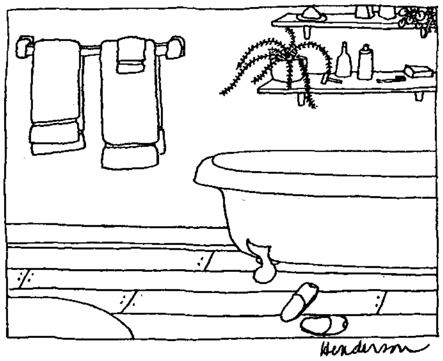
•

Mexicans referred to the Monday after the Mundial as *la cruda*—the hangover. There were occasional regrets, wistfully expressed, that Maradona was not Mexican. *La cruda* it was. The fare on the Metro was about to go up from a peso to twenty pesos, it was reported. Prices were rising, the peso sliding, despair deepening. Pessimists said that the peso would be at a thousand to the dollar by Christmas; but then, come to think of it, optimists conceded much the same thing. *Proceso* ran a cartoon of a huge Havelange-shaped figure in soccer gear, a fat ball-shaped moneybag under its arm and a smirk on its face, under a heading that read "The Winner."

•

I sat in the Plaza Rio de Janeiro most of one post-Mundial morning, watching the fountain in a kind of daze. The sledgehammers were still at it, the skyline jagged as ever, the outlook much the same. I had some post-mortem thoughts about the Mundial. Lowest on its totem pole was the Canadian national team: it won not a single game, nor scored a single goal—although, when France defeated Canada, Michel Platini congratulated the Canadians, awarding them a kind of G for gallantry. Canada's technical director, Tony Waiters, who was once an English goalkeeper, let on that since a good many members of his team play mainly in the indoor soccer league, in the United States, they had difficulty in stepping up their game to the expanded FIFA version. I found that an interesting observation. The indoor game makes its own sense: six to a side, it simplifies soccer; however much of a reduction it may be, it is nippy by nature, requires skill with the ball, and televises very well. Besides, it is played in gymnasiums or hockey rinks, which are a lot easier to come by than stadiums.

The strenuous efforts of United States soccer organizations to make soccer a national pastime have just not come off. It would make sense for the United States to lean more toward the indoor game. Americans who watch sports have not cared enough about the parent game, and it remains unlikely that the United States will ever bring on a national team good enough to qualify for future World Cup finals (although it could qualify by staging them, a thought that cannot have escaped Dr. Kissinger when he pressed the United States' claim). But then why should it? Relishing the game and qualifying for the Mundial are two quite different businesses. I would prefer to see American soccer thrive just the way it does now—in parks, in colleges, among schoolboys, expatriates, and the like, who love the game and enjoy playing it, indoors or out, for that is what best keeps the game going. Soccer, besides, is straightforward: it requires a minimum of equipment, and you can play it anywhere, as Brazilians do, shirts for goalposts.



I wondered, too, about the way we treat planetary sporting occasions, making cast-iron rituals of them, hoops we must pass through. The principal sporting events are designed to show off the players at the top of the ladder formed by all who play that particular game; and, of course, the games have to be telegenic by nature. Golf has got it just right, and so have tennis, cricket, and baseball—even pool. I don't think soccer quite has. I know it is sporting sacrilege to suggest any departure from the ritual reënactment of our ancestral sports, but surely sports are meant to keep evolving, so why shouldn't they change, or have sporting offspring, like all the variant racquet games, like indoor soccer?

•

Soon after I came back from Mexico, I went with a small friend to Shea. (The Wave at Shea, incidentally, ripples elegantly.) The Mets were playing the Cubs, with Kevin Mitchell the Mets' Maradona that night. I relished the game, and watched every play; and it occurred to me that in baseball uninteresting games are the exception, whereas in Mexico they were served up for a while on a daily basis. Some teams played well for bits of the time, like Scotland, and some were just fine most of the time, like Spain and Denmark and Belgium and Russia. But there were too many lustreless, even inept games, which anyone would certainly want to erase not just from the videotape but from human memory.

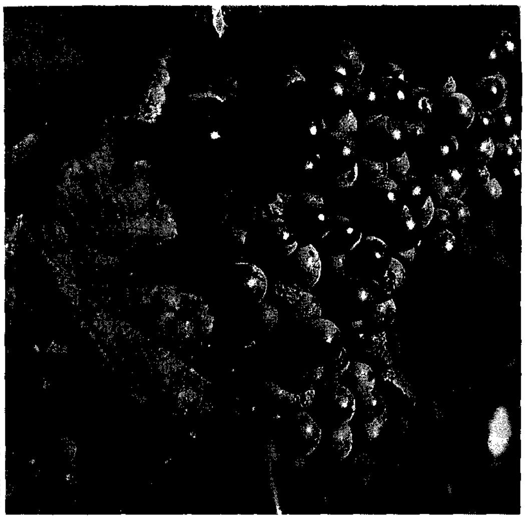
Then, again, there were the high points, the occasions for awe. That game between France and Brazil. And, of course, Maradona. He's worth every million he gets, for giving the game a spark just when it needed it. Maradona makes money the old-fashioned way. He earns it.

—Alastair Reid

The Flavor of California

The California wine hills—north, south, and east of San Francisco—play host to a new gold rush, as many of their native wines are winning medals.

Harriet Lembeck, *who teaches wine and spirit classes at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, has written the 6th and 7th editions of* Grossman's Guide to Wines, Beers, and Spirits. *She visits California quite often.*



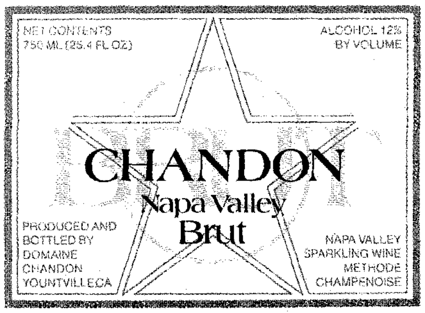
Wine Institute

Heading north from San Francisco on Highway 101, having crossed the Golden Gate Bridge, one espies the first clue to the heaven that waits in store: Painted above the entrance to a short tunnel cutting through the mountains, in precisely nesting arcs, is a rainbow—a perfect ROYGBIV—heralding the wine country, the paradise about an hour away. (For some reason, there is no rainbow on the other side of the tunnel heading back to town. Doesn't San Francisco deserve one too?)

Getting out into the country—seeing vineyards, wineries, dairy farms, and ranches, all within commuting distance of San Francisco—is the traveler's joy. Sometimes, though, the wine country's popularity is its burden, as visitors beat a path to its friendly doors—and often stay.

California has about six hundred wineries. Some are over a hundred years old; others were born yesterday. It is impossible to keep up, impossible to visit them all. Yet, while wineries beckon, wine buffs do try. You can set your own pace, of course. A reasonably ambitious plan would attempt to take in three wineries a day—two before lunch and one after, leaving enough time for meandering, and for following your nose in a way not possible in any other place.

Buena Vista Winery

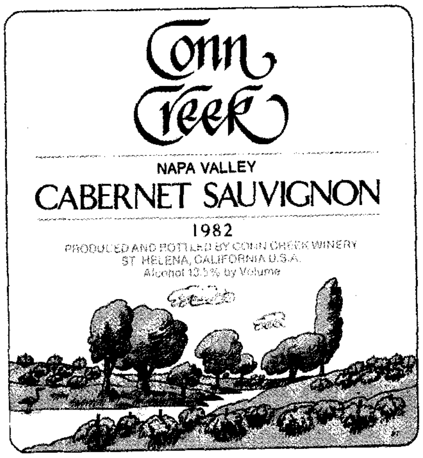


DOMAINE CHANDON

After you've made great Champagnes in France, where do you go from there? If you're Moët, the largest Champagne maker in Champagne, you go to the Napa Valley to produce Chandon. Chandon is a delightful marriage of French subtlety and technique with the richness, sparkle, and, well, *joie de vivre* of California.

J. Lohr

Zinfandel, Petite Sirah, Cabernet Sauvignon, Monterey Gamay, Sauvignon Blanc, Pinot Blanc, Chenin Blanc, Johannisberg Riesling, Chardonnay, Jade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1982
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY CONN CREEK WINERY
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Alcohol 13.5% by Volume

The California wine country is unique. Nowhere else will you find such a mix of modern and traditional styles of winemaking or of wineries. Nowhere else will you see so many acres planted with so many varieties of grapes within a given location. The red Cabernet Sauvignon, Merlot, Pinot Noir, Zinfandel, Syrah and Petite Sirah grapes may be planted in various regions where white Chardonnay, Sauvignon Blanc, Semillon, White or Johannisberg Riesling, Grey Riesling, Gewürztraminer, Chenin Blanc, and French Colombard grapes are also grown.

While winemakers all over the world are hospitable to interested visitors, the welcome seems warmest in sunny California. Dig a little under the similarities, and you will find that each winery has its own subtle origins and inspirations, and every winemaker has his or her own story to tell.

You can start tuning up your palate before ever going to the source. Begin with a wine-shop tasting—so commonplace that listings are printed on the Wednesday 'Wine Page' of the San Francisco *Chronicle.* (New Yorkers might raise an eyebrow at wine tastings in California wine shops—something forbidden in the Big Apple by the State Liquor Authority. Civilized California wine stores are even permitted to sell corkscrews.)

Then, for some help in selecting places to visit, Bob Thompson's *Pocket Encyclopedia of California Wines* gives concise descriptions of wineries and their wines, rated with Thompson's own star system.

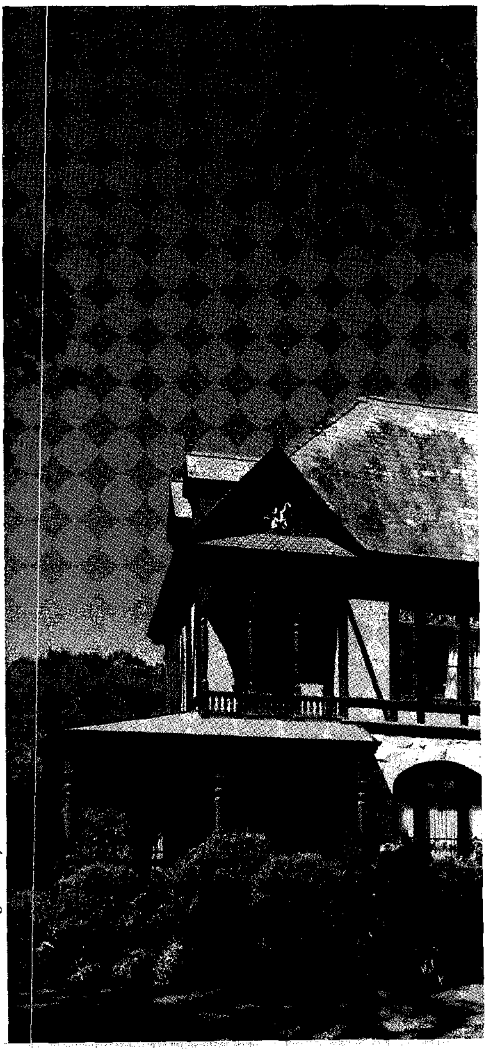
American Wine, by Anthony Dias Blue, may weigh three pounds, but it is an invaluable carry-along, with tasting notes on specific wines, listed by winery. Not all of these wines are available, but the notes will point out different vintages.

The Review, a free weekly newspaper filled with visitor information, is widely available at stores throughout the wine country.

The best motoring maps are published by Murray the Map Man and are sold everywhere in the wine region. The California map, for example, shows the way from San Francisco north to Eureka on one side and south to San Diego on the other. The maps of Napa and Sonoma counties have detailed street maps.

Another worthwhile purchase is *The Wine Spectator's Wine Maps,* which has addresses, phone numbers and visiting hours of wineries. Usually, large wineries are prepared to receive visitors at any time, but smaller ones request appointments.

But before setting out on a vinous odyssey, you need the most basic information. Simply put, wine is fer-



Beringer Vineyards

mented grape juice. But which grapes, how long they are fermented, in what kind of container, with which yeast, and what sort of post-fermentation handling determine how—by combining art with science—individual winemakers create so many distinctive wines.

Is a Chardonnay fermented in the barrel or in a stainless steel tank? Or does a winemaker do both and then blend them? Is Pinot Noir fermented at low temperatures or high? Are the grape stems put back into the fermenting juice? 50% stems? 25% stems? Is the wine put into new or used barrels? How long does it stay in the bottle before it is released? The choices are endless. Given the same ingredients, two chefs will prepare two different dishes. Thus two winemakers can and will create different wines from similar grapes.

Contrary to what one may learn in school, north isn't always necessarily colder and south isn't always warmer. This is not only true for the Napa Valley, where Calistoga in the north is warmer than Napa in the south, but it is especially true for the whole state of California, where cool growing regions reach as far south as San Diego. A number of elements determine the success of wine-growing regions in the south: proximity to the Pacific Ocean, altitude of the mountains, and the presence of breaks in the mountain ranges, which create micro-climates—small patches of land with climates significantly different from those of their surroundings. One thing is certain: On a summer's day it is hot, and when the sun goes down, evenings are surprisingly chilly.

While wineries in Sonoma County predate those in Napa County (Sonoma's Buena Vista Winery, established in 1857, claims the title of California's Oldest Premium Winery), it is Napa that has consistently promoted itself as a wine region since before the turn of the century. It is the Napa Valley that comes to mind whenever California's wine country is mentioned. And the Napa Valley is not only magnificent in its natural and architectural beauty, it is also geographically easy to grasp—simply as a long channel between two spectacular mountain ranges. To avoid confusion when traveling in the area, one must be familar with the three Napas: Napa County, Napa Valley, and the city of Napa. The city is in the valley, and the valley is in the county. The names are not interchangeable, and confusion can occur if just 'Napa' is mentioned.

▼

Rhine House, completed in 1884, was built by the Beringer brothers to re-create their family home in Germany.

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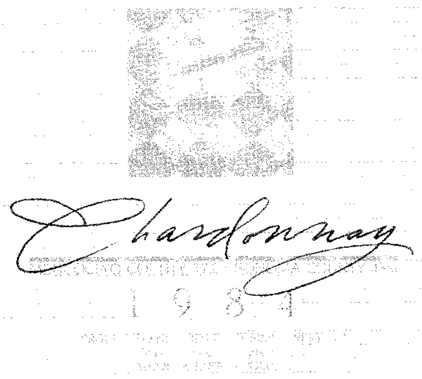
SIMI



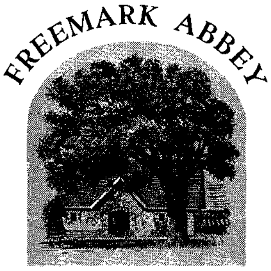
1984 CHARDONNAY

Brilliant straw color; varietal aromas of [illegible], tart apples, [illegible], sweet vanilla and [illegible]. Stylistically consistent with previous Simi Chardonnays, the 1984 has perhaps the best balance with full flavors and a fresh, crisp finish. The wine develops a richer texture with bottle age.

McDowell Valley

Incomparable!

FREEMARK ABBEY



1886-1986

The 100-year tradition of fine winemaking at Freemark Abbey began when Josephine Tychson built this Napa Valley winery in 1886.

A freshly rinsed traveler, who has just left Dr. Wilkinson's Mud Baths in Calistoga and continues south, will cross the cities of St. Helena, Rutherford, Oakville, Yountville, and Napa.

Entering St. Helena from the north, one is flanked by three-globed lampposts and a row of Dutch elms, planted a long time ago by the Beringer family. This is Main Street. With a stretch of the imagination, a visitor might think he was on a bridge in Paris. St. Helena has the look of an important and proud Western town. Surrounded by the wineries of Louis Martini, Beringer, Christian Brothers, Hanns Kornell, and Charles Krug—to name a few historic residents—it has always been one of the first stops on any wine trip. Once the home of saloons, hotels, hardware and farm-supply stores, it now has chic restaurants, wine bars, art galleries, clothing shops, a restored hotel, an enlarged department store, and a winemaking supplies shop that sells to small-production amateurs as well as professionals in the area.

There are two main north-south roads: Highway 29 (St. Helena Highway) and the Silverado Trail. At frequent intervals, there are smaller roads that cut across and connect the two. One colorful name is Zinfandel Lane. Some of the most famous wineries are to be found on the valley floor on either Highway 29 or the Silverado Trail, and, as drip irrigation has made even hillside sites viable, there are increasing numbers of wineries climbing up. Chappellet Vineyard was one of the first to ascend. Traffic can get heavy, especially during harvest time, when grapes are being transported, and so are tourists. At all times, cars are turning in and out of wineries, shops, and restaurants, or onto the several crossroads that connect the two main roads.

Starting near Calistoga, high points (literally) in the Napa Valley should include a trip to Sterling Vineyards, where a three-minute aerial tram ride takes you up to the winery's Greek-monastery-type building. The Acropolis notwithstanding, acrophobics can reach the top by automobile.

In the northern part of the valley, visit Schramsberg Vineyards, the first to show that Champagne-type sparkling wines could be made in California. A recent collaboration with the Cognac house of Remy-Martin has resulted in the unique brandy RMS. Next, you can cut back to the Champagne Cellars of Hanns Kornell, who is adding a French-style sparkling wine to his more familiar German-style sparkling wines. Nearby Burgess Cellars, housed in a hundred-year-old building owned by Tom Burgess, a former professional pilot, is well known for consistently good wines. Plan a visit to Freemark Abbey, off Lodi Lane, to see the old stone cellars and taste their award-winning wines. Visitors are especially welcome here, with excellent tourist facilities in a complex that surrounds the winery. One might enjoy lunch at Knickerbocker's, which describes itself as "the new-age roadhouse." It does not believe in the notion of 'California cuisine' (which has been ruefully described as 'small portions on large plates'), so it serves fresh and hearty fare. The wine list is composed almost exclusively of wines from the Napa Valley, for those seeking a comprehensive tasting opportunity.

Napa Valley Balloons

▼

Above: Josephine Tychson, the first woman to build a winery in California. Her winery, a fifty-foot-square redwood structure with a capacity of 20,000 to 30,000 gallons, had its first crush in 1886. That site is where the Freemark Abbey Winery stands today.

Left: Soaring over vineyards in hot air balloons; a perfect Napa or Sonoma adventure.

▲

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America's largest selling wine newspaper. IR

For sampling older wines, Beringer has redone an upstairs bedroom in its stone Rhine House, converting it to a special tasting room. These 'library-tastings' might include Beringer Pinot Noirs from the 1970's. A fee is charged for these.

It would be instructive to contrast an old Pinot Noir with a fruity Napa Gamay (although they are not of the same grape), made in the Beaujolais style, from nearby Charles F. Shaw. For more detailed instruction, a Saturday Wine Workout at the Meadowood Wine School might be just the thing. While Meadowood has week-long classes for its guests, anyone may enroll in the Saturday morning sessions.

In St. Helena, a stop at the Louis M. Martini Winery is a must. The tasting room has one of the longest tasting bars, pouring seventeen wines produced by Michael Martini, a third generation member of that illustrious family.

A visit to Conn Creek to taste their Cabernet Sauvignons might be relished on the way to Rutherford Hill Winery. The latter, between St. Helena and Rutherford, belies the notion that good wine, or many varieties, can't be made in large quantities. The caves are impressive. If you are there near dinner time, you might want to splurge at Auberge du Soleil, where the view is breathtaking. (Your best bet is to wear a jacket against the evening chill and eat outdoors.) Many natives, though, do prefer the simple grilling done at Mustard's. Artisan's owners, for example, consider one of Mustard's booths to be their private office.

Sometimes there are community efforts among wineries in close proximity to encourage visitors. This past May there was an open-house on Spring Mountain Road. With no appointments necessary, it was a simple matter to visit Keenan Winery, Cain Cellars, Smith-Madrone, and Spring Mountain Vineyards. If you've seen "Falcon Crest," then you've seen Spring Mountain, which was the setting.

Incidentally, the Christian Brothers' old Greystone Cellars is a landmark in St. Helena, but since it's not earthquake-proof, it won't be in use until it's restored.

Around Rutherford, where vineyard soil is known as 'Rutherford Dust' (possibly the most expensive dust in the world), the historic wineries of Beaulieu Vineyards (BV) and Inglenook should be

▼

During fermentation of red wine, grape skins rise to the top of the cask. This 'cap' is punched down a few times each day, to give the juice more color and flavor.

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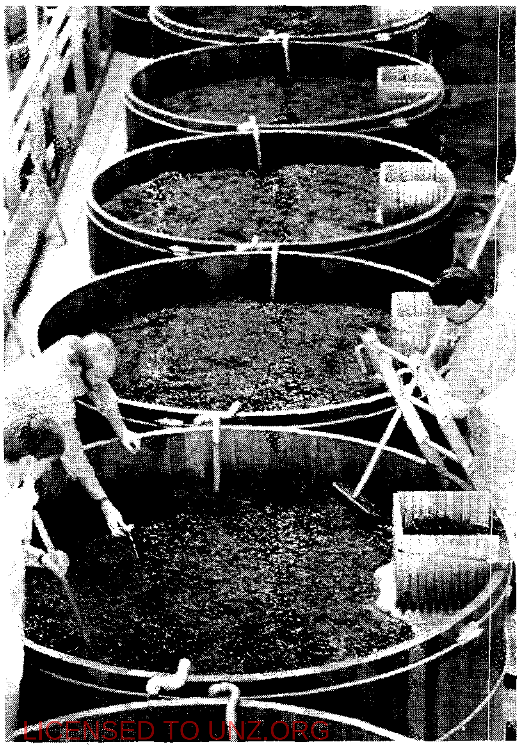

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seen. The famous Georges de Latour Private Reserve Carbernet Sauvignons were created here by André Tchelistcheff, who is considered 'Dean' of California winemakers.

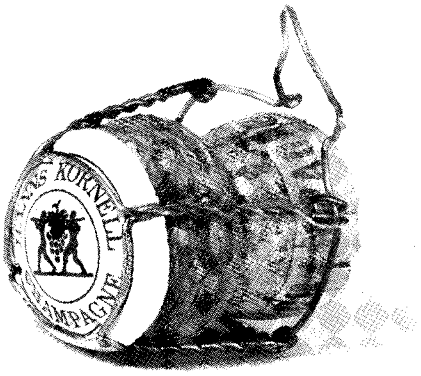
Farther to the east is Caymus Vineyards, with ZD close by. Both wineries are known for their red wines, with Caymus an acknowledged specialist in Cabernet Sauvignon, and ZD producing both Cabernet Sauvignon and Pinot Noir.

On the way to Oakville, you'll pass Sequoia Grove Vineyards and Cakebread Cellars, both of which make elegant Chardonnays.

In Oakville, a visit to the Robert Mondavi Winery is essential. In fact, a tour here would be an exceptionally good place to start, since the Mondavis are all born teachers. Their new winery, Vichon, even has Plexiglas heads on some casks, to enable a look inside. Far Niente, also in this area, welcomes visitors at its restored centenarian stone winery.

If you're planning a picnic, a good place for all kinds of supplies is the Oakville Grocery, brainchild of winery owner Joseph Phelps. There are mustards from Mendocino and Napa, preserves and sun-dried tomatoes from Sonoma, several kinds of cold meats, and a variety of locally baked breads and rolls. Just about the only thing that's not available is the Dry Jack cheese that's aged by Ig Vella, over in Sonoma. (He ages some wheels the way they do in Parma, and only he may sell them.) But there are several local goat cheeses, with and without herbs, for sustenance along the way.

cork / kork / *n.* **1.a:** an incidental item that must be carefully removed to experience the time of your life.



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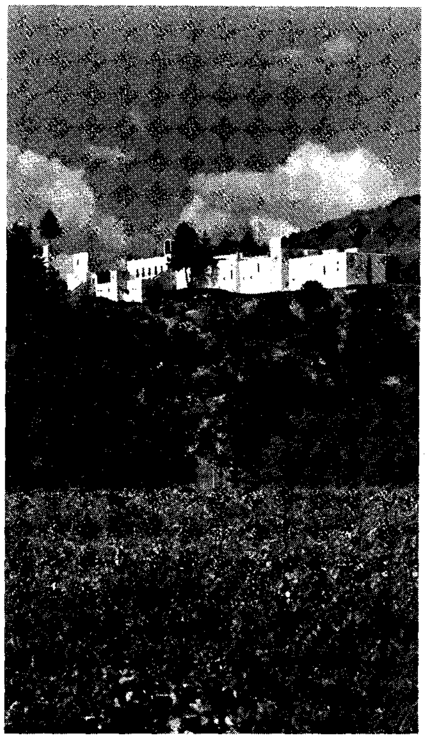

Staying on Highway 29, you get to Domaine Chandon, where the first sparkling wine was made in collaboration with a French Champagne house—obviously Moët & Chandon. (Domaine Mumm, incidentally, is the most recent such collaboration to come to the Valley.) A visit to the Domaine Chandon winery will teach you a lot about the Champagne method. There is also a wonderful restaurant on the premises.

Traveling on the Yountville Cross to the Silverado Trail, you'll find Stag's Leap Wine Cellars, a winery that 'startled' France at a tasting in Paris. Owner Warren Winiarski's Carbernet Sauvignon topped some good red Bordeaux in a blind tasting. (Mike Grgich of Grgich Hills, near Rutherford, did the same with his Chardonnay at a different Paris tasting, where his California wine came off better than some White Burgundies.)

Continuing south on the Silverado Trail will bring you past Clos du Val Wine Co. The French heritage of Clos du Val's winemaker, Bernard Portet, is

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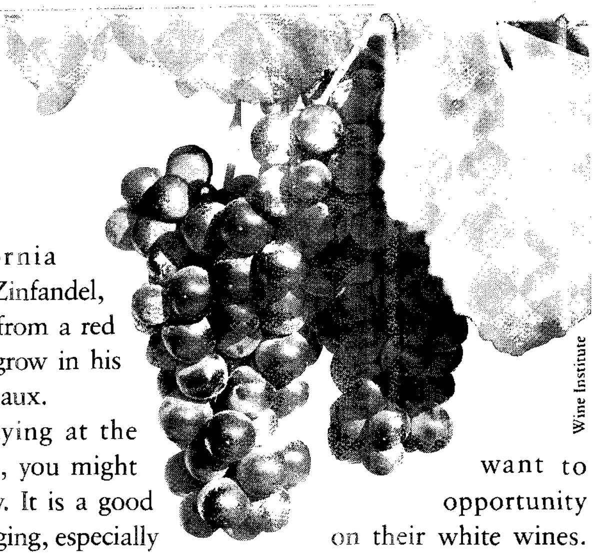


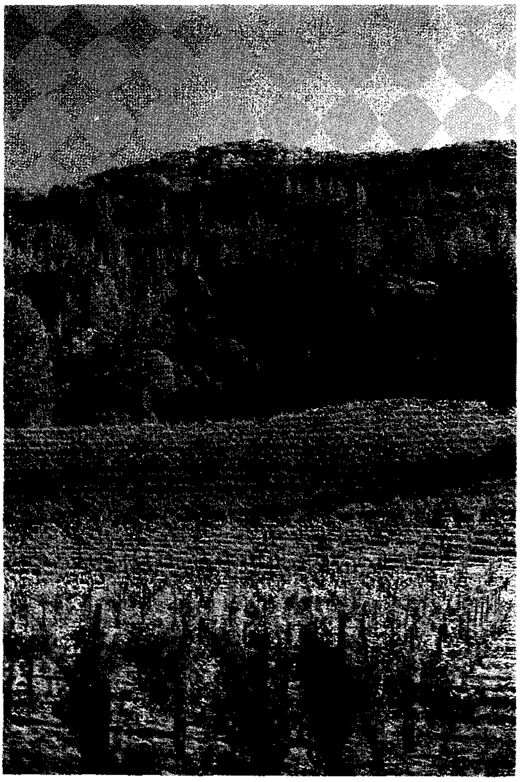
Wine Institute

evident in his California wines—especially in his Zinfandel, which is skillfully made from a red grape that doesn't even grow in his native wine region, Bordeaux.

If you should be staying at the Silverado Country Club, you might want to visit Quail Ridge Winery. It is a good opportunity to see the effects of oak aging, especially on their white wines. At Ranch Produce in Napa, pick up some fresh walnuts to nibble when tasting red wines and ports. South of the city of Napa, where plans are underway to restore a hundred-year-old opera house, is a very old region called Los Carneros. Instead of grand mountain ranges there are rolling hills, and the temperatures are noticeably cooler.

The Carneros District extends from Napa to Sonoma and includes such famous wineries as Carneros Creek, Acacia, Saintsbury, and Chateau Bouchaine on the Napa side. Bouchaine is the oldest continuing winery here. Buena Vista and Gloria Ferrer are on the Sonoma side. Carneros grapes are prized by other producers, too. With these 'Burgundian' conditions, it is no surprise that the grapes of Burgundy, Chardonnay and Pinot Noir—when grown in this region—produce wines with a lot of the same elegance.

While it is relatively easy to zig-zag between '29' and the Silverado Trail, do not plan on moving as freely between Napa and Sonoma, although they appear to be side by side. The Mayacamas Mountains are in between, and it will take at least a forty-minute drive on winding roads to get from one valley to the other. Thus, while it may be tempting to contrast a visit to Domaine Chandon in Yountville, where modern *gyropalates* are used to turn ("riddle") bottles of sparkling wine automatically, with a visit to Korbel in Guerneville, Sonoma, where their museum has one of Adolf Heck's first 1950's sliding wooden riddling racks, it is not at all practical. Instead, have lunch at Domaine Chandon while in Napa, and compare Korbel with Piper-Sonoma when touring in Sonoma.



S. Poffenberger

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Above left: A monastery at Mykonos was the inspiration for Sterling Vineyards. Built in 1969, the winery was the first radical departure from mission, Western, or old European influences.

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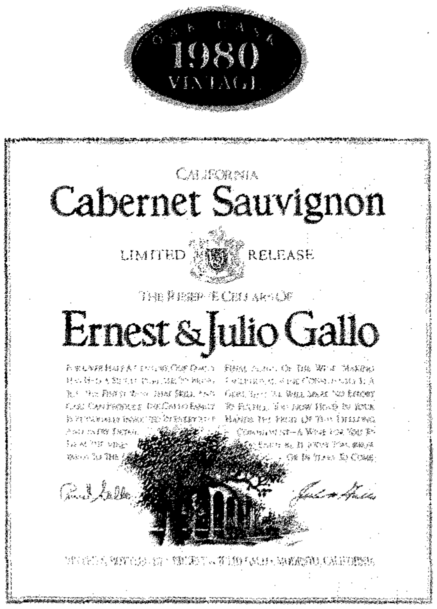

1980 VINTAGE

CALIFORNIA
Cabernet Sauvignon
LIMITED RELEASE
THE RESERVE CELLARS OF
Ernest & Julio Gallo

WINEMAKER'S NOTES:

This Northern Sonoma Cabernet Sauvignon was produced at our century-old winery in the Dry Creek Valley near Healdsburg, Northern Sonoma County. Northern Sonoma is considered by many experts to be the ideal growing region for the Cabernet Sauvignon grape, enjoying the advantages of cool morning fog from the nearby Pacific, and slow warming by the afternoon sun. The world-renowned Cabernet Sauvignon grapes from this region mature more slowly, developing a high degree of acidity, lower pH, intense color, and extraordinarily rich varietal character.

We aged this wine for 36 months in Slavonian oak casks, in our naturally cooled underground cellars. Then it was patiently bottle-aged on the cork until, after periodic tastings, we deemed it ready for release.

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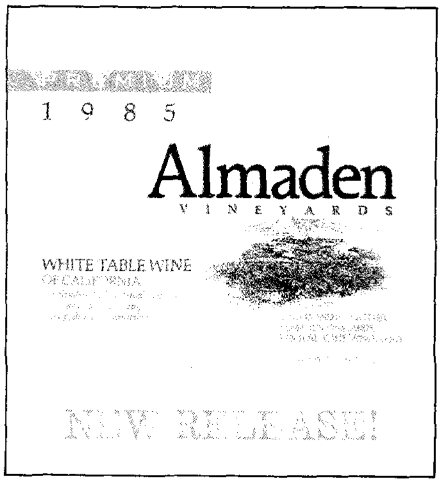

1985
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WHITE TABLE WINE
OF CALIFORNIA

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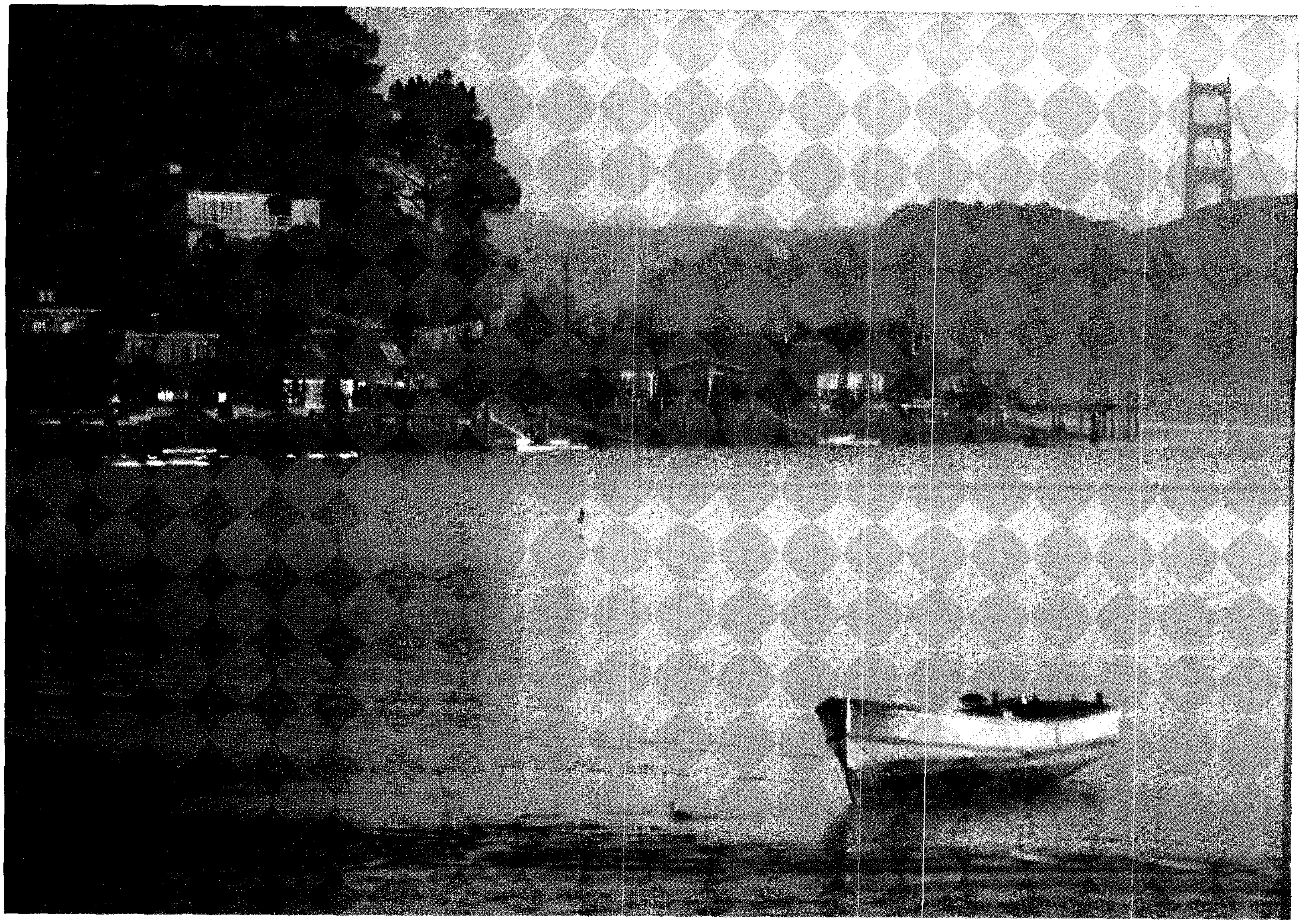

If it's Tuesday, this must be Tiburon.

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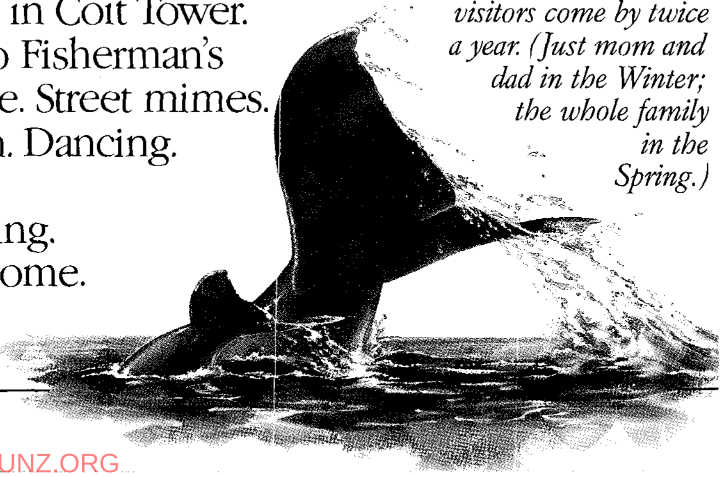
Side trip to the Russian River. Overnight in the wine country. Day trip down the peninsula to the redwoods.

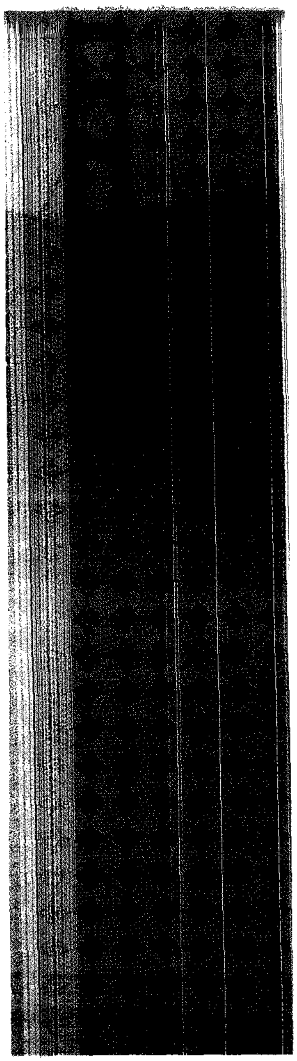
Concert in Stern Grove. Murals in Coit Tower. Sundown at Seal Rocks. Cable car to Fisherman's Wharf. Jazz at the pier. Bogart movie. Street mimes. Espresso and gelato in North Beach. Dancing. Sunrise breakfast on Powell Street.

Don't stop. You'll miss something.

You can sleep when you get home.

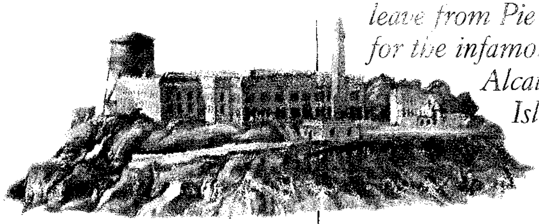


Our most regular visitors come by twice a year. (Just mom and dad in the Winter; the whole family in the Spring.)

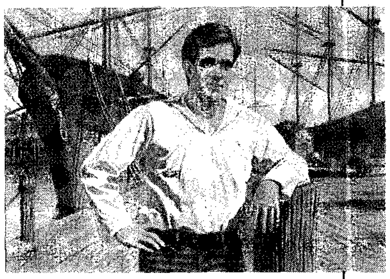


If (for some weird and inexplicable reason) you don't like French bakeries, you'll have to choose among German, Greek, Italian, Russian or Mexican bakeries.

[illegible] ticket, go to prison. Boats leave from Pier 41 for the infamous Alcatraz Island.

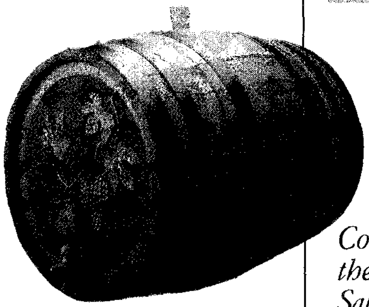


You'll never be closer to London. Jack London. The Sea Wolf, The Call of the Wild, Martin Eden. He grew up right over there, in Oakland.

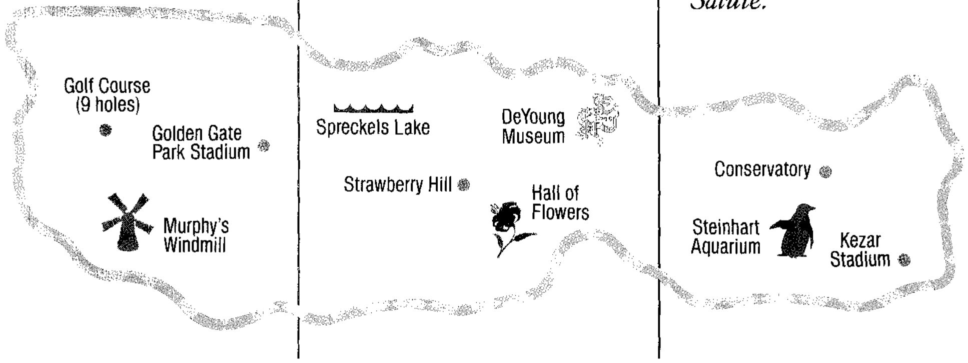


You haven't heard about the Garlic Festival in Gilroy? It's... well... it's breathtaking.

If you're tired of walking, try running. You'll never find a nicer place to pull a muscle than Golden Gate Park.



All roads lead to the wine countries—Napa, Sonoma, Lake County, Mendocino, the peninsula. Salute.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Sonoma, a sprawling, fascinating county, is west of Napa, on the Pacific coast. Records attest to the fact that grapes were planted here as early as 1823, the same year that the Sonoma Mission was built on the historic Sonoma Plaza.

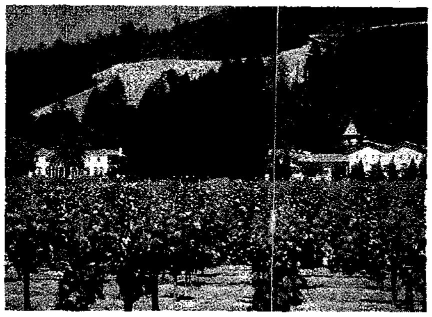
The main cities in the county are connected by Highway 101. It goes from Cloverdale in the north, where the John B. Merritt varietals and well-priced Bandiera wines are produced, through Geyserville (there really are active geysers), Healdsburg, Windsor, Santa Rosa, Rohnert Park, and Petaluma (known more for Rouge et Noir cheeses than for wine). Highway 12, a vaguely east-west route, crosses Santa Rosa and connects Sabastopol,to the west, with Glen Ellen and the actual city of Sonoma,to the east. Sonoma City is the center of the southernmost viticultural area, Sonoma Valley.

The most famous place in the city of Sonoma is the classic Spanish Plaza in the center of town. General Vallejo's troop maneuvers have been replaced by tourist maneuvers, as crowds pile into the Sonoma Cheese Factory for Monterey Jack, meats, beers, waters, wines, and lots more; the Sonoma French Bakery, where the bread line extends to the street; the Sebastiani Theatre; and the restored Sonoma Hotel.

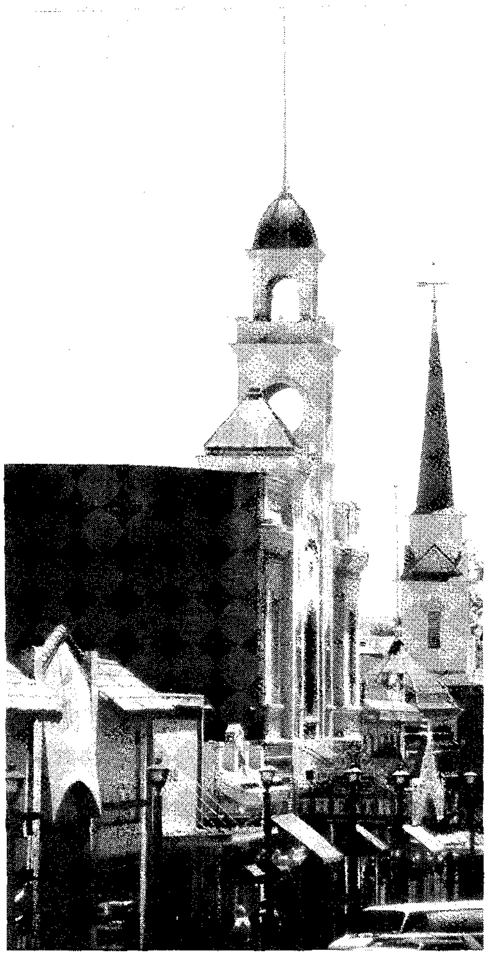
All this is in contrast to the smaller, quieter square that's in Healdsburg. It looks similar to Sonoma's square, but feels more like 1835. One Sunday, for example—typically the busiest day for shops catering to tourists in the wine country—found little open except a variety of churches, each testifying to the religious freedoms of the new world. St. John's Catholic Church, built in 1873 in the mission style, and later updated with a Mondrian-type stained glass window and shiny copper roof, was preparing for a traditional Spanish mass, complete with cellos and guitars.

Right off the square in Healdsburg are William Wheeler Winery's tasting room and aging cellars, where the Semillon and Cabernet Sauvignon are quite special. (The winery itself is located up in the hills.)

An impressive winery in the center of Healdsburg is Clos du Bois. Fortunately there is little urban encroachment, and Frank Woods can get sufficient space for the production and aging of his wines. His proprietary blends, with such evocative names as 'Marlstone,' are highly regarded. The growers in Sonoma County have done much studied soul searching and soil searching, and the number of viticultural areas keeps increasing. From four major valleys, there are now at least eight different appellations within the original framework of Alexander Valley, Dry Creek Valley, Russian River Valley, and Sonoma Valley—if you were to go from north to south.


Chateau St. Jean

Many famous wineries are along the Russian River, which—when viewed from a hot-air balloon—resembles a backward 'L'. This picturesque river has always been a canoer's delight, first running north-south, and then east-west. Starting at Geyserville and heading west, you might want to visit Preston Vineyards and Winery, a small family winery that specializes in Sauvignon Blanc and Zinfandel, and follow up with a visit to J. Pedroncelli Winery,



another family winery. Red, rosé, and white versions of their Zinfandel have always been highly rated. (Note: Although few people realize it, White Zinfandel is actually made from red grapes.) Winding down Dry Creek Road, you'll come to the Robert Stemmler Winery, whose Pinot Noirs have been winning acclaim. If you need some quick energy, right down the road from Stemmler is a tiny deli/gas station, which modestly says it has the best beef jerky in the world.

Crossing over the usually dry Dry Creek and heading south a short distance on West Dry Creek Road, you can visit Lambert Bridge, especially known for Chardonnay, and Dry Creek Vineyard, whose Sauvignon Blanc and Cabernet Sauvignon continually win awards. Backtracking a bit and heading east on Lytton Springs Road, you'll come to Simi Winery and Jordan Vineyard and Winery, two producers that have achieved world renown. While Simi is over a hundred years old, winemaker Zelma Long and parent company Moët-Hennessy have brought it

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Marvin R. Shanken
Event Chairman

Kevin Zraly
Program Director

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DAY TWO • Saturday, November 1st begins with...

MORNING:
Part I—"The Road To 2001: A Look Ahead."
by **Jack Davies,** Schramsberg Vineyards, Calistoga, California

Part II—"What To Buy In Wines."
Co-moderated by: **Marvin R. Shanken,** Editor & Publisher, The Wine Spectator, New York, New York
Kevin Zraly, Wine Director, Inhilco, New York, New York

with the following panel members:
Lou Iacucci, Goldstar Wines and Spirits, New York, New York
Michael McCarty, Michael's Restaurant, Santa Monica, California
James Myerson, Wine Warehouse, Los Angeles, California
Terry Robards, The Wine Spectator, New York, New York
George Schaefer, Schaefer's, Skokie, Illinois
Anthony Taylor, "21" Club, New York, New York

Part III—"Wine And Food Combinations"—An exploration of selected gourmet foods paired with interesting wines, with **Barbara Lang,** Culinary Director, Inglenook, Napa Valley, California. Co-moderated by **Harvey Steiman,** Managing Editor, The Wine Spectator and **David Rosengarten,** Food Columnist, The Wine Spectator.

LUNCHEONS:
An exciting wine and food match-up.

AFTERNOON:
A comprehensive tasting of vintage ports, moderated by **Marvin Overton,** Fort Worth, Texas.

with the following panel members:
Peter Cobb, Cockburn Smithes & Cia Lda, Portugal
Alistair Robertson, Taylor, Fladgate and Yeatman, Portugal
David Sandeman, The House of Sandeman, Portugal
James Symington, W & J Graham, Portugal
Cristiano Van Zeller, Quinta Do Noval, Portugal

EVENING:
Grand Tasting—A major wine tasting event held in the Grand Ballroom featuring a new wine release from more than 100 of California's premium wineries

DAY THREE • Sunday, November 2nd begins with...

MORNING:
Part I—"Great Wines Worth Finding" by **Hugh Johnson,** London, England

Part II—"The International-American Connection"
Co-moderated by **Harvey Steiman,** Managing Editor, The Wine Spectator, and **James Laube,** Senior Editor, The Wine Spectator.

with the following panel members:
Piero Antinori, Owner and Winemaker, L. e P. Antinori, Florence, Italy (Whitbread Joint Venture)
Yves Bernard, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, Moët and Chandon Group, Champagne, France (Domaine Chandon/Simi)
Pedro Ferrer, President, Gloria Ferrer Champagne, Sonoma, California (Freixenet of Spain)
George Harada, Chairman of the Board, Suntory (Japan) International, Los Angeles, California (Chateau St. Jean/Firestone)
Marcus Moller-Racke, President, Buena Vista Winery, Sonoma, California (A. Racke, West Germany)

Part III—A Discussion And Tasting Of Six Wines From Burgundy
led by **Robert Drouhin,** Maison Joseph Drouhin, Burgundy, France.

LUNCHEONS:
An exciting wine and food match-up.

AFTERNOON:
A blind tasting of 1982 California Cabernet Sauvignons conducted by **J. Michael Broadbent,** Christie's, London, England.

EVENING:
Grand Tasting—A major wine tasting event held in the Grand Ballroom where more than 100 of California's premium wineries will feature another of their new releases.

DAY FOUR • Monday, November 3rd
Your day is free to enjoy the sights of San Francisco.
Our program begins with...

EVENING:
Champagne Reception and **The Wine Spectator's Sixth Annual "Grand Award" Banquet,** honoring those restaurants who are recipients of the **"Grand Award"** for having the greatest wine lists in the world. Black tie.

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Scholarship grant to University of California (Davis) for individual student scholarships.

And other individual endowments.

And...The presentation of

The Annual Distinguished Service Award
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October 31st,
November 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 1986
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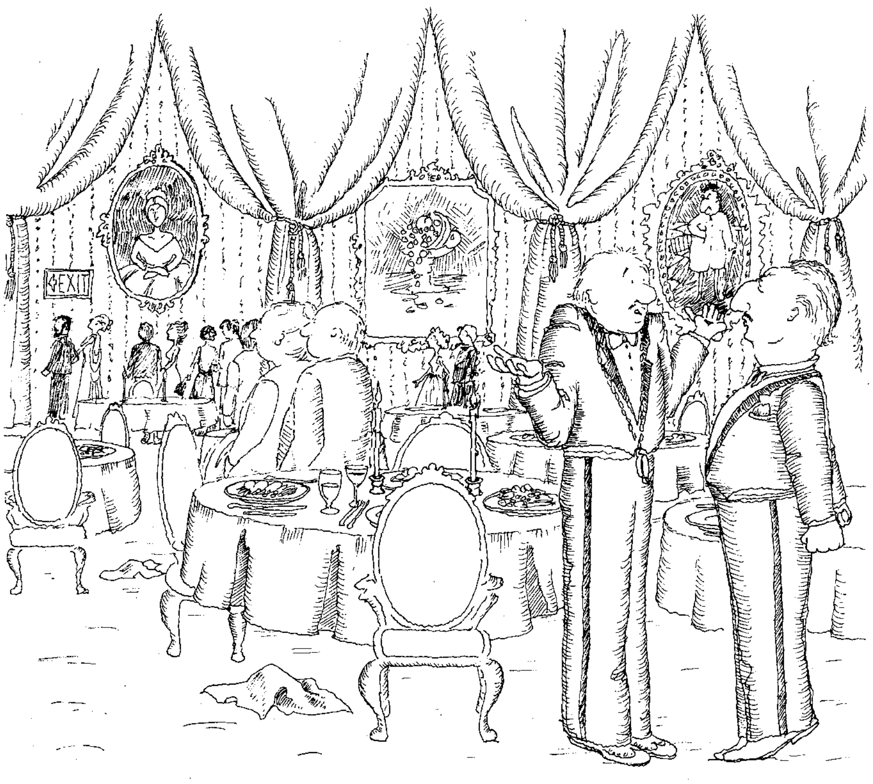

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smartly into the twentieth century. Jordan was built in this century, but it was modeled after a French chateau. The winemaker also achieves a French style to his wines, very soft Cabernet Sauvignons. Anyone who attended the 1985 Sonoma Auction will remember Jordan fondly. The winery hosted the event with its customary style and generosity, even to the extent of having flowers and running water in all the Porto-Sans.

Farther east, you'll find Alexander Valley Vineyards, Field Stone Winery, and Stephen Zellerbach Vineyard—all modest in size, relatively new (founded since 1975 or later), and with solid reputations. Returning to Healdsburg requires some backtracking past rolling hills, grazing cattle and sheep. In Sonoma, one doesn't go as the crow flies.

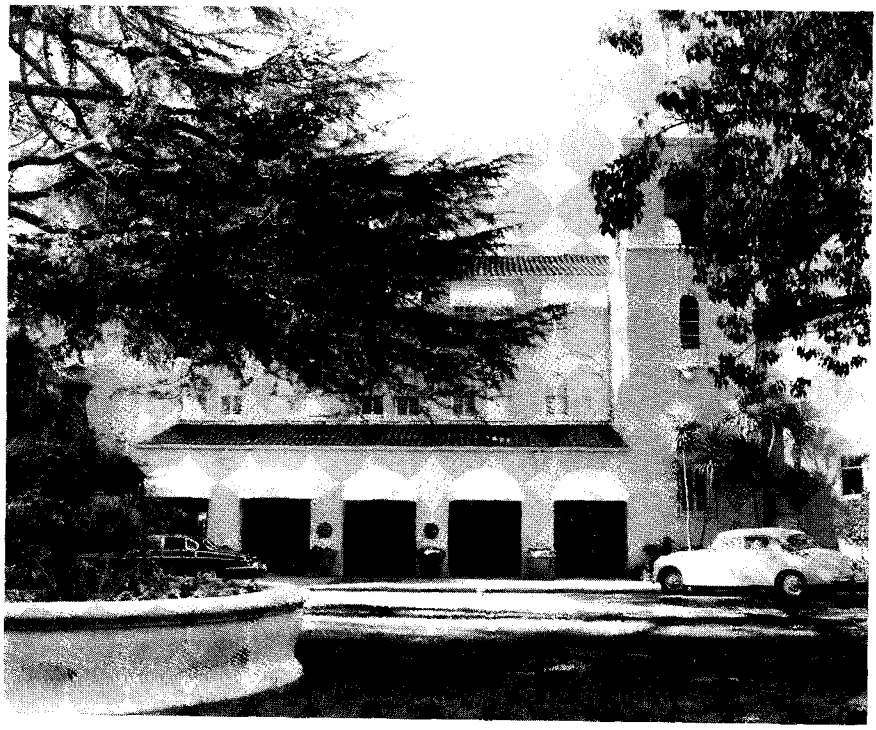
In Healdsburg, a visit to the Louis J. Foppiano Winery can demonstrate a winery's transition from worthy jug wines to fine varietals. From Healdsburg, Highway 101 will take you to Windsor. Stop at Rodney Strong Vineyards to taste his vineyard-designated varietal wines. Next, a stop at Piper-Sonoma will demonstrate the Champagne method of making sparkling wines. A side trip to Donna Maria Vineyards will probably get you a fascinating lesson in the development of steep, hillside vineyards.

To the west on River Road, Sonoma-Cutrer Vineyards is worth a stop. Only Chardonnay is made here, and a tasting is a textbook lesson in the varietal character of that grape. You might want to visit Mark West Vineyards next, traveling on the road of the same name, just off River Road. The late-harvest Rieslings are very special. From there, stay on River Road to F. Korbel & Bros. The 'history wall' in the 1880 Korbel House will teach you about sparkling wine in the New World. After tasting the wines, treat your eyes to the sight of their colorful botanical gardens.

Gravenstein Highway's name tells you about the apples that grow here, and the road passes Iron Horse Ranch & Vineyards. The winery's redwood buildings are set like a little Western town, making 'beautiful wines in a beautiful environment.' Next door is the Kozlowski Raspberry Farm. Many of the wild berries sold at the farm are picked from Iron Horse property in exchange for preserves. If the fresh berry season is past, there's a large selection of jams and pies. Heaven.

If you get onto Highway 12 and go east, you can stop in Santa Rosa for lunch or dinner. If you must pick one place, it should be John Ash (so named for the chef). Keep going east towards the town of Kenwood, and stop at Chateau St. Jean. (Don't pronounce it in French.) They were one of the first to demonstrate that grape characteristics change with different vineyard conditions. Winemaker Dick Arrowood also blazed a trail with his late-harvest Rieslings. The colorful Smothers Brothers have their winery nearby. ("We put in all those stakes and watered them faithfully. Nothing came up. Then someone told us you had to put in a plant.") The Kenwood Winery is right across from Smothers. Slightly west of the historic town of Glen Ellen is the Benziger family winery—also named Glen Ellen. Their Chardonnay and Sauvignon Blanc always win in a tasting for best-buys. Nearby Matanzas Creek Winery has a new facility and winemaker, enabling them to maintain a fine track record.

Back on Highway 12 still heading south, you'll pass the Sonoma Mission Inn and Spa. "The south of France is north of San Francisco," they say. The Grille's spa cuisine is especially helpful if you're counting calories.



Sonoma Mission Inn & Spa

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Sonoma Mission Inn and Spa was the site of the 1986 Sonoma Auction. A grand pink tent on the front lawn dwarfed the mission-style structure.

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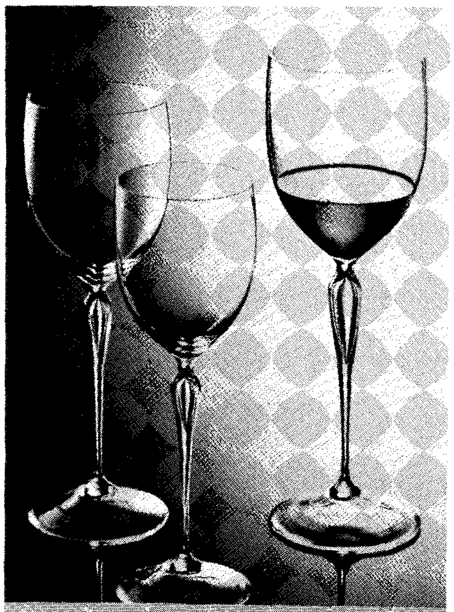
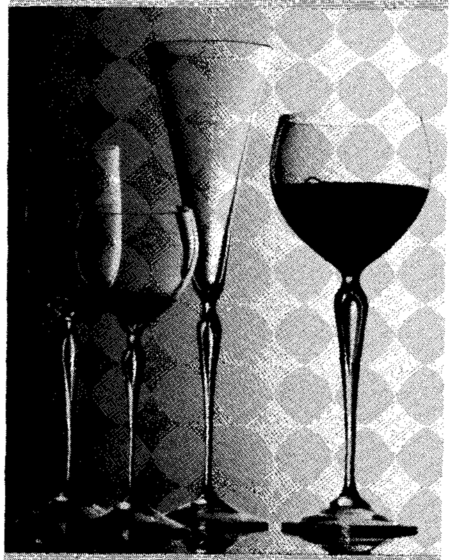


Seven of thirteen "Maitre" stems. *Above:* Water, White Wine Sec, and Claret. *Below:* Sherry, Liqueur, Champagne Flute and Burgundy.



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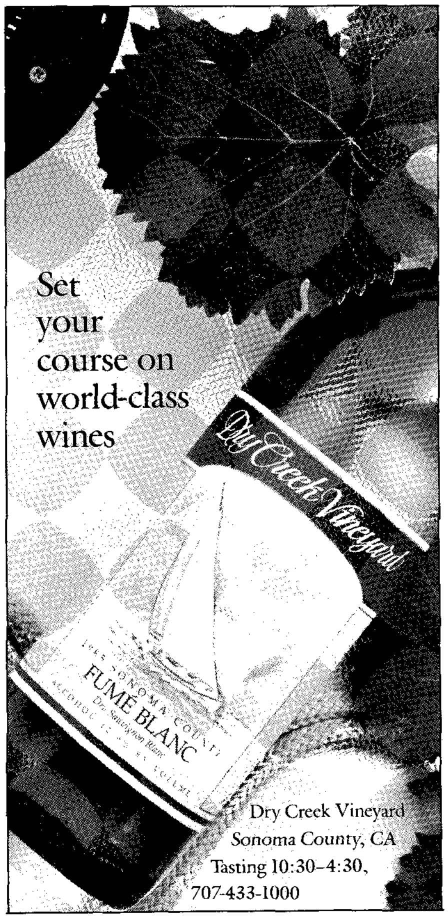

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Right outside the city of Sonoma are the hundred-year-old wineries of Buena Vista (whose vineyards are in nearby Carneros), and Gundlach-Bundschu Vineyard Co. Buena Vista was founded by Agoston Haraszthy, said to be the founder of the California premium-wine business, since he convinced the governor of California that grapes could be an important crop for the state. He brought over hundreds of different cuttings of fine varieties from Europe to prove it. Rumor has it that he was never reimbursed. His original Buena Vista building has been maintained, but modern buildings have been added. Today the winery is owned by the German firm of A. Racke, which wanted to acquire a California property with tradition and a good reputation. Buena Vista provided Racke with both, plus an assortment of many fine wines.

Gundlach-Bundschu is practically opposite Figs a' Plenty fig orchards on 5th Street East. The local sobriety test is to pronounce "Gundlach-Bundschu Gewürztraminer." The wine, itself, happens to be well worth trying. Although they were among the early settlers of this area, today there are no longer any Gundlachs. But Jim Bundschu is still most active.

Close to Buena Vista is Hacienda Wine Cellars. Hacienda's vineyards

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Alcohol 12.9% by Volume

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More and more people are turning to formal seminars to learn about wine. Tasting with a professional, who can explain specific flavors, will give confidence before the student sets out alone on the wine-tasting trail.

S. Poffenberger

are actually on the site of the original Haraszthy plantings, which were done over a century ago. Farther to the west is Hanzell, a little gem of a winery that was inspired by Burgundian property.

Sonoma County Farm Trails is a free map, updated annually. If one needed any convincing that this area is committed to agriculture, this map would prove it. A seasonal product list mentions several varieties of apples, berries, cherries, figs, peaches, pumpkins, tomatoes, and walnuts, and tells when they are available. In addition to a detailed road map, with product sources shown by number, there is an index of products that lists as many numbers as there are purveyors on the map. The product list begins with 'Almonds' and ends with 'Wreaths, Floral or Christmas.' It includes cheese, garlic, cider, herbs, honey and sausages. You can either look up a specific desired product, or check the map to see what's available in any area where you happen to be visiting wineries. There's also a listing of Farm Trail Members by company, along with the address, phone number, and hours of business.

You could certainly make this hypothetical wine trip by touring Sonoma from south to north. Doing that, you would end up just south of Mendocino, which, with Lake County, forms the most northerly of California's wine regions and is becoming a popular destination.

Mendocino is serious redwood country, so lumbering is another important industry, aside from the long wine heritage. The terrain is rugged and buildings are far apart. It is much less crowded, both with tourists and residents. Lake County is dominated by Clear Lake, a very large lake popular with swimming, fishing, and boating enthusiasts.

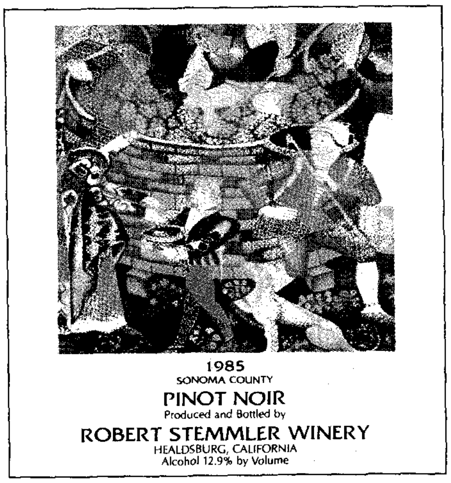
Just north of Cloverdale on Highway 101, you will come to Hopland. It was named for its most important product years ago: the hops that put bitter flavor in beer. Today, fame comes from its sweet grapes.

Hopland's most famous residents are Fetzer Vineyard and McDowell Valley Vineyards. Fetzer's fine varietal wines should not detract from their impressive generics. McDowell Valley's modern solar-integrated winery is famed for its well-aged Syrahs, produced from sixty-year-old vines.

Farther north in Ukiah, John Scharffenberger is making Champagne-method sparkling wines. He had observed that the cool Mendocino climate was similar to that of Champagne, and he tested his hypothesis with success.

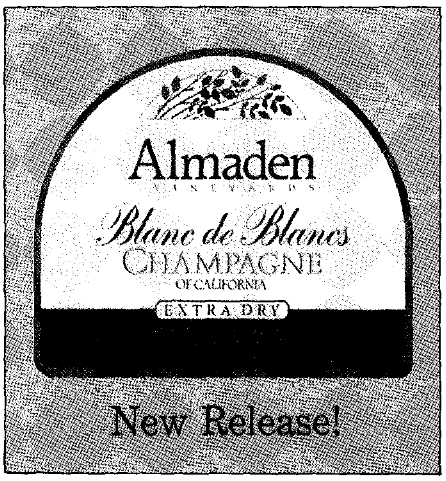
The same cool climate provides good acid for White Cooper's unfermented grape juice, produced by neighbors of Scharffenberger. The Colombard Semillon is popular in restaurants as a non-alcoholic option.

Parducci Wine Cellars has actually been in Ukiah the longest, proving Ukiah to be a fine viticultural area. Being a little north of the beaten path, the


1985
SONOMA COUNTY
PINOT NOIR
Produced and Bottled by
ROBERT STEMMLER WINERY
HEALDSBURG, CALIFORNIA
Alcohol 12.9% by Volume

Soapwort
Bandiera
Cabernet Sauvignon 1983
North Coast
Produced & Bottled by Bandiera Winery Cloverdale, CA

1985
PASTEL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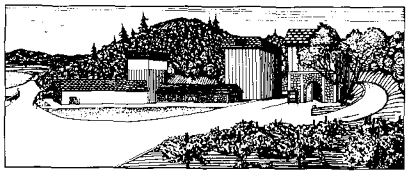

Fetzer

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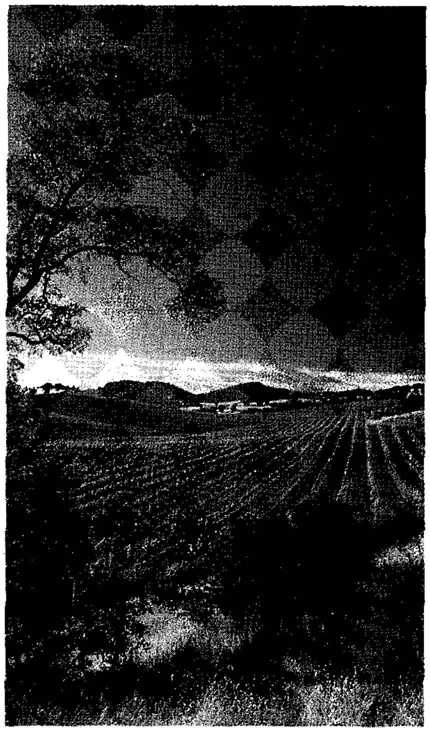

Parduccis are especially delighted when anyone comes to visit. Note: Leave more time than you expect for travel. Distances are deceiving to those on mountain roads.

To the west, the Anderson Valley is a linguist's dream. A private language has developed in this isolated place, and it is now an officially registered patois. It's hard to be an outsider here, since communication with the natives can be difficult. Edmeades Vineyards, near Philo, would be a friendly stop with good, spirited conversation and good wine guaranteed.

Inland toward the big lake is Kendall-Jackson Vineyard in Lakeport. They have made a specialty of buying grapes from the entire California coast for their wines, just as E&J Gallo has made a practice of buying large amounts of grapes from Napa and Sonoma. Kendall-Jackson's Chardonnays and Gallo's vintaged Cabernets show the stylish results of this kind of careful, selective blending.

A newer, larger winery in Guenoc Valley is the Guenoc Winery, in Middletown. Located on a ranch that once belonged to Lillie Langtry, the British actress, Guenoc Winery is colorful to visit, and it provides visitors with a great sense of history, in the shadow of its famous owner.

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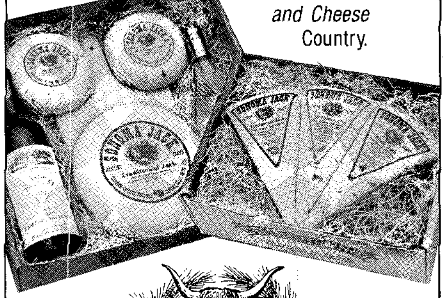

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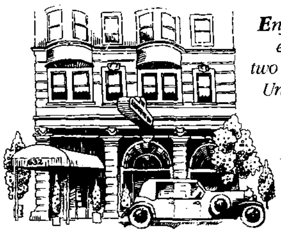

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Mendocino County is following the leads of Napa and Sonoma, whose auctions have become famous fund-raisers. The wine-auction route has introduced a charitable and sociable way to raise money for Mendocino's vital Coast Hospital.

Obviously, most premium California winemaking occurs north of San Francisco, but any place that is cool enough to give good acids and has well drained soil is fair game for the players. Should a visitor decide to head south instead of north, there would be the reward of visiting unusual and distinctive wineries and individualistic winemakers.

A good trip close to the San Francisco Bay Area might be a ride to the Wente's new sparkling wine cellars in Livermore. Plan to visit late in the afternoon, so that after you've seen the newly dug caves, you can taste the wine and stay for dinner at this talented family's new restaurant.

Heading toward San Jose, you'll pass Santa Clara, which used to be famous for its prune plums. High up in that section of the Santa Cruz Mountains is Ridge Vineyards, where winemaker Paul Draper has produced wines for over twenty years and considers Zinfandel production an art form.

J. Lohr's winery is in San Jose, with large vineyard holdings nearby. Lohr has additional acreage in Napa and Monterey and is particularly well known for making fruity white wines. Not too far from there you'll find Mirassou Vineyards, which also grows grapes farther south in Monterey. In addition to a full line of still varietal and generic wines, as well as different cuvées of sparkling wines, Mirassou also makes some attractive light wines.

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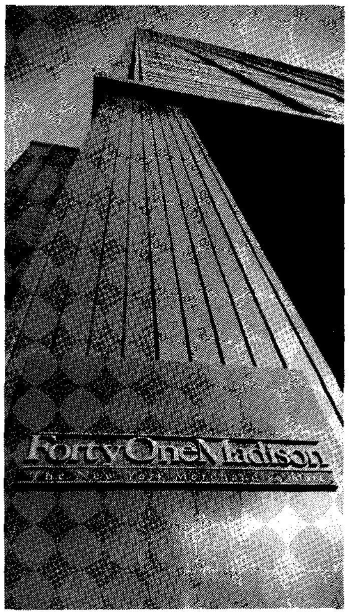

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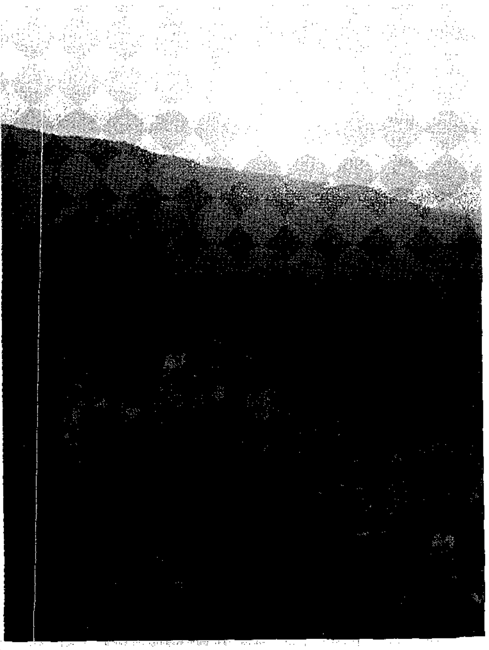
If you cut back to Los Gatos, you might find it as interesting for its place in Silicon Valley and the computer world, as for its place in the wine world. Almaden Vineyards is *the most famous wine resident.* The Los Gatos facility serves as its headquarters, even though Almaden has several other large wineries in the area.

If you go to the Santa Cruz Mountains on the Pacific coast, you must plan strategies more carefully. Nowhere else is it more evident that tourists can't go the way the crow goes. While places may look close on the map, one may be on one side of a mountain, and the next intended stop may be on the other. Pick a single mountain and stay with it. It is possible to include Bargetto's Santa Cruz Winery, Felton-Empire, Bonny Doon Vineyard, and Roudon-Smith Vineyards in a single day. Of course it's too many to schedule, but it is tempting to try to cover a lot. Wise decision or not, it would be impossible to see so many unless they were within striking distance of each other. The David Bruce Winery, for example, a fascinating place, could not be included on the same day. Although the winery is also in the Santa Cruz Mountain appellation, it is on a separate mountain peak,



necessitating another pilgrimage.

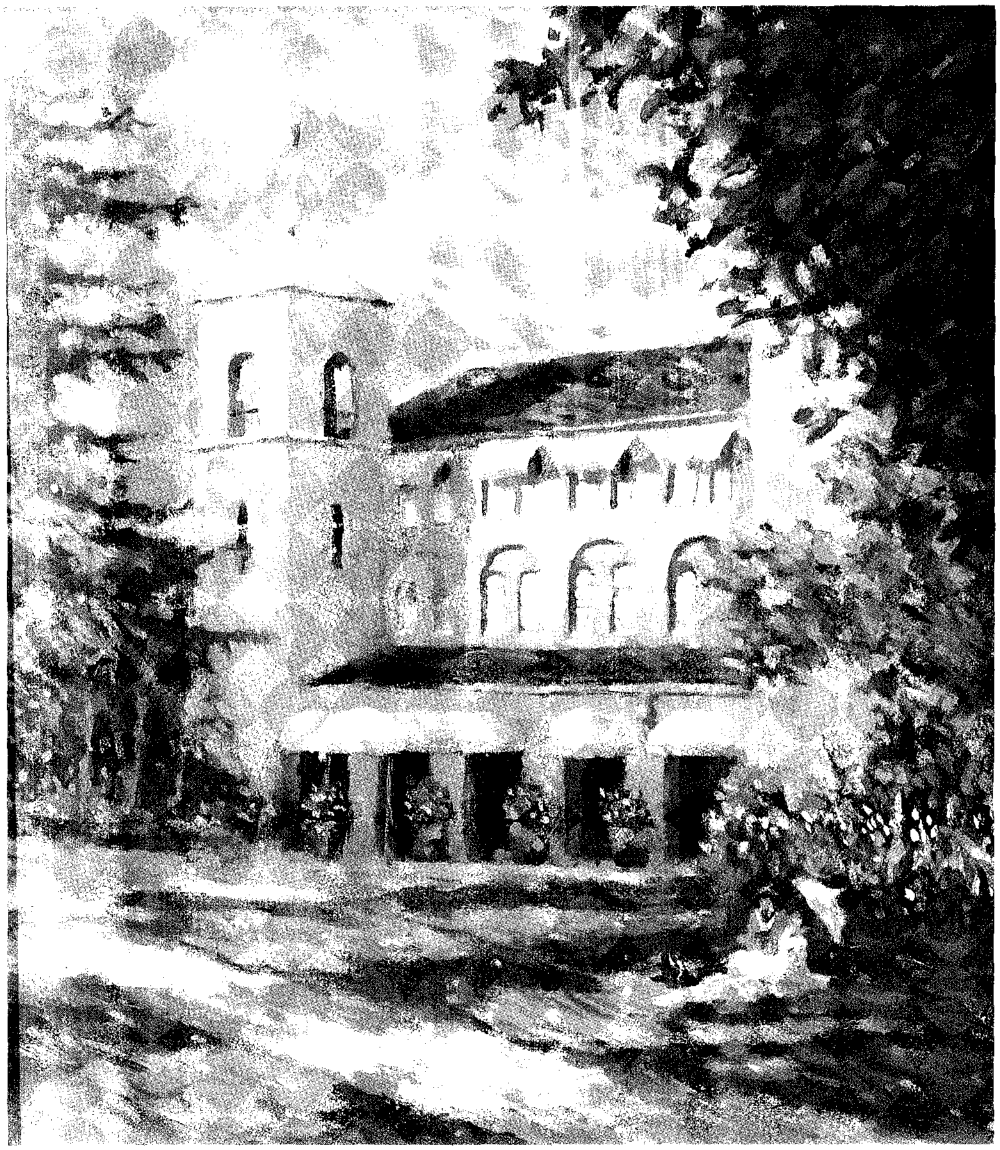
From Santa Cruz you can take Highway 1 to the charming town of Carmel. The 17-mile Scenic Drive back to Monterey is a must.

Pick up Highway 101 at Salinas, and head south toward Gonzales, Soledad, and Greenfield. At Gonzales you can see The Monterey Vineyard with its well-designed winery that produces good-value wines.

To the east of Soledad, in the Santa Lucia Mountains, is Chalone Vineyards, which makes famed Chardonnays and Pinot Noirs. Supply is easing a little, but there was a time when it was harder to get a bottle of Chalone wine than it was to get into a good college.

Farther south at Greenfield is Jekel Vineyard—especially skilled in extracting the varietal flavors from Johannisberg Riesling and Cabernet Sauvignon. In Hollister, Calera takes advantage of its mountain setting with a gravity-flow-designed winery.

From traditional to trendy, every winery has a style. But for those in the group who've had enough after seeing one, there are lots of other things to do: Ballooning, taking a mud bath, canoeing, hang gliding, and visiting the historic sites are a few. Everyone can find an activity to suit his taste.



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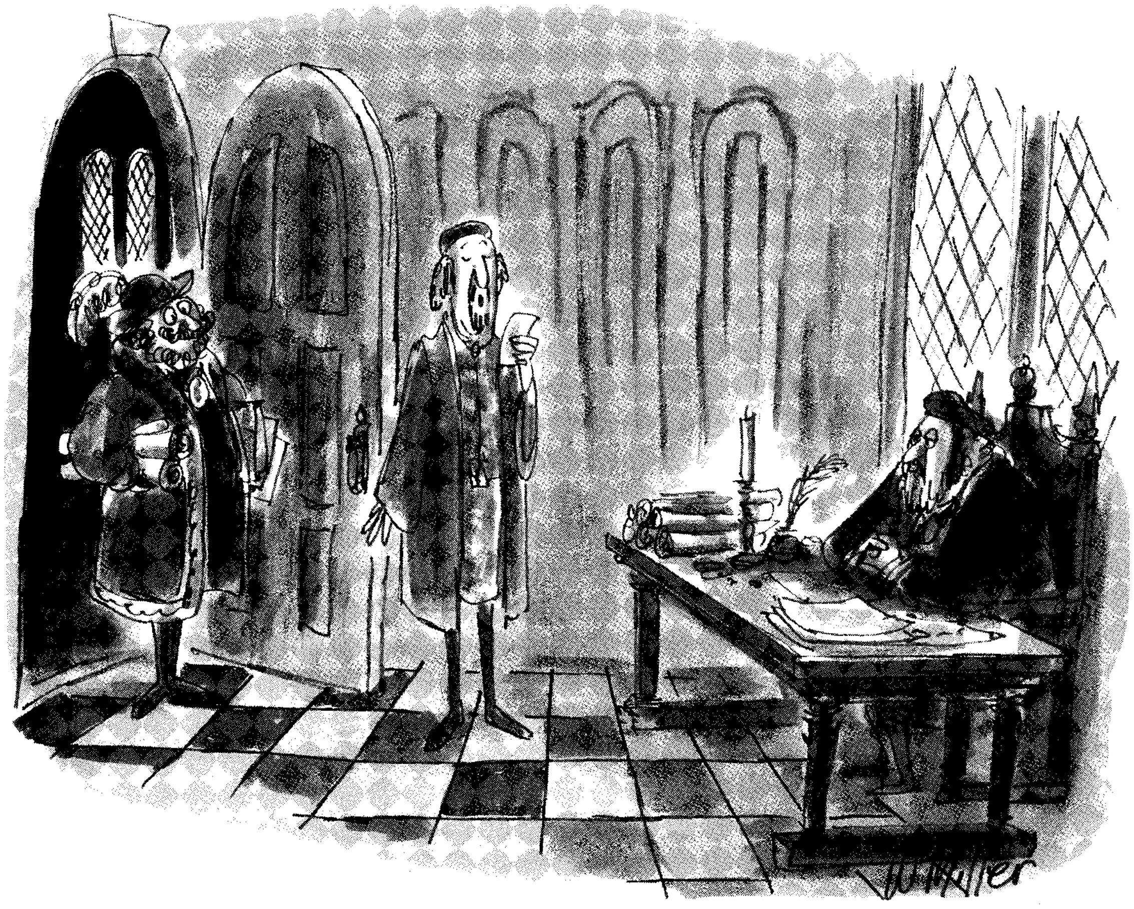
A REPORTER AT LARGE

RAJNEESHPURAM—II

JUST who was responsible for the state of hostilities between the followers of the Indian guru Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh and their neighbors in Central Oregon was for me an open question when I first visited the commune, in May of 1983. The eight hundred red-clad followers of the guru were involved in the nearest thing to a range war with their neighbors. At the same time, in the rest of the state the variety of opinion about the Rajneeshee was so wide that any given opinion seemed to say more about the observer than the observed. Clearly, the breakdown had begun during the battle over Antelope, a pretty little town of forty people, most of them elderly retirees, which lay twenty miles from the commune. That battle was a complicated one—more complicated than most outsiders knew. In October of 1981, just three months after the Rajneeshee had bought the ranch, they had acquired several properties in Antelope to use for extra housing, and had asked the city council for a permit to build a printing plant and an office complex large enough for a hundred workers. They wanted the properties because Oregon land-use laws forbade them to put "urban use" facilities on agricultural land. They had already been warned of this restriction by 1000 Friends of Oregon, an environmental group concerned with the land-use laws. The Rajneeshee had also asked the Wasco County commission for permission to hold an election to incorporate a town (or "city," as Oregon law defines any incorporated community) on their own ranch. They received permission in November, and as soon as they did 1000 Friends challenged Wasco County's decision on behalf of four local ranchers, on the ground that the land-use laws forbade the creation of a new city on agricultural land unless the plan for it had first been submitted to state land-use review. In a brief before the state Land Use Board of Appeals, 1000 Friends proposed that the Rajneeshee build all structures not intended for farm use in Antelope, and said that the Rajneeshee "may not rely on the 'hostility' of Antelope residents" to excuse their failure to do so. They made this argument to show that not all avenues of development were cut off, but they were in effect suggesting that the Rajneeshee push into Antelope over the residents' objections. And the residents did object; they objected specifically to the printing plant and the office complex. The Antelope city council refused to issue a permit for these, on the ground that there was not enough water for a hundred new people. And in fact there was not enough water. The Antelope city plan prohibited further development until the water supply could be enlarged. However, because the city council had neglected to pass an ordinance implementing the plan (the town, with its forty people, did not always observe such legal niceties), the council had no legal reason for refusing the permit. And the Rajneeshee sued.

By mid-March of 1982, the Antelope residents had decided that the only way to save their town from Rajneeshee building projects was to disincorporate it, thus barring urban-use development. A special election on this issue was scheduled for April 15th. On that day, there were hundreds of people in town, many of them reporters but many of them people who had come to vote in the election. By Oregon law, any state resident (and American citizen) could vote in a city election if he or she had "an intent to reside" there and had spent at least one night in the town. Oregon's secretary of state, Norma Paulus, came to oversee the election herself, because of the problem the "intent" clause was bound to pose. When the votes were tallied, the Rajneeshee had won, fifty-five to forty-two. Most outsiders who came in to vote with the Antelope residents were disqualified, either because they had not spent the night there or



"Sire, the triviameister with the bimonthly quiz."

"Boo!"

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because they clearly had no intention of residing in the town. The fifty-five Rajneeshee, however, qualified, because they had spent at least one night there and had done so in Rajneeshee-owned buildings. "All they needed was a sleeping bag," Paulus said. Later, she assured me that all the Rajneeshee votes were legal, unfair as that might seem to the long-term residents. The law, she added, was passed in the early sixties, during Mark Hatfield's term as governor, "at a time when social mores made it less problematic."

By June, there were a dozen lawsuits outstanding between the Rajneeshee and the Antelope city council. Rajneeshpuram had been incorporated by then, but 1000 Friends' suit still held the incorporation in jeopardy. A number of mediators, including one from the federal government, came in to try to resolve the Antelope-Rajneeshee disputes, and finally an agreement was reached permitting the Rajneeshee to develop their existing properties in Antelope but prohibiting any future development there. The agreement soon broke down, however, with each side accusing the other of bad faith. In a city-council election in November, the Rajneeshee once again outvoted the older residents, and put their own people on the city council, thus resolving the issue for good. They never built the printing plant, but in the months that followed most of the original Antelope residents pulled up stakes and left town.

A professor from a university in the western part of the state who had sat in on most of the negotiations between the Rajneeshee and the Antelope residents told me he thought of Antelope as "a Greek tragedy," in the sense that the outcome was inevitable, given the character of both groups. He added that the disaster might nevertheless have been averted if there had been any coherent political power in the state—that a governor as popular and as powerful as the late Tom McCall, who held office from 1967 to 1974, might have imposed a compromise settlement that seemed fair to all. As it was now, Oregon politics were both extremely clean and extremely fragmented. As it was, every issue went to court, and in court the Rajneeshee's money and legal sophistication gave them an overwhelming advantage. As it was, the law and the local people's sense of justice did not coincide.

To talk to the Rajneeshee and the long-term Antelope residents was, however, to get a different picture of the struggle—one colored by the emotions involved. On my first visit to Rajneeshpuram, I talked with the mayor, Krishna Deva, who was known as K.D., about the Antelope affair. A former psychologist, K.D. had been, with Ma Anand Sheela—the personal secretary to the guru—a principal actor on the Rajneeshee's side. K.D. said that they had tried to cultivate good relations with Antelope but that the city council would not give them a single building permit until they sued. They had not wanted to take over Antelope, but the residents, out of fear that they would, held the disincorporation election and broke the subsequent agreement, forcing the Rajneeshee to vote themselves onto the city council. "Now because the new council is there people feel helpless, and because they feel helpless they assume we're unreasonable," K.D. said. "Some have threatened violence, but that's just the usual redneck talk." When I asked K.D. why he, as a psychologist, could not have foreseen and forestalled such a reaction, he said there wasn't anything he could do about it—it was just bigotry stemming from fear and ignorance.

K.D. sounded defensive when he talked about the Rajneeshee's behavior. All the same, it seemed quite plausible to me that the Antelope residents might have exaggerated the threat from the Rajneeshee and thus precipitated exactly what they feared. And there was some religious bigotry floating around the area. In a letter to a local paper, a former Antelope resident, Donna Quick Smith, had quoted an Indian correspondent of hers as saying that the Rajneeshee were criminals and ought to be slaughtered. The Rajneeshee had sued her for defamation, and they had sued Rosemary McGreer, the wife of a local rancher, for making some unpleasant (though not, as it turned out, defamatory) remarks about them on television. The result was that people in the area were now being very careful about what they said to reporters, and were keeping their feelings to themselves.

Still, most of the older Antelope

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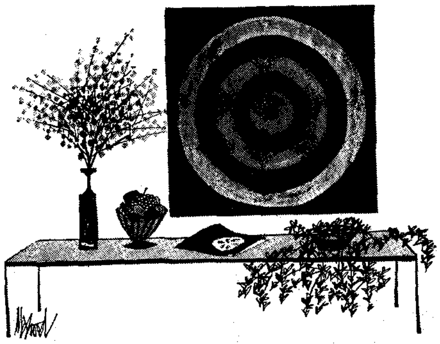
141NY Jonathan Blvd. North, Chaska, MN 55318 residents and local ranchers I met were solid people and did not exhibit defensiveness, as K.D. did. Margaret Hill, a retired schoolteacher and the former mayor of Antelope, and Don Smith, a retired Marine colonel, and a number of others told me their side of the story in impressively precise detail. Mrs. Hill, an intelligent, even-keeled woman, told me that the local people and the Rajneeshee had got along quite well in the beginning. The Rajneeshee had thrown a party for everyone in the area, with lots of drinks and live music. She had begun to wonder about them, she said, only when, in the course of a conversation about a routine permit, Sheela talked of recourse to legal action if the council did not issue it. People did not often threaten legal action in that part of Oregon. Then, when the council refused the permit for the printing plant, the Rajneeshee had sued. Mrs. Hill had discussed the issue with council members on a local television program. The Rajneeshee, she said, had broken into gales of laughter every time she made a point, and had called her "ignorant and stupid." After that, Sheela, K.D., and others had taken to calling her and her neighbors all manner of names—"rednecks," "bigots," and so on. In an open letter to the governor, reprinted in a local newspaper, Sheela had written, "Oregon can hardly prosper if it is to be filled with stagnant, dilapidated little towns like Antelope—a place where unproductive, indolent old people go to mark time until they die." K.D. had once come to Margaret Hill's house and called her "a liar and a hypocrite" to her face. "I tried to keep the lines of communication open," Mrs. Hill said. "But it was no good." During the period surrounding the two elections, the Rajneeshee had gone about Antelope noting down car registrations, photographing people, and videotaping every city-council meeting. "They didn't *do* anything," she said, "but they were always at you. It was harassment. A lot of people got very nervous and, being elderly people, they just couldn't take it." When Mrs. Hill refused to go to the ranch, lest she incur some obligation to the Rajneeshee, Sheela sent her a letter by courier every day, then came to see her personally and threw a fit. Mrs. Hill finally lost her temper. "They could have done eighty or ninety per cent of what they did without all the rancor and ill feeling," she said.

The Rajneeshee's nearest neighbor was Jon Bowerman, a rancher whose fields sloped down to the John Day River just opposite the Rajneeshee truck farm. The evening I went to see him, he and his wife—she was pregnant with their first child—were walking around the pastures looking at Brahma bulls and bucking horses he raised for rodeos. Narrow-hipped, wearing faded jeans, a sweat-stained Stetson, and scuffed boots, Bowerman looked like the quintessential cowboy: the genuine article. He was in fact the son of Bill Bowerman, the great track coach and one of the inventors of the Nike track shoe; he himself had coached the American Olympic ski team for three years in the seventies. As we walked toward his house—it looked like a nineteenth-century ranch house, but he had just built it—he told me he was the fourth generation of his family to farm land in the region. "It gets me hot to hear the Rajneeshee talk as if religion were the issue," he said. "Ninety-nine per cent of the people around here couldn't care less about their religion—though, unfortunately, there are a few very vocal people who do. One of the serious issues is water. It's a semi-arid country, and deep wells sucking groundwater could put a lot of their neighbors out of business in a dry year. Then, a lot of people are concerned about land use. We don't want a city in our back yards."

The Bowermans' living room had bare floors and not much furniture: an old couch, some straight chairs, and a table with an ancient typewriter on it. "I took a very casual attitude toward them until Antelope," he continued. "I used to go and visit. There are some fine people there. But they turn out to be bad neighbors, and I don't like the attitude they have: 'If I want it, I'll buy it.' They're like the worst kind of American tourist—loud, boisterous, demanding, waving fistfuls of dollars. I remember sitting in a café in Chamonix when a group of Americans came in and started shouting at the waitress in English, demanding service. That's what they're like."



Bowerman was now upset about the community church in Antelope—the church his wife's family had attended for as long as he could remember. Because the church had no resident minister, the town of Antelope had held the title to the building, but just before the Rajneeshee took over the city council the old council had given it to the Episcopal diocese. And now the Rajneeshee were suing to get it back. Bowerman had written many letters to local papers about the issue.

IN September of 1983—the time of my second visit to the ranch—the Rajneeshee took over the school in Antelope. The move was abrupt; it came just a few days before the school year began, and it surprised everyone, including state and county education officials. In November of the previous year, the Rajneeshee had told officials in Wasco County that they wanted a public school for their children in Rajneeshpuram. The officials agreed, but warned them that the creation of a new school district could take two years. Sheela pointed out that Rajneeshee voters already controlled the Antelope school district, in the sense that they could outvote the ranchers whose property lay within it, and could, if they wished, slap a half-million-dollar tax levy on the district. The Rajneeshee proposed to redraw the school district so that it included only the town of Antelope and the Rajneeshee ranch; all the other ranches would be put into the neighboring school districts of Madras and Maupin. Because Antelope had a primary school, this redistricting would force the ranchers to send their primary-school children, along with their older kids, to school at distances thirty to fifty miles from their houses. But it would get them out of a Rajneeshee-controlled district, and it would take only a year. The ranchers therefore agreed to the plan.

A few months later, the Rajneeshee decided that they did not want to wait a year for their public school. In the summer of 1983, they voted down three school-tax levies for the transition year: they would not pay for the ranchers' children, Sheela said, when their own children were being kept out of public school. In August, the ranchers decided to close the Antelope school and to use fifty thousand dollars they had in leftover funds to help pay the cost—sixty-two thousand dollars—of sending all their children to Madras that year. At this point, Swami Deva Wadud, the commune's planner and the one Rajneeshee member of the school board, proposed a deal: the Rajneeshee would vote a tax levy and pay the tuition for the ranchers' kids in Madras and Maupin on the condition that they be allowed to reopen the school for their own children, employing volunteer teachers. Wadud wanted an immediate answer, but none was forthcoming. The other members of the board said they wanted to think about the plan; meanwhile, state education officials raised problems having to do with teacher certification and drew up conditions that the Rajneeshee would have to fulfill if the school was to be certified as a public rather than a religious school. While some education officials felt that the only solution was to give the Rajneeshee the school, the school-board members were in a bind. On the one hand, they were terrified that the Rajneeshee would play their trump card and tax them out of existence; on the other hand, they were furious, and were under pressure from people throughout Central Oregon not to give an inch to the Rajneeshee. Over the next two weeks, they offered a number of alternative proposals, one of them being that the school be reopened for all primary-school children in the district, Rajneeshee and non-Rajneeshee alike, and that all secondary-school children be bused to Madras. Wadud turned these proposals down.

In the end, the issue was resolved by a legal technicality. It was discovered that by law those petitioning to get out of a school district—as the ranchers were—could not vote on school matters or pay school taxes in that district. This suited the ranchers, but then the Rajneeshee lawyers found out that the ranchers could not legally sit on a school board, either. The Rajneeshee demanded the resignation of the old board in mid-September; they then got authorization from the county to appoint their own board, and, a month later, opened the school with Rajneeshee children and Rajneeshee teachers, all of them wearing red. As a concession to the religious-establishment clause of the First Amendment, the teachers wore their malas—wooden-beaded necklaces with the guru's picture hanging from them—tucked inside their shirts.

There was one further piece of business. Now that the Rajneeshee had set up a school, kindergarten through twelfth grade, they refused to help pay

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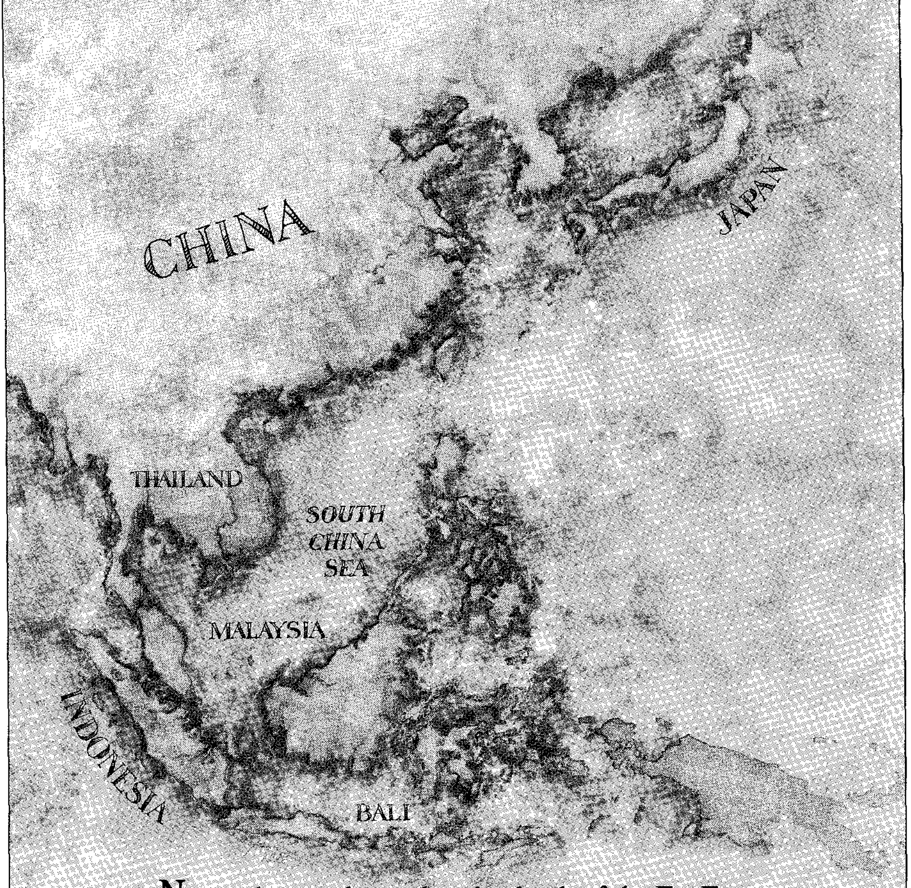

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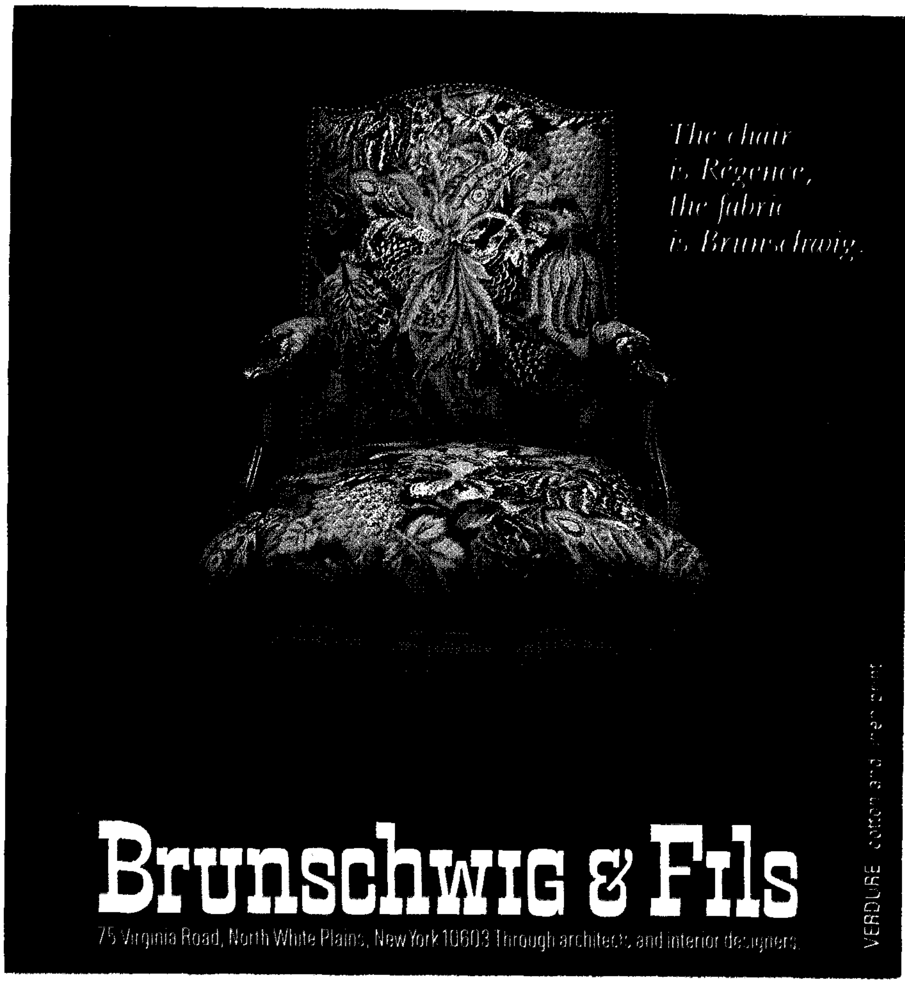
the sixty-two thousand dollars it cost to send the ranchers' children to school in Madras. When I asked Wadud about this, he said, "They backed us into a corner. We have only fifty thousand dollars for fifty of our kids and twenty of theirs. So the board decided not to pay their tuition. We say, Come to the Antelope school—or perhaps Madras will pay the tuition." What he neglected to say was that the fifty thousand dollars in carryover funds came not only from Rajneeshee pockets but from the state and the other district taxpayers. But Wadud was angry. "We pay all kinds of levies to the county for sheriffs and roads and so on, and we get no services," he told me. "More and more, they try to stop us, to screw us. So we don't give a damn anymore. We're about to launch a lot of lawsuits. The former board was incompetent. We could have passed a bond issue of a million dollars, but we had no intention of doing that. They lost fifty thousand dollars out of this. They would have got more if they had coöperated with us."

Wadud thought the Madras school board would pay the tuition charges. But if it did not "their children can come to our school," he said. "It will be good for them. They have no idea what a really good school is like."

The Rajneeshee's behavior concerning the school issue brought the entire struggle over Antelope into sharper focus. Here was no "Greek tragedy," as the professor had suggested. The Rajneeshee had reneged on an agreement and had taken over the school in a bare-knuckle power play, causing their neighbors maximum hardship. They had taken the fifty thousand dollars in carryover funds, and they now assumed the state subsidy for the coming year—about thirty thousand dollars—but they refused to pay anything toward the schooling of the ranchers' children. Wadud said the ranchers had "backed us into a corner," but, as he well knew, the ranchers did not have the power to do this, and the county education officials had raised only the appropriate legal and educational considerations and then bowed to Rajneeshee demands. Explaining Rajneeshee tactics in previous battles, Swami Anand Subhuti, an editor of the *Rajneesh Times*, the commune's weekly newspaper, and a sweet man, had told me, "We're ruthless where our real interests are concerned. We have to be." I had understood him to mean that the Rajneeshee would be ruthless when it came to life-and-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death issues for the commune. But the school was hardly a life-and-death issue for them: they would have had it anyway a year later, and their own school at Rajneeshpuram did not cost them very much. Jon Bowerman's assessment of them now seemed accurate to me.

WADUD's antagonism toward the ranchers surprised me, but more surprising was his lack of concern about the political consequences of this new battle with the neighbors. The Rajneeshee now faced two separate legal and administrative challenges to the very existence of Rajneeshpuram: an Immigration and Naturalization Service threat to deny their guru permanent-resident status and deport him from the United States, and 1000 Friends' case against the incorporation of their city. Not only that but they needed the coöperation of county and state officials to continue building their city, educating their children, and so on. As the Rajneeshee knew very well, the first Antelope battle had alienated a good many state legislators and turned many officials in Wasco and Jefferson Counties against them.

In late May of 1982, six weeks after the Antelope disincorporation election, the I.N.S. office in Portland had received a call from an aide to Senator Mark Hatfield. An I.N.S. memo of the conversation reported the aide as saying, "Mr. Hatfield is very concerned about the operation of this religious cult which the Senator believes is endangering the way of life for a small agriculture town in Oregon, as well as constituting a threat to public safety." In December of 1982, the Portland office of the I.N.S. issued two orders, one denying the guru permanent-resident status and the other denying him classification as a religious worker. The Hatfield call may have had nothing to do with this, but congressional delegations often do have influence on immigration decisions, and some of the statements made in the two orders suggested that I.N.S. officials were not without feelings about the guru. "It could be argued that the beneficiary does not teach religion, rather the antipathy of religion, and thusly not the kind of religion intended by this regulation," the second document read. "However, there is no need to address this issue."

The I.N.S. had not only no need to address the issue but, under the religious-establishment clause, no right to. Its two documents were also almost contradictory, in that one contended that the Rajneeshee had lied about the guru's ill health when, several years before, they said that the guru was gravely ill and required medical attention in the United States, while the other contended that his ill health—and his self-imposed silence—rendered him incapable of performing his job as a religious worker. The documents were flawed in a number of other ways, but operatively they were flawed by the fact that the I.N.S. did not give the Rajneeshee the derogatory evidence on which the decisions had been made. Recognizing this, the legal counsel for the I.N.S. had told I.N.S. officials to withdraw the orders, hand over the evidence, and give the Rajneeshee time to rebut it. A year later, the I.N.S. gave the guru the priority classification he had asked for but not a green card.

The land-use case also had a political dimension, though it had been brought before the Antelope battle and was in its essence a straightforward question of legal interpretation. Since the adoption of the Oregon land laws, in 1973, no county had ever incorporated a city on agricultural land. Could a county do this, as Wasco County had, without submitting the incorporation to state land-use goals? The wording of the law was somewhat vague on this point, since the framers had been principally concerned with the encroachment of existing cities onto agricultural land, but 1000 Friends maintained that a proper reading of the law would show that the land-use goals applied to new cities as well. By the spring of 1983, the case had made its way through several courts and was proceeding more or less as 1000 Friends had hoped. At this point, K.D. and Ma Prem Isabel, the head of the Twinkies (the Rajneeshee public-relations spokeswomen), went to the state legislature to propose a deal: the Rajneeshee would get out of Antelope if the legislature would pass a bill legalizing the incorporation of Rajneeshpuram. The reaction was negative. Legislators who were in no way "bigots" told me that they hadn't felt like doing the Rajneeshee any favors after what the Rajneeshee did to Antelope.

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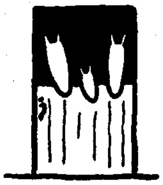
In July, the Oregon Land Conservation and Development Commission adopted a set of temporary rules clarifying the land-use laws to read that a county had to come to it before incorporating a city. That the commission made these rules retroactive to August of 1981 suggested that the commissioners wished not merely to close the loophole but to stop Rajneeshpuram as well. In September, 1000 Friends' suit, having made its way through another court, arrived at the state Land Use Board of Appeals. This administrative appeals court, in its turn, ordered the Wasco County commission to hold new hearings and justify the incorporation by making a compelling case that a city was needed on the Rajneeshee ranch. The likelihood that the three Wasco County commissioners would make such a case had by then, however, radically diminished.

Central Oregonians generally disliked the land-use laws, since the laws treated the wide open spaces of the rangeland much as they treated the remaining green fields and the delicate ecological system of the Willamette Valley. The ranchers usually complained that they couldn't build a lean-to without permission from the bureaucrats in Salem, the state capital. That was not quite the case, but in their view it was near enough. Now, because of Antelope, many people in Central Oregon began to think that their county commissioners, by finding for the incorporation of Rajneeshpuram, in November of 1981, had not represented their interests. At the Land Use Board of Appeals hearings, the lawyers for 1000 Friends charged that one of the commissioners, Richard C. Cantrell, had sold the Rajneeshee seventeen thousand five hundred and forty dollars' worth of cattle at the time of the vote, and had not disclosed the sale or excused himself from the decision. A subsequent investigation by the Oregon Government Ethics Commission showed not only that the charge was accurate but also that Cantrell had been under some pressure to pay off a bank note just at that time. Still, the Ethics Commission decided that conflict of interest would be too difficult to prove under Oregon law. The citizens of Wasco County thereupon took matters into their own hands. Cantrell was, as it happened, a Mormon, and not long after the commission announced its findings Mormon Church officials in Salt Lake City gave notice that Cantrell was wanted immediately in their mission in Nigeria. Cantrell, then aged sixty-one, had planned to serve out his term on the county commission before doing his missionary service, and his wife had a good job at a bank. But the church gave him little alternative, so the couple quit their jobs and left for a place that many Central Oregonians would have conceived of as Hell. At around the same time, the second commissioner who had voted for the incorporation changed his mind about the virtues of supporting the Rajneeshee. This was no coincidence: the same group of Wasco County citizens who got in touch with the Mormon Church had put some forceful, and finally persuasive, arguments to him.



In the wake of the Antelope school takeover, a number of new legal problems cropped up for the Rajneeshee. In October, the state attorney general, David Frohnmayer, issued an opinion that the municipal status of Rajneeshpuram violated the religious-establishment clause in both the state and federal Constitutions. In Frohnmayer's view, the issue was not that religious people ran the city government but that the city was actually owned and controlled by a church; that is, by the commune and the Rajneesh Foundation International. The church could decide who might visit the ranch and who might visit its private property, yet it collected state funds and exercised police and other government powers. The Rajneeshee had anticipated such a ruling months before it came down, and had already prepared much of their defense. What surprised them was two new rulings by the Wasco County Circuit Court judge: the first held up thirty thousand dollars that the state and county education authorities had approved for the Rajneeshee school; the second enjoined any further construction at Rajneeshpuram until the settlement of the incorporation case. The second ruling was a serious blow to the Rajneeshee. Until then, they had been able to continue building their city—and digging themselves into the Oregon landscape—while they batted lawsuits around from court to court. But now they were effectively stalled, able to complete only the work they had already started.

Wadud, for one, understood perfectly well the kind of opposition the Rajneeshee faced in Wasco County. At the same time that he was forcing the school issue, he told me that the Rajneeshee lawyers were building a case against the county, and, in particular, against the Circuit Court judge, for bigotry. "We used to try to accommodate," he said, "but, more and more, it's just war." Now, instead, they would go to Jefferson County—where part of the ranch lay—and ask for the incorporation of a new city. True, Jefferson County had turned them down before, but that was "just politics." They would go ahead anyway. "People here said, 'Screw it, we'll incorporate another city,' " Wadud told me. "We'll just push them a little bit, and if it can be shown that the decisions are obviously prejudiced we'll sue for our rights. Eventually, we'll get a city in Jefferson County, because that's what's right." Remembering a Jefferson County judge who had walked away with only minor injuries when a propane tank exploded next to him, I felt that Wadud had become quite seriously detached from reality.

In fact, from the very beginning the Rajneeshee had often seemed to act against their own interests. Not long after their arrival in Oregon, they had hired Robert Davis, a former aide to Governor McCall and the most respected and influential lobbyist in the state, to act as their political consultant. Davis had advised them to conciliate their neighbors, but instead of taking his advice they had used him—and his considerable reputation—to make promises about getting out of Antelope that they would never keep. Davis had finally quit, leaving them without a champion in Salem. This kind of behavior was puzzling, because in many ways the Rajneeshee managers promoted the interests of their organization extremely well. Isabel and her colleagues put a great deal of effort into charming visitors and cultivating journalists. Always reasonable and diplomatic, they were patient with people they felt were hostile, warm and jokey with everyone else. As a result, the Rajneeshee enjoyed generally good relations with the Oregon press. The major newspaper in the state, the *Oregonian*, championed their rights in editorials and ran friendly feature pieces about them. (In mid-1984, it undertook an investigative series on them, but the series did not run until June and July of 1985.) For every attack on them in the Central Oregon press, there was a favorable story about them elsewhere. Swami Prem Niren, the Rajneeshee legal counsel, for his part did an excellent, professional job of representing Rajneeshee interests, and Wadud and Neehar, the farm coördinator, often impressed the professionals in their fields. Sheela gave cocktail parties for "friends and associates" in Portland, and radiated charm. The Rajneeshee sometimes said they were "integrating themselves into society," and sometimes this seemed to be true.

But now a more consistent pattern of behavior seemed to be emerging. While Isabel remained as diplomatic as ever, all the other Rajneeshee spokesmen seemed to be going out of their way to alienate everyone in the state whose support might be helpful to them. They called Senator Hatfield a bigot, and they spoke insultingly of the governor, the secretary of state, the attorney general, and the local representatives to the state legislature. When the religious-establishment opinion against them came down, Sheela and K.D., acting as spokesmen for the commune, behaved as if they had never heard of the issue before. "I'm outraged beyond words," Sheela said in a prepared statement. "The attorney general's statement is in the long tradition of bigotry and intolerance which this state has exhibited since its birth." She added that Frohnmayer needed psychiatric help and should report to a Rajneeshee clinic.

Such remarks directed at Oregon state officials seemed merely childish—a reflection of the boarding-school atmosphere of the commune coördinators' meetings. (The coördinators met with Sheela once a week to make decisions for the commune.) But the Rajneeshee attacked their neighbors, and others they had some power over, in much the same way, and if this was childish it was something else as well. In particular, one incident that had occurred during the summer cast a very different light on their motivations. In June, Paul Gerhardt, Jr., a land-use planner, and Mark J. Greenfield, the main attorney for 1000 Friends in the Rajneeshpuram case, visited the ranch to inspect the building and land-use permits issued by the city. According to Gerhardt's memo of the event, the two went to the city offices and while they were sitting with Wadud looking over the permits three Rajneeshee came over and began asking them hostile questions. When

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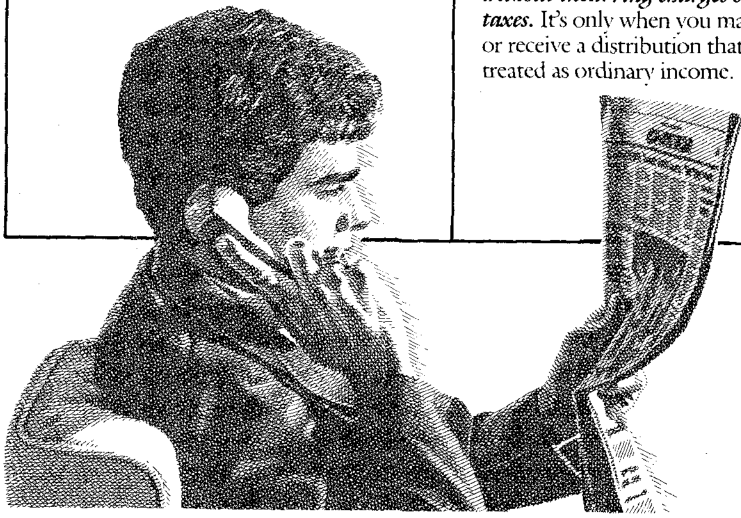

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Wadud did nothing to stop them, the three came closer and fired questions in such a way that Gerhardt and Greenfield could not do their work. One of them—he had a German accent—made a series of anti-Semitic remarks, including a remark about "Jews in toasters." At twelve-fifteen, Wadud told them that the building was closed until two-thirty and they would have to leave. Gerhardt and Greenfield drove out along the county road and were followed by a parade of Rajneeshee cars (one with Sheela and her husband, Jayananda, in it); when they got out to take a photograph of a construction site, they were harassed by people and photographed by a video team. Returning to the city offices, they were greeted by a crowd of Rajneeshee chanting slogans and yelling, "Get the hell out of here, we don't like you!" They resumed their work, but the demonstrators closed in on them, shouting so loudly that they could not continue. Wadud and a Rajneeshpuram attorney, Sangeet, who was working with him, just laughed. Gerhardt and Greenfield drove away quite shaken by the experience.

When I asked Wadud about the incident, he denied that there had been any "negative harassment"—and that any anti-Semitic remarks had been made. "There was just singing and joking," he said. "To us, such things aren't serious—it's all play. Greenfield's asleep—he's off on his own ego trip. People were just letting him know what they thought of him. Whoever comes into contact with us has to wake up a bit. It's like an encounter group." Both Gerhardt and Greenfield, however, had heard the anti-Semitic remarks, and Gerhardt had written his memo about the incident the day after it occurred.

Wadud's explanation was nonetheless interesting, for he had made a clear connection between what the Rajneeshee thought they were doing inside the community and their hostile behavior toward outsiders. Later, in talking with other sannyasins—disciples of the guru—I found that there was a well-developed rationale for this kind of hostility. Subhuti, for example, put it this way: "Being here, you see the phonyness of all politics. Everyone, consciously or unconsciously, is trying to manipulate everyone else—and necessarily so, as everyone is imprisoned in his own ego. Only, we are not into that. So it's better to offend people to the point where they say what they mean. I feel more comfortable when people don't like us, because when they're for us they're for us for all the wrong reasons." Subhuti was a gentle person who would not offend anyone if he thought it would hurt. Much the same was true of Swami Anand Videh, the coördinator of the commune's water systems, but, speaking of his experience of state water boards and commissions, Videh said, "No one really wants to change things. Agencies would rather regulate than solve problems. Citizens blame each other for problems, so there are lots of intellectual discussions and lots of emotions, but no one jumps out of his own focus long enough to get it. Then we do something really outrageous—which comes right from our guts—and it gets people into a different level of functioning." When I asked if politics in general were hopeless, Videh said, "This country is a kind of anarchy. It tries to deal with ongoing problems and pretends to be a democracy, but nothing works. I realize this is a delicate conversation, as what I said might be used to justify fascism. But I'm not talking about democracy as an ideal—I'm talking about what's going on now here and in most countries." What were the Rajneeshee doing about this? "Well," Videh answered, "we're playing this game on a pretty large scale, and we've had a good deal of impact on the state—forcing the hands of government agencies that should know better. But our focus is really on our own transformation. We're trying to free ourselves up from social patterns and social conditioning. And we can free ourselves more easily when people aren't telling us all the time that we're good guys."

On page 56 of a booklet called "Rajneeshism," which was published by the commune, there was a quotation, attributed to the guru, that began, "Man is now living in his most critical moment and it is a crisis of immense dimensions. Either he will die or a new man will be born. Rajneeshism accepts this challenge and is making the only worldwide effort to transform human consciousness so that man can die and a superman can be born out of his ashes." The quotation went on to predict floods, volcanic eruptions, and nuclear war in the next decade. When I asked Ma Mary Catherine, a former political scientist from Oregon, about this passage, she more or less dismissed it as hyperbole: Rajneesh said all kinds of things he did not mean to be taken literally. But clearly the Rajneeshee did believe in the New Man. What was more, they believed that no one but themselves had a legitimate point of view. Provocation, they believed, was the only way to deal with outsiders, and if they made themselves disliked, even detested, that would only help their development.

This doctrine was, of course, chilling. It was all the more so in relation to another theme the Rajneeshee were now playing heavily upon. The theme had first been sounded by Sheela in April. In a letter to the *Rajneesh Times* she wrote:

> A relatively small number of people who are themselves no better than thugs have been trying to scare us out of the state by threatening the lives of Rajneeshees, or those of our friends, or trying to destroy our property. . . .
>
> We are tired of this uncivilized, barbaric, unsophisticated and violent way of trying to intimidate a religious minority. Once and for all, we wish to make it clear that we are here in Oregon to stay at whatever the cost.
>
> If that means that some of our blood is spilled, or some of our property vandalized, then that is the price we are prepared to pay.

At the time, this sounded like pure melodrama—the very diction of the letter asked that it not be taken seriously. But since then the Rajneeshee had reiterated this theme of violence many times. Wadud had mentioned it to me in connection with Gerhardt and Greenfield. "1000 Friends gives people hope that they can get rid of us legally, but once people find that we're here to stay the other shoe will drop and there will be violence," he said. "We've got a lot of threats already, as people get tired of waiting for the law to act for them." Subhuti told me that he had butterflies in his stomach every time he went to Antelope. And many sannyasins talked about bullet holes in road signs and the shot that wounded a horse belonging to Harry Hawkins, a local deputy sheriff, who trained the Rajneeshee Peace Force, as the commune's police force was known. On ABC's "Nightline," in July, Sheela accused the Antelope old-timers of "persecuting" the Rajneeshee. Don Smith had threatened to run them out of the country, she said, and there had been anonymous threats to burn Rajneeshpuram down.

In fact, the Rajneeshee had received some threats in the previous months. According to a journalist hostile to the Rajneeshee, a local man had approached K.D. and said, "You're a psychologist. Just how much more of this crap do you think I can take before I crack and start pulling the trigger?" But whether any of these threats deserved to be treated as anything more serious than bar talk was questionable. Don Smith, who was on the same "Nightline" program as Sheela, said he believed that the guru was in the country illegally—and that's what he had said. To anyone watching the program the idea that this man in his seventies could have threatened the Rajneeshee, whatever he had said, must have seemed patently absurd. Then, too, there had been no violence in Antelope or Rajneeshpuram. (True, a hotel the Rajneeshee owned in Portland had been bombed in July of 1983, but that was the work of a California man, possibly a deranged person, who had his own fantasies about the Rajneeshee.) True, the commune was the object of widespread hostility in the two counties of which it was a part. But if the Rajneeshee were really worried about violence they might have taken some steps to allay it—as they had when earlier demonstrations in Madras turned ugly. As it was, they continued to provoke hostility, and often in a very deliberate manner.

A few non-Rajneeshee still attended the meetings of the Antelope city council, and a few of the ranchers' wives still went to the school-board meetings, though these were now held in Rajneeshpuram. The Rajneeshee often used these meetings for theatre. In one city-council meeting, for example, Ma Prem Karuna, the mayor of Antelope, announced that she had been thinking long and hard about creating a park for nudists there. There were costs, she said: the park would offend those people who did not live in the twentieth century, and building it would be an expense to all taxpayers. But the benefits of having a place where people could feel at one with nature finally outweighed these costs, so she was now proposing an ordinance for it. The ordinance was passed, but the park was never built, perhaps because the Rajneeshee had then decided to create such a park in Rajneeshpuram. A few months later, the city council changed the names of all the streets in Antelope; Main Street became Mevlana Bhagwan Street, College Street became Mansoor, and so on. In reporting on this, one Oregon journalist recalled the colonization of American Indian country by white settlers.

SOMETIMES the provocations were initiated by K.D., Karuna, or Wadud, but most often it was Sheela who took the offensive. At a school-board meeting in front of television cameras from a Portland station, Sheela declared that the children of the ranchers looked retarded, and that Margaret Hill, the retired schoolteacher, looked retarded, too. Staring straight at a young woman whose husband had just been killed in a hunting accident, Sheela said that the state of affairs in Antelope was such that a man had just committed suicide because his wife was "screwing around"

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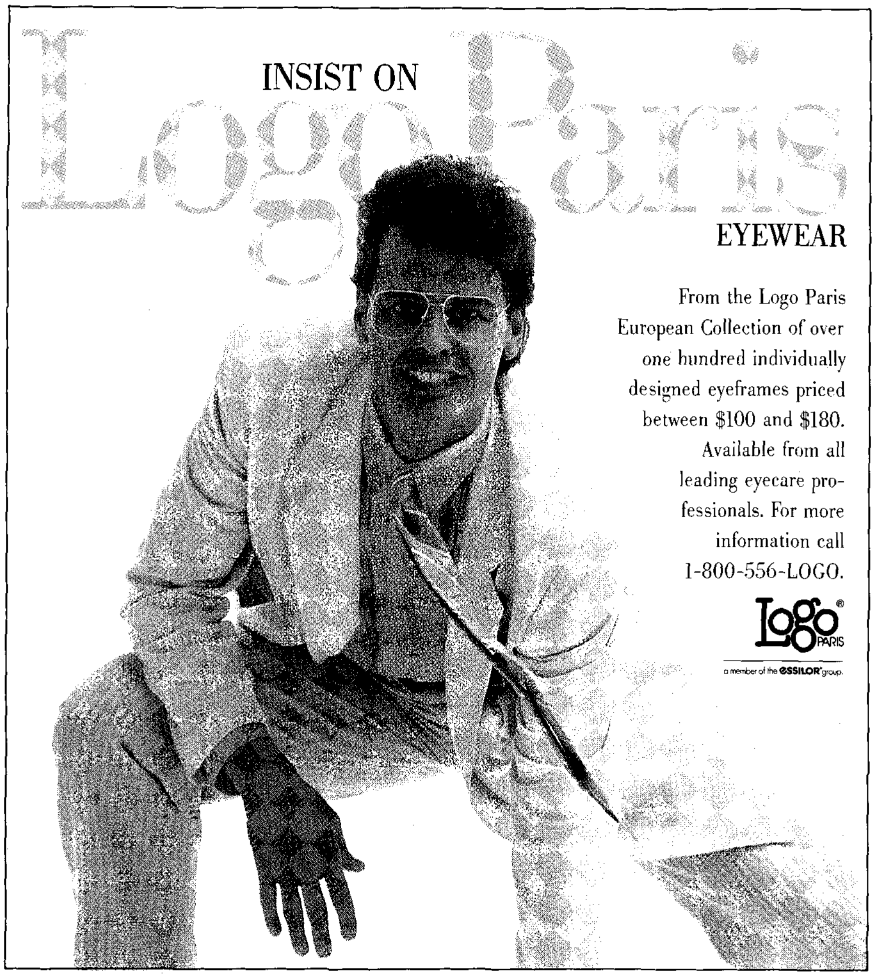
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with another man. The young woman left in helpless tears. On "Nightline," Sheela told Margaret Hill to "shut up for a while," and in response to Don Smith's charge that the guru was here illegally she screeched "Bullshit!" and then "Bullshit!" again. (A local court finally awarded libel damages to Rosemary McGreer, whom the Rajneeshee were suing for defamation, because Sheela had called her a "racist" and a "bigot," among other things.)

Wondering if this might be simply Sheela's way, I went one day to ask her why she so often made such a spectacle of herself. Sheela was receiving in bed that day (she suffered occasionally from phlebitis), and a number of her women coördinators were sitting on the floor around her bed. K.D. hovered in the doorway. In answer to my question, she said in a loud voice, "I'm here to say the words of the Master. He calls a spade a spade, and I can't do anything else. Truth can be harsh and sharp. That's the nature of the truth."

"It wakes people up," K.D. interjected. "If a person's not intelligent, he or she can't understand it any other way."

Sheela went on to say that the reactions she had got to her performance on "Nightline" had been entirely favorable, and, besides, because she acted as she did, Ted Koppel had decided to put Niren on the show the next night to debate the I.N.S. case. "All publicity is good publicity, and I can get it for free," she said. "Not even the governor can do that!" She paused, and then added in a harsh tone, "Donkeys can only understand a kick. The Antelopians are your average day-to-day bigots. Their brains are in the fifteenth century."

The insults were not, then, spontaneous or authentic expressions of Sheela's personality. They were calculated. But what was the calculation? To know Sheela at all was to know that she could not be operating out of some fuzzy Western-style philosophy about the death of politics and the birth of the New Man. (This was K.D.'s Maslovian province.) Sheela said she wanted to attract publicity, and, clearly, she succeeded a good bit of the time, for better or worse. But the harassment of Gerhardt and Greenfield was no publicity stunt, and many of Sheela's outbursts were heard only in Wasco and Jefferson Counties. The explanation now current among county officials and ranchers was that the Rajneeshee were quite deliberately making enemies for the sake of their own internal cohesion.

The explanation was a plausible one. There were antagonisms within the commune, and by stifling dissent the Rajneeshee leaders were causing them to build up in silence. They needed an enemy. The neighboring ranchers and the people of Antelope could not do serious physical damage to the commune even if they wanted to, yet sannyasins, isolated as they were, could easily be persuaded to believe they lived in the midst of a wilderness populated only by rednecks with guns. (Some sannyasins told me this; others said they felt like blacks in the South—apparently meaning it.) Possibly the New Man notions they had developed were merely rationalizations for this requirement. Still, the whole world of illusion that the leaders lived in seemed more complicated than that.

Sheela had told me that her outrageousness made for good publicity. She had also told me that she was doing the bidding of Rajneesh himself. And there was some evidence that this was so. Circulating among the opposition in Oregon at the time were two documents purporting to be the minutes of two coördinators' meetings, one dated November of 1982 and one January of 1983. The documents sounded authentic, and were later authenticated by two sannyasins who had been present at the meetings. One of them ended with the directive "Please shred these notes immediately after use," and both contained reports of discussions a good deal more sensitive than the one I had listened to, and apparently among a far smaller group of people. Both indicated that there was dissension within the commune, and both reported the gist of conversations that Sheela and others had had with the guru. One entry in the November minutes, for example, read:

> Bhagwan said not to worry about why people left, focus attention on work here. He doesn't want to speak again but if money becomes too difficult, He would do. He wants to attract people who can sit silently and also enjoy the work.

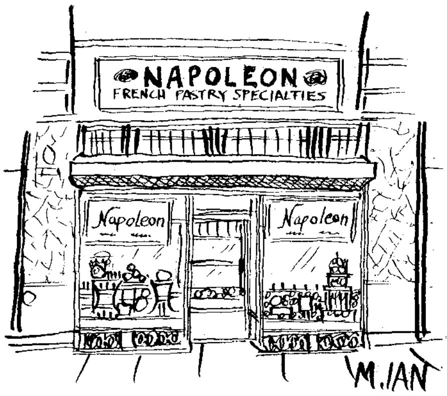
An entry in the January minutes read:

> Sheela was on CBS Eye Witness News —Bhagwan was very pleased because she was so feisty. "It was all bullshit."

The guru had apparently liked that word.

Then, also in the second set of minutes, there was a report of the commune's dealings with the lobbyist Bob Davis. In a meeting with Sheela, Isabel, K.D., and Niren, Davis had complained that the Rajneeshee were not taking his advice—that the guru's teachings always took precedence over political or legal counsel. Niren had taken Davis's side, Isabel had remained silent, and K.D. had supported Sheela against Davis. Later, Davis had told Jayananda that he would like to meet with him privately but that he would not deal with Sheela or K.D. The meeting apparently did not take place. According to the minutes, "Sheela and Bhagwan explained the trap involved. . . . Bhagwan called Jay and Isabel to tell them that we have to be a hundred per cent supportive and because we are a minority we have to be very assertive and very together to survive." The guru, in other words, had been responsible for undercutting Davis's excellent political advice, against the better judgment of Jayananda and Niren.

That the guru himself was directly responsible for the policy of provocation made a great deal of sense. Rajneesh, after all, had made a career of outrageousness. As an assistant professor at an obscure university from 1960 to 1966, he had drawn crowds in cities across India by attacking Gandhi, socialism, and orthodox Hinduism —just to provoke. Later, he had become the outrageous guru who attacked Pope John Paul II, Mother Teresa, and Morarji Desai. It had been a great success. Westerners had poured in and laughed at his anti-Catholic jokes, his anti-Semitic jokes, his anti-Hindu jokes, and his dirty jokes. He made his listeners feel that they belonged to an élite of true freethinkers, who saw beyond the superstitions and pathetic social props of everyone else's existence. Instinctively, perhaps, Rajneesh understood the sociology of in-groups and out-groups: he had talked about the provocation that people wearing red clothes and malas were to everyone else. At the same time, there seemed to be another purpose to his provocations.



In the set of minutes wherein it was reported that the guru congratulated Sheela for her feistiness, there was an entry a little farther down that read:

> He said we are not politicians so we don't need to please people for their votes. If we are silent, e.g. on TV when negative people are speaking against us it gives false impression, we should show them where they are coming from but not to be angry only assertive. He spoke about Pontius Pilate's wife persuading Pontius to listen to Jesus and he tried to advise Jesus how to be tactful, but Jesus would not compromise. We should not compromise but remain authentic to ourselves. We have nothing to lose, we have lost it anyway. "Life is such a little thing, so short anyway . . ."

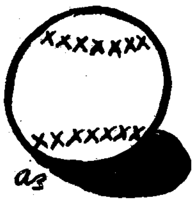
The story was hardly reassuring, considering what happened to Jesus when he refused to compromise. But it was vintage Rajneesh. At his ashram in Poona, Rajneesh had lectured on many occasions on the martyrdom of Jesus and Socrates, and had added more than once that his disciples would surely serve him better than Jesus' disciples had served their master. Martyrdom and persecution were constant themes with him. When he settled in Bombay, in 1970, and revealed that he had been enlightened twenty years before, he told a disciple that the reason he had not revealed this until then was that in all his years of travelling he could very easily have been killed by "the stupid mob." At the same time, he revealed that his last incarnation had been as a great sage seven hundred years ago, and that the reason he had not at that time escaped the great chain of being into Buddhahood was that he had allowed a disciple to kill him three days before his appointed death, so he would be able to return in the twentieth century. In Poona, just before leaving for the United States, Rajneesh told an audience that he would take the risk of exposing orthodox Hinduism (hardly an original risk with him), because "the most they can do is kill me." The year before, a Hindu had made a run at him with a knife in the middle of a lecture. The ashram press release on the incident read, in part:

> Today, in Buddha Hall, the history of assassination, abuse and hostility which has been India's reaction to all its great mystics and seers repeated itself. These are the people who stoned Buddha, tortured Mahavir and who now wish to silence Bhagwan.

This reading of Indian history, a history in which thousands of great mystics, including the Buddha, had died quite peacefully of old age, recalled Sheela's reading of Oregon history.

In the last few weeks before Rajneesh left Poona for the United States, there was, according to his biographer, an alarming increase in the number of threatening letters and phone calls to the ashram. (Most of the threats were apparently anonymous, but, according to an ashram press release, one was signed "Roman Catholics of Bombay and Poona.") Four days before Sheela put the guru on the plane, a fire broke out in a castle that Ma Yoga Laxmi, the secretary to the guru at that time, had leased for a "new commune" outside the town. The next day, arson destroyed a Rajneeshee book warehouse, and at the same time an explosive device was detonated at the ashram's medical center. No one was hurt in these incidents. The Indian police never discovered who or what caused the fires. The company that insured the warehouse contested the Rajneeshee's claim and, in the end, paid out only a minimal sum.

The guru had predicted acts of violence against him and his disciples. This took no great prescience, since he himself had done his best to provoke such acts. To be noted, however, was the fact that the acts of violence (including the ineffectual assassination attempt) did little damage to the ashram or its inhabitants. In any event, what caused far more trouble than any violence was the alienation of the Poona citizenry and the Indian government—resulting, as it did, in a denial of tax-exempt status for the ashram and the government's refusal to give the necessary permissions for the building of the new commune. In the fall of 1983, this pattern seemed to be repeating itself in Oregon. Sheela, K.D., and others were doing what they could to provoke violence from their neighbors, and it was not altogether out of the question that some hothead would start a fire on Rajneeshee property or take a potshot at someone. But the real damage that the provocation was doing was political. The constant prodding and poking of the Antelope people had created ripples of hostility across the state; it had turned the politicians and bureaucrats against the Rajneeshee and was slowly strangling the commune in litigation. With all the great ambitions the Rajneeshee had for their commune, they seemed quite unconscious of this banal form of danger; what they saw was merely the mythic drama that the guru had created around them.



BY the winter of 1983-84, many Rajneeshee-watchers in Oregon believed that some form of dénouement was inevitable. The Rajneeshee lawyers were still holding back all the legal challenges to the commune's existence, but there were a great many forces arrayed against them, and the Rajneeshee leaders seemed bent on a course of conflict. Considering the guru's interest in martyrdom, a number of Rajneeshee-watchers, including some Madras residents and former sannyasins, now feared the worst—that when the Rajneeshee leaders found themselves wholly frustrated they would create a violent confrontation and ask their disciples to give up their lives for the commune. To other people, including me, a Jonestown-style dénouement seemed quite unlikely. It would, I thought, be out of character for the Rajneeshee. In the first place, the guru was a survivor—that was his life story, his drama—and while he continued to flirt rhetorically with martyrdom he also continued to accumulate Rolls-Royces (there were now sixty or so in the garages around his house), diamond watches, and other consolation prizes for remaining on earth. Sheela, for her part, spent a great deal of time raising money for these and other extravagances; no one knew where the money went, or even how much of it there was, but Sheela, like Mme. Nhu and the other great iron butterflies of Asia, seemed to me a practical person when it came to money and personal survival. Also, she had a non-Rajneeshee brother in the United States—a financier of some undefined sort, whose very existence she kept a secret. Finally, the Rajneeshee sannyasins as a group did not seem to me the most likely candidates for self-immolation. They did not, after all, suffer from guilt or from lack of a sense of self-worth; their affliction was, rather, a sense of superiority, and certainly they overestimated their importance to the world. (Even those who disliked Sheela imagined that her television performances left a vivid impression on the whole American public.) If a crisis came, some might be capable of conceiving that they had to fight for the commune, but others, I felt quite strongly, would see a clear alternative in the hot tubs of Mill Valley. On the whole, it seemed to me more likely that the dénouement would come via the slow, mundane processes of politics and the law.

Eight months later, however, I could no longer be confident of this, for the Rajneeshee had made all the preparations for war. Beginning in the spring of 1984, disciples using their sannyasin names or their given names had gone to arms dealers in cities across the country; by the fall, they had amassed an arsenal that included a number of semi-automatic weapons—Uzi carbines and Galil assault rifles—and many rifles and handguns. They had tried to buy automatic weapons on a number of occasions, but the federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms had prevented the sales from going through—at least, when they tried to buy them legally. Sannyasins had also bought hundreds of human-silhouette targets for weapons training, and had spent twenty-five thousand dollars for ammunition (or more than half what the City of Portland spent for ammunition in that year). In addition to the Peace Force, there were now a hundred and fifty sannyasin security guards patrolling the ranch, and two helicopter-reconnaissance teams.

There were other ominous signals from the commune. In March of 1984, the guru had announced, through Sheela, that acquired-immunodeficiency syndrome, or AIDS, was the scourge predicted by Nostradamus: the disease would cover the earth, and billions of people would die from it in the next ten years. Only the Rajneeshee commune would be safe from it, the guru said, for protective measures would be adopted: sannyasins should stop sex altogether, or stay with one partner, or take extreme precautions. (The following day, the commune bought all the prophylactics and rubber gloves immediately available from suppliers in the state of Oregon.) The guru's message was shocking—particularly since it was only the third public statement he had made in the three years since he had come to the United States. The first was his prediction of nuclear war, and the second was his earthquake alert, which, among other things, brought a number of gay sannyasins from San Francisco to the commune. Rajneeshee spokesmen denied having anyone with AIDS in the commune, but, given the fact that the Rajneeshee never ad-

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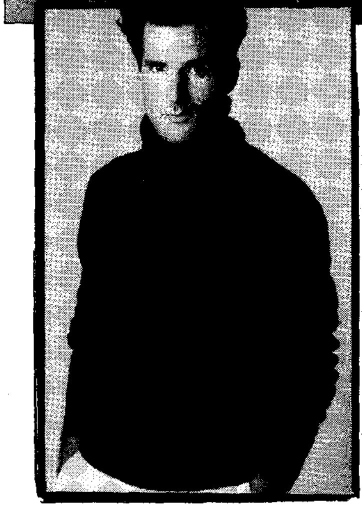

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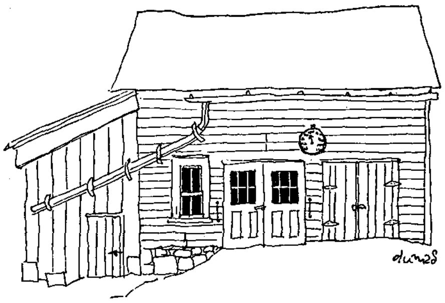
mitted to having any serious diseases, this seemed improbable. And some months later they built a rather elaborate gas-fired crematorium.

At about this time, extraordinary stories began to travel around the network of ex-sannyasins in the country. One story was that the Rajneeshee, believing in an imminent holocaust, were stocking caves in the mountains with all the necessities for survival, including microchips or computer tapes containing the information required to begin civilization all over again. A woman who described herself as a former aide to Sheela told me with some certainty that the commune was involved in a triangle trade of gold, drugs, and arms across the world: the guns and the drugs were hidden in caves, and the whole operation was (she suspected) run from a giant computer installed in Rajneesh's house. Another ex-sannyasin told me (though not for attribution) that the Rajneeshee had infiltrated the highest levels of the state government, and had blackmailed Oregon politicians with photographs of themselves in compromising positions with Rajneeshee women. Still another ex-sannyasin—now one of the group's most outspoken opponents—told me there might be an esoteric death cult in the commune: a sannyasin who had just left the ranch had told him there were rumors of an inner sanctum where the goddess Kali was worshipped and there had been a human sacrifice. There was, of course, no evidence for any of this, but, with the AIDS alarm, the weapons purchases, and the building of the crematorium, it was not impossible to dismiss any mythopoetic scenario out of hand.

In June, the word went out informally along sannyasin networks that the guru might "drop his body"—that is, die—during the Master's Day Festival, in July. Many outsiders, however, suspected that there was a banal reason for this, and, a year later, when the *Oregonian* published its investigative series, they found their suspicions confirmed. According to *Oregonian* reporters, the European movement had flourished in the first two years after the exodus from Poona. Sannyasins had opened dozens of new centers and started small businesses—restaurants, bookstores, meditation classes, and so on. But beginning in 1982 Sheela and her minions—Arup, the coördinator of the Rajneeshee therapy and meditation centers; Sushila, the main fundraiser; and others—made a concerted effort to rationalize these centers and bring them under the control of the ranch. They ordered the small centers closed, and insisted that all sannyasins live together in large communes in the major cities. They then required these large communes to start ambitious new businesses with their own capital—the Rajneeshee financial organizations accepting their profits but not their losses or debts. While denying that the ranch had any control over the other communes, Sheela's group insisted on standardization of logos, restaurant food, therapies, and so on. "All the communes are patterned exactly alike . . . exactly patterned like the commune here," Rajneesh said at one point. Finally, of course, the European communes were required to contribute heavily to the ranch in Oregon. These measures, combined with the high-handed manner of "the duchesses" (as Sheela and her principal assistants were now called), did not sit well with the sannyasins in Europe. A number of the therapists there had become quite successful in their own right, and they assumed that they had a direct, personal relationship with the guru. Most ordinary sannyasins could not or would not move to the large communes. And a good deal of the business advice turned out to be bad. The result was turmoil in the movement. Some of the therapists refused to close their centers and were "excommunicated" by Sheela; others obeyed orders but then lost their followings. A number of the large communes had business failures. Indeed, in February of 1984, the very month that *Der Spiegel* did a story on the Rajneeshee, some Rajneeshee discos in West Germany failed; as for a "chain of hotels" mentioned in the story, it never materialized. Then, with the small centers closed, the Rajneeshee had lost their most effective recruitment centers, and the numbers of new people dropped off. The leaders had, in other words, managed, in an excess of tidiness, to cut off the roots and branches of the movement.

Rajneeshee financial statements for 1981 through 1983 showed a total of twenty million dollars in gifts to the Rajneesh Foundation International and the commune, but in sharply decreasing amounts over that time. The foundation, for example, received five million one hundred thousand dollars in 1981 and only one million three hundred thousand in 1983. (What these sums represented in terms of the total of Rajneeshee funds was not at all clear, but the relative decline was nonetheless significant.) The decrease in contributions would not have mattered, of course, if the ranch businesses had grown increasingly successful, but this had not happened. In the spring of 1984, the leaders must have anticipated that the Master's Day Festival would bring fewer people than it had the year before, and it was for this reason that the word went out that the guru might "drop his body." But in the event the guru made no move to shed his mortal coil, and the festival went off without incident—except that Sheela, packing a Smith & Wesson revolver, managed to terrify a number of reporters. Then, too, in spite of the fact that no good sannyasin would have wished to miss the guru's moment of passage, there were noticeably fewer people at the festival than there had been the year before. In the weeks following, ranch personnel wrote or telephoned every American sannyasin and every American who had ever stayed at the ranch to offer a six weeks' to three months' stay in Rajneeshpuram at reduced rates—indeed, virtually free of charge. But very few people accepted. "We opened up the ranch to all in the United States, and nobody came," Ma Satya Bharti, a long-term sannyasin, told me later. "Bhagwan does not seem to attract so many Americans these days." At the time, however, the very small number of American arrivals must have surprised the ranch leaders, for, as it turned out, they had big plans.



At the end of August, the Rajneeshee announced that they were collecting homeless people from big cities across the United States—New York, Los Angeles, Houston, Miami, Chicago—and busing them to the ranch to live there. In this "Share-A-Home" program, the homeless would be given room and board; they would be free to work on the commune if they wanted to and free to leave when they liked; if they left, they would be given bus tickets to the city of their choice. It was, the Rajneeshee said, an experiment in communal living: "We have such abundance here we want to share

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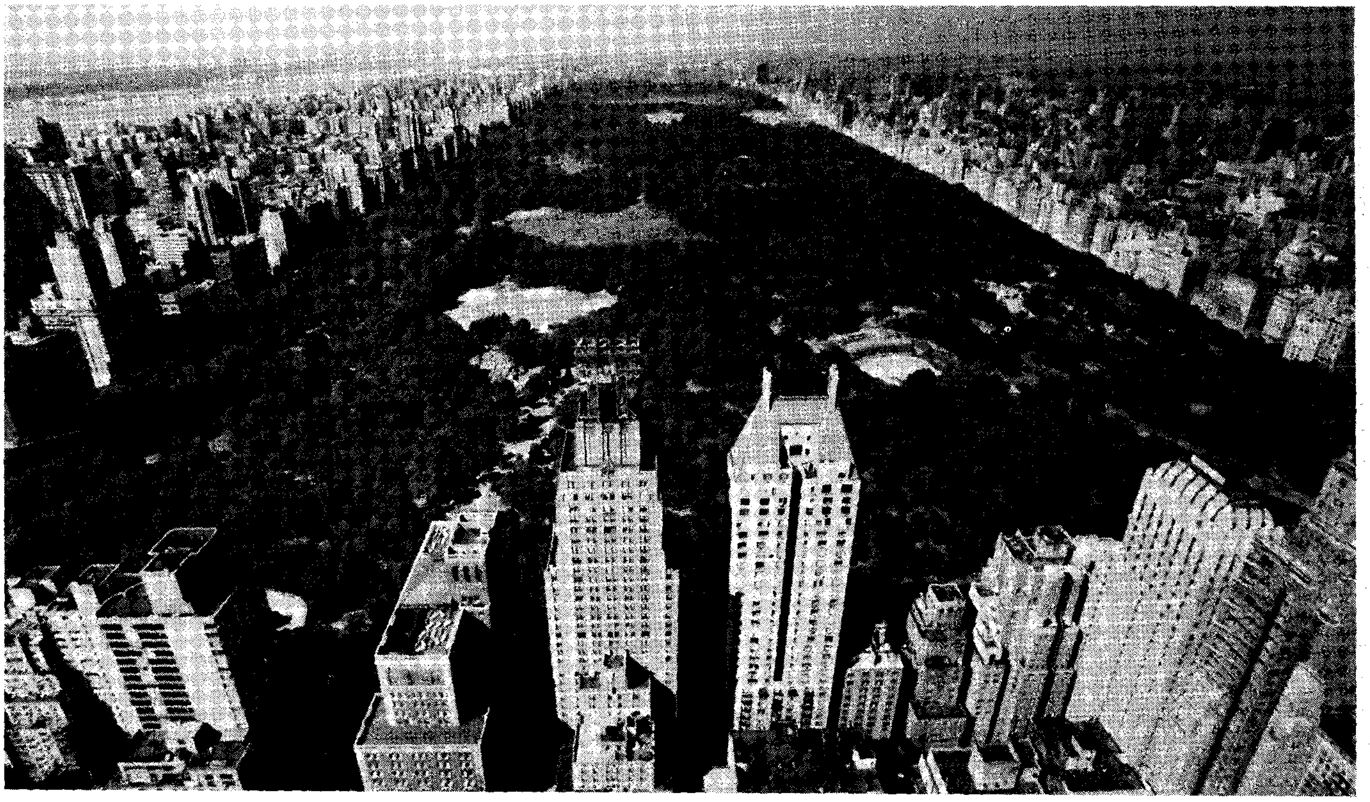

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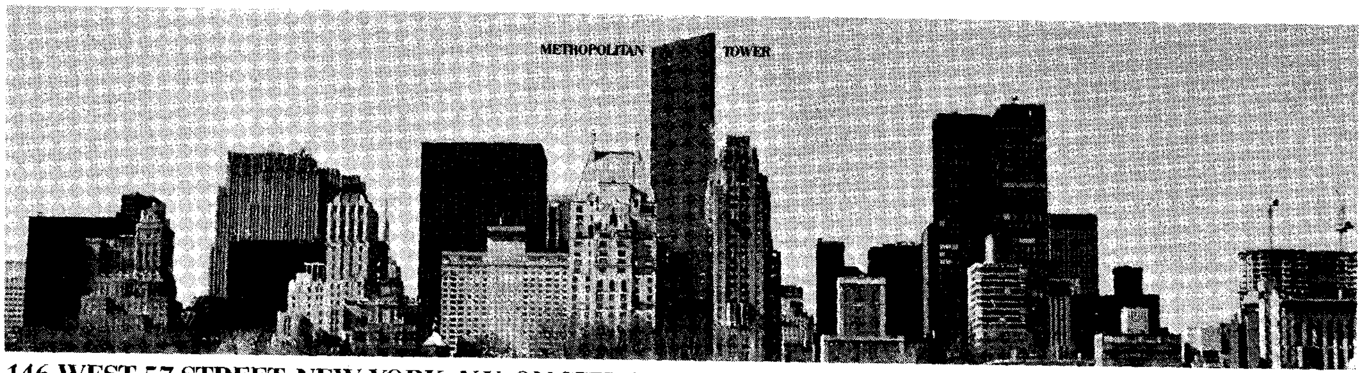

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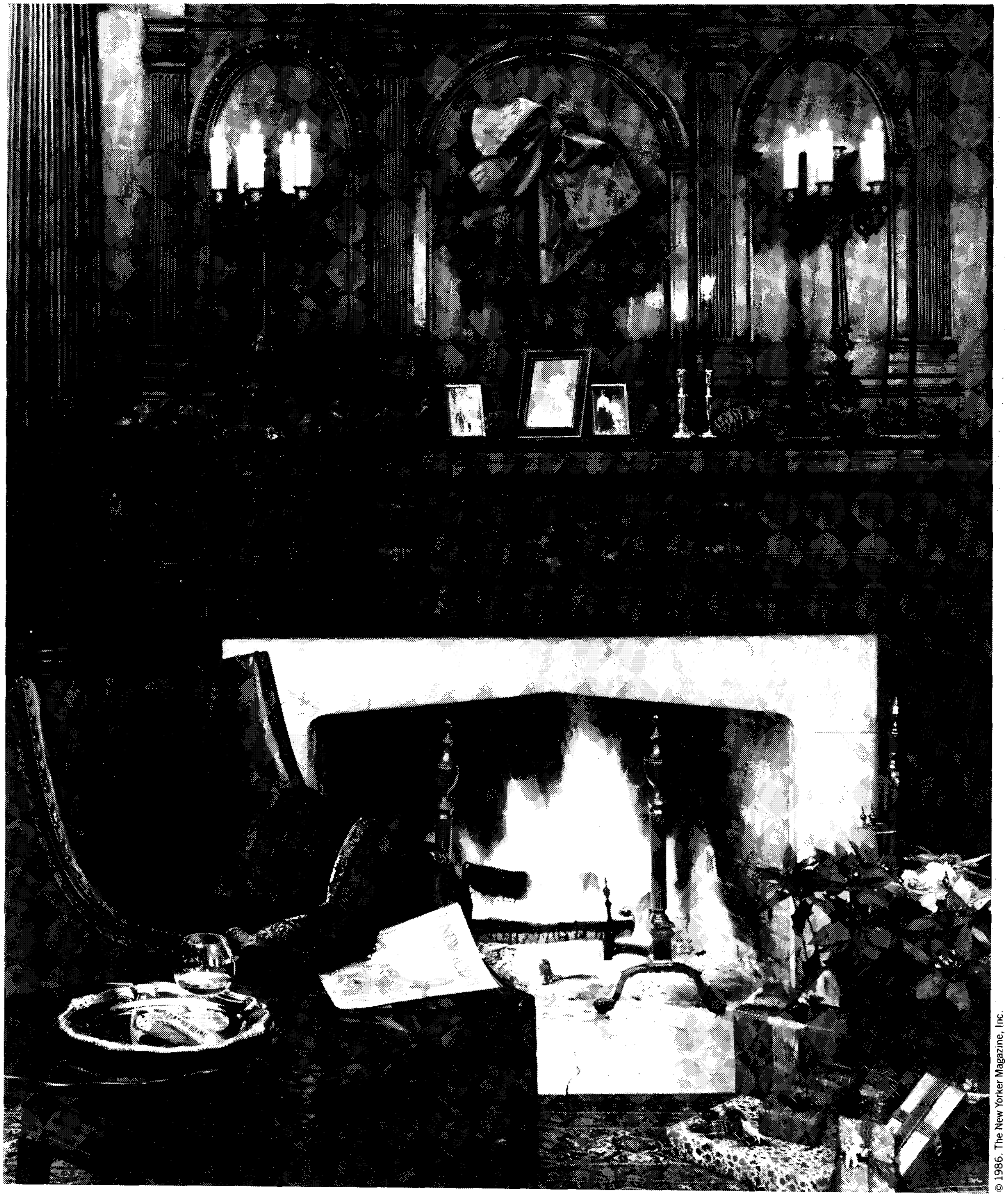
it." When journalists remarked that altruism ran counter to the usual philosophy of the commune, Isabel said, "We don't have at all the traditional approach to charity. We are sharing something we have—a beautiful life style, a beautiful environment." By September 6th, there were, according to the Rajneeshee, six hundred homeless people on the ranch; by October 1st, there were by their count two thousand. And by this time many Oregonians were quite beside themselves.

According to reporters—now flocking to the ranch from all over the country—the "homeless" included derelicts, people down on their luck, curiosity seekers, hitchhikers who had run out of money, drunks, petty criminals (or former petty criminals), and street hustlers. Many of them were black, and all of them were over eighteen. (Rajneeshee charity apparently did not extend to homeless families.) Out-of-state reporters could not help seeing some comedy in the spectacle of hundreds of street people suddenly delivered into cowboy country to join a lot of human-potential-movement therapists and an Indian guru with sixty-odd Rolls-Royces. Central Oregonians, however, were not amused. They were not, to begin with, keen on having new neighbors of this sort, and after that came the question of what the Rajneeshee intended to do with these people. The commune had an arsenal, and many of the "homeless" were tough-looking young men. Would they be given terrorist training? Drugged into zombies? Or simply let loose on the streets of Madras and The Dalles with knives? The darkest suspicions abounded. On September 26th, the state attorney general's office called a meeting of some forty top-ranking police, military, and civilian officials in the state. All concerned refused to say even what agencies were represented at the meeting—much less what was discussed. They did, however, set up an information hot line for rumor control.

THE dominant view in Oregon was that the Rajneeshee were importing street people as voters and were planning to take over Wasco County in the November election. The theory was not farfetched, for two of the three seats on the Wasco County commission would be on the ballot on November 6th, and the relationship between the Rajneeshee and Wasco County had become strained. In recent months, the commissioners had, among other things, voted to repeal Rajneeshpuram's comprehensive city plan, delayed the permit for the Master's Day Festival, and denied tax-exempt status to Rajneesh Mandir, the religious-meeting hall. The Rajneeshee, for their part, had changed the name of their second city from Antelope to Rajneesh. The county planner, Dan Durow, had tried to visit Rajneeshpuram twice, but both times had found Rajneeshee vehicles blocking the roads. Then, on August 29th, three county commissioners had visited the ranch, and two of them had become ill. The chairman of the commission, Judge William Hulse, later testified that the three had toured the ranch in a Rajneeshee car and returned to the visitors' center to find his car with a flat tire. During a long wait while the tire was changed, Sheela had offered the three men glasses of water; the glasses had been brought out by a woman from the Rajneeshee medical services. They had drunk the water, and later Hulse (who had taken the strongest line against the Rajneeshee) became very sick and went to the hospital, and nearly died; the second commissioner was slightly ill, and the third unaffected. Two weeks later, there was a large and mysterious outbreak of salmonella poisoning in The Dalles. The infection, it was discovered, came from the salad bars of eight separate restaurants, but it could not, as is normal in such cases, be traced to a single food source or a single group of food handlers. About seven hundred and fifty people were taken ill, and, because of Hulse's experience, many people believed that the Rajneeshee had poisoned them.

The Rajneeshee indignantly denied that they had imported the street people for the election (and, of course, denied the suggestion about the poisoning); their only desire, they said, was to share their wealth and "inspire a life of dignity with love and respect." They added, however, that the people in their Share-A-Home program might vote in the election, as was their constitutional right. The announcement had a marvellous effect on citizenship in Wasco County: it inspired two thousand non-Rajneeshee to get out and register, bringing the voting rolls from twelve thousand to fourteen thousand. (About eight hundred and fifty were previously registered Rajneeshee.) It also inspired a fundamentalist group based in Albany, Oregon, to threaten to bring thousands of people from around the state to vote in the Wasco County election. On October 5th, Sheela announced that the Rajneeshee were putting up two write-in candidates for the Wasco County commission; two days later, a ranch spokesman said that there were now seven thousand people in Rajneeshpuram—fifteen hundred residents, fifteen hundred paying guests, and four thousand in the Share-A-Home program. Apparently, it was Antelope all over again, but on a much larger scale. This time, however, Norma Paulus, the Oregon secretary of state, was prepared. On October 10th, she brought voter registration in Wasco County to a halt and afterward set up a special hearing process for all prospective voters: at mass hearings in The Dalles on November 1st and 2nd, a few days before the election, fifty lawyers would interview all those wishing to register and would make their own subjective judgment about each applicant's intent to reside in Wasco County. The Rajneeshee protested the order and took it to court, but in court the order was upheld.

On October 17th, the last day newcomers to the county could sign up to vote in the county election, the Rajneeshee were dispatching aircraft—three DC-3s and two Convairs—around the neighboring states to bring in sannyasins. The next day, Isabel announced that the Share-A-Home program had reached capacity and the recruitment of street people had stopped. By October 21st, Sue Proffitt, the Wasco County clerk, had received three thousand voter-registration cards from Rajneeshpuram—all of them since October 10th—and more were coming in daily. She was also, she said, receiving fraudulent voting cards in the names of non-Rajneeshee citizens. She said she knew they were fraudulent because she knew some of the names and they belonged to people who had already registered with different addresses, or they belonged to people who had died. Around the same time, Wayne Fawbush, the county representative to the state legislature, up for reëlection, and another Rajneeshee opponent discovered that fraudu-



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lent letters were going out over their signatures.

Then, on October 26th, a Rajneeshee city official announced that she was going to urge all Rajneeshee to boycott the county election. Ever since the Paulus order came down, Rajneeshee spokesmen had been complaining that it was unjust for their prospective voters to have to go to The Dalles, a hundred miles away; now Krishna Deva said that Rajneeshpuram lacked the transport to take all the Rajneeshee people to the hearings. On November 1st and 2nd, the dates of the scheduled hearings, fifty volunteer lawyers sat idle in The Dalles armory: the street people never showed up. The Rajneeshee entered pollbook challenges against the two thousand-odd Wasco County voters, and warned that a contested election might result. Later, however, they called off the challenges, and on November 6th most of their registered voters voted only for their own municipal offices. Ten days later, a spokesman said that about half the street people had left Rajneeshpuram, and only two thousand remained.

The Rajneeshee, it appeared, had made a stunning series of miscalculations. In the first place, they never came close to having enough voters to win. Even if the non-Rajneeshee had split their votes evenly between the two non-Rajneeshee candidates for each job (an extremely unlikely event if a Rajneeshee was in the race), the Rajneeshee candidates would have had to have over seven thousand votes each in order to win. On October 10th, the Rajneeshee claimed to have seven thousand people on the ranch, but, according to observers, they had nowhere near that many. They had, after all, very few paying guests, and though they bused a total of forty-two hundred street people to the ranch, some of the homeless left just a week after the first bus pulled in, and after that there was a steady exodus. Only three thousand people ever signed voting cards, and some of them had left by the end of October. In fact, the Rajneeshee could have hoped to win only by fraud—for example, by overwhelming the Wasco County system with a mass of new registrations just before the election, by casting votes in the names of street people who had already left (or who did not exist), and by putting enough fraudulent voter cards into the system to contest all the new Wasco County voters successfully. Norma Paulus had most efficiently prevented any of this from happening. But if she had not taken action Wasco County officials surely would have. That the Rajneeshee leaders had somehow imagined that the county and the state would let them get away with rigging an election showed just how far they had retreated into their world of illusion.

What happened to all the street people no outsider knew precisely. Some of those who talked to reporters said they had had a good time in Rajneeshpuram: they had had free room and board, people were nice, it was a change of scene. Others clearly couldn't stand the wide open spaces. Still others objected to the regimentation: they had been searched and given medical tests, and there were guards everywhere with guns. Some thought that they had landed in some kind of Jonestown and that the Rajneeshee were putting drugs in their food. The last, I thought at the time, was quite probably true. In the first place, the Rajneeshee had in their charge a number of alcoholics and others who might well become violent. In the second place, the Oregon Board of Medical Examiners discovered that the Rajneeshee had bought large quantities of Haldol, a colorless, odorless, and tasteless tranquillizer. In the third place, there was one known casualty of the experience: a man found dead of hypothermia behind a tavern in a Central Oregon town; in his blood was an antidepressant, which the Rajneeshee admitted he had received in Rajneeshpuram. In the beginning, the Rajneeshee had offered round-trip tickets to the ranch, but so many people left after a week or so that from September 23rd on they offered only a one-way ticket. When the newer recruits insisted on leaving, the Rajneeshee simply bused them off the ranch and dumped them in some Oregon town. Oregonians protested mightily, and Curtis Sliwa, the founder of the Guardian Angels, came all the way from New York to demonstrate against the Rajneeshee, but to no avail. Street people kept turning up in Madras, Portland, and The Dalles, often without money or winter clothes. Churches helped them, and the Salvation Army spent a hundred thousand dollars to feed them and provide them with bus tickets back home. In February, a Rajneeshee spokesman, the therapist Swami Prem Siddha, said that from eight to nine hundred remained on the ranch, but outsiders estimated that there were two hundred or fewer.

For the Rajneeshee, this whole enterprise was very expensive. According to their spokesmen, it cost a million dollars. Whether the figure was accurate or not, it cost a great deal of money they could ill afford to lose just then, and it spurred a great many people into action against them. The two major cases against them—the land-use case and the church-state case—were still in litigation; the I.N.S. ruling was still pending; and a number of old grievance cases were still in the works. But now a number of new suits were filed. Margaret Hill, her son, and the woman whose husband had died in a hunting accident brought suit against Sheela for her behavior in the school-board meeting. A lawyer representing seven street people sued the Rajneeshee, claiming fraud, coercion, physical abuse, and theft. A former Rajneeshee, Helen C. Byron, brought suit claiming that she was deceived into giving the group three hundred and ten thousand dollars in Poona, and a local judge awarded her one million seven hundred thousand dollars in damages. The list went on. And the legal problems for the Rajneeshee were now compounded by the fact that it was hard to find, anywhere in the state, twelve jurors unbiased against them. A study that their legal services had commissioned from a Portland research group showed that over two-thirds of the people in four counties believed that the Rajneeshee were using the legal system unfairly and would lie to further their own interests; only thirty per cent of those surveyed believed that the Rajneeshee "were not hurting anyone and should be left alone."

Oregon politicians and officials were now under heavy pressure to do something about the Rajneeshee, and the politicians who represented Central Oregon had strong feelings of their own. In November of 1984, United States Representative James Weaver and two of his colleagues held hearings on the Rajneeshee's use of federal land in and around the ranch, and made as much trouble as they could on this score. In the next six months, Wayne Fawbush and Billy Bellamy, the local representatives to the state legislature, introduced three separate bills aimed at the Rajneeshee, and Fawbush started a petition drive to put a measure on the ballot that would repeal the charter of Rajneesh City, on the ground that it violated the separation of church and state. In March of 1985, the state superintendent of schools, Verne Duncan, noted (for the first time) that the work-study program in the Rajneeshee school put public-school children to work in religious organizations, and he threatened to cut off state aid to the school. The Rajneeshee protested but finally dismantled the program. In late November of 1984, the county planner, Dan Durow, finally gaining access to Rajneeshpuram, took a look at six hundred and forty structures that the Rajneeshee called "winterized tents," and decided they were permanent structures built without permits. The state then issued fines totalling one million four hundred thousand dollars for violations of the electrical code, and though the fines were eventually reduced in court, the Rajneeshee did have to dismantle the structures. A week later, a fire broke out in the offices of the Wasco County Planning Department, destroying a third to a half of the county records; police in The Dalles believed that it was arson, because file drawers were open and records had been vandalized before the fire broke out.

On June 21, 1985, the Rajneeshee filed a suit alleging that state and county officials had conspired in an attempt to drive them out of Oregon; they named the governor, the attorney general, a number of Wasco County officials, and Henry R. Richmond, the head of 1000 Friends, as defendants. This suit, however, was eclipsed by one that they had brought against Attorney General Edwin Meese; Secretary of State George Shultz and the State Department; and the commissioner of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, Alan C. Nelson, and eight other I.N.S. officials, accusing them of engaging in "a religious-based discriminatory program of unlawful and intrusive monitoring, surveillance and purported 'investigation'" that violated their constitutional rights. The suit—the Rajneeshee nicknamed it God v. the Universe—was clearly a preëmptive strike at the I.N.S. proceedings against them. Sheela claimed to have

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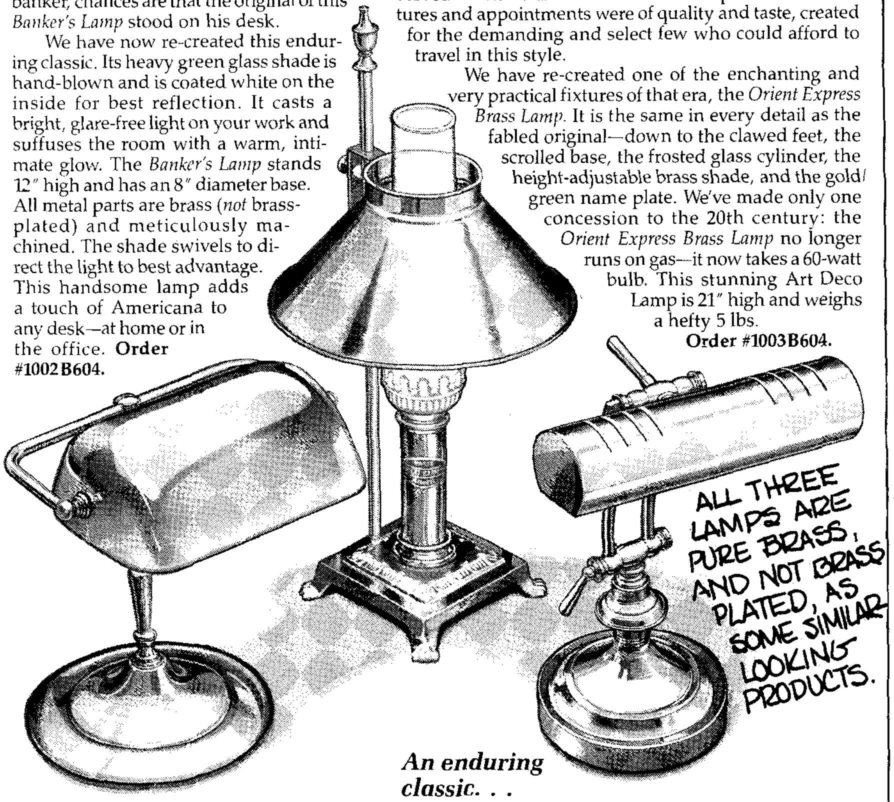
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information that a federal grand-jury indictment was pending, and that she and the guru would be arrested. But no indictment occurred and no arrests were made.

"God" was by this time speaking in public again—just as he had promised he would "if money becomes too difficult." He had begun giving lectures to small groups of sannyasins the previous fall. (The lectures were videotaped and shown to the ranch population the day after.) His first lecture was on October 30th—a week and a half after the Rajneeshee decided to boycott the election and give up on the Share-A-Home program. The guru lectured to small groups for the next eight months. On June 30th, just before the 1985 Master's Day Festival, he began giving public lectures, mornings, in the meeting hall. Asked why he had resumed lecturing, he said that he had stopped in order to create a hiatus in his own work and to get rid of a lot of people who had been hanging around him just for his words. But if that had been his purpose he had apparently succeeded all too well, for the festival that year drew far fewer people than had come the year before. By all accounts, the European movement was now in disastrous decline: two large communes in England had closed, and so had centers in France, Italy, and Scandinavia; now there were only nine communes left—one in Amsterdam, one in Zurich, and the rest in West Germany. When the festival was over, Rajneesh held a press conference—the first he had given in the United States—and thereafter granted interviews to virtually any journalist who put in a request.

At the end of August, when I visited the ranch once again, Rajneeshpuram looked empty and motionless by comparison with the way it had been in 1983. There were a few more buildings than there had been two years before—a hotel, a new visitors' center, and a two-story mall—but most of these had been under construction or in the advanced planning stage then. The building moratorium was still in effect, but that was not the reason for the change, because the Rajneeshee had not used all the permits they had. A huge prefab-housing complex they had bought from a defunct mine and stuck up in Antelope remained unfinished, and a row of bulldozers lay idle in front of it. On the ranch, the creeks were flowing and the farmland looked lush and green, but there was very little new acreage under cultivation, the landscaping was minimal (rows of trees had been planted just in time for the summer festival and, predictably, had died of the heat), and the horses kept for pleasure riding had gone. Most striking, however, was the quietness of the place. The hotel was almost empty, the lake was deserted, and the visitors' center had few visitors: a few family members, and a few journalists who had come to interview the guru. For most of the day, the town was as quiet as any other small Oregon town. Isabel told me that there were forty-five hundred people on the ranch, but this simply could not have been true. Counting heads in the cafeteria and at the guru's daily lectures (which most people on the ranch attended every other day), I estimated that the population could not be over two thousand.

The atmosphere in this half ghost town was decidedly spooky. For one thing, there were security guards all over the ranch, and the restrictions on visitors were like those of a federal prison. From the entrance of the ranch to the visitors' center, there were five guard posts, each staffed by two Rajneeshee in pink uniforms. At the visitors' center, there were more uniformed guards, with guard dogs, and all comers were searched. Visitors were now asked to sign three separate regulation forms before being given an identification bracelet that allowed them into the commune. Visitors, I discovered, could drive on the county roads, go to their lodgings, and walk around the mall in the center of town unaccompanied, but virtually everything else on the ranch was off limits to them. Security guards posted beside the roads and in front of buildings would stop you if you went off course. The only hiking trail open was a short one that led around the lake and past the crematorium; visitors had to check in at the visitors' center before and after taking this walk. Then, too, there seemed to be places where even resident sannyasins were forbidden to go. Beyond the farm—which I visited with Isabel—there was a "No Hiking" sign on the path where I had once walked along the John Day River. All this created a sense of constriction and threat—a feeling strengthened by the fact that the guards and the ranch managers could not, or would not, explain the reasons for the particular barriers and roadblocks. Taking a stroll one evening, I was stopped a few hundred yards from the hotel by a guard who told me I could not go into an area where sannyasins were planting shrubs, since that was a "worship site;" she said she really didn't know the reason for the regulation, but perhaps it was to prevent visitors from disturbing sannyasins. Isabel pleaded ignorance about the "No Hiking" sign, and Wadud told me he had no idea of the reasons for specific regulations. He did say, however, that security at the ranch was very important—far more important than the convenience of visitors. He said that his life had been threatened in The Dalles, and that the security measures were alone responsible for the fact that Bhagwan was still alive today and the commune was intact. The paranoia in the air persuaded me not to say very much over the telephone, and to interview lower-level sannyasins only outside the hotel. What I could not decide was whether the Rajneeshee leaders had something to hide or had created this atmosphere for mythopoetic purposes alone.

Along with the security restrictions, a miasma of secrecy and prevarication had risen up through the commune. Ranch managers would tell me that their production had doubled in two years, and then give me the same figures they had given me two years before. Their estimates of net worth in Oregon had always been inflated, but now they were four times the figures that had appeared on their last financial statement to the Internal Revenue Service. One of the Twinkies told me that more than four hundred street people remained on the ranch; two ordinary sannyasins told me that there might be a hundred; I saw only a handful I could recognize as such. (On the farm, Neehar pointed out three young black men working on the farm machinery, apparently with enthusiasm.) So it went with most matters of fact. In some cases, I got three or four different answers to a question, and in some cases none. Wadud lied to me about a matter of public record—a lawsuit he was being deposed for—when he thought I knew nothing about the issue. The Twinkies would evade factual questions or contradict the evidence before one's eyes. This was disconcerting, particularly since in many cases it was difficult to figure out why they went to the trouble. Ordinary sannyasins sometimes gave me more plausible answers to questions of fact than the Twinkies or the ranch managers did. But often they would plead ignorance or recite, with great earnestness and every appearance of sincerity, the line the Twinkies had given me. About half the people I had seen before, including Siddha and another therapist, had left the commune.

Another strange thing about the commune was the series of measures it had adopted to prevent the spread of AIDS. Since the guru's announcement about it the year before, the commune had been supplying condoms and rubber gloves along with the toothpaste. More recently, however, Ma Anand Puja, who had been the medical coördinator and was now the secretary-treasurer of the Rajneesh Medical Corporation, had drawn up a long list of rules for AIDS prevention, covering not just sex but eating, drinking, swimming, and other activities. All sannyasins, for example, now had to wash their hands with alcohol before going into the food line; they were not to share food, drink, or cigarettes, and if they were sharing a candy bar they had to break it with the wrapper on. If they used a public restroom, they were to bring a small bottle of alcohol and wash the toilet seat, the faucets, and the doorknobs. They were to clean telephone mouthpieces with alcohol and to wash before swimming in the lake. They were not to lick envelopes, lick their fingers to turn the pages of books or newspapers, or lick thread when threading a needle. Dentists on the ranch had to wear gowns, masks, gloves, and "protective eyewear," and large electric bug killers had been put outside the residential buildings and kitchens, in case mosquitoes could transmit the AIDS virus. Now each bathroom had a regular wastebasket and a plastic-lined basket marked "CONTAMINATED WASTES," in which residents were to put everything touched by their bodily fluids, including cigarettes and gum.

The Rajneeshee were, of course, right to take precautions against AIDS. In a small, sexually active community such as theirs, the disease, once introduced, could actually wipe out the population. They would have been right to follow the recommendations of AIDS experts, and then take some further precautions for good measure, since there were still a few medical uncertainties about the transmission of the disease. But the regulations that

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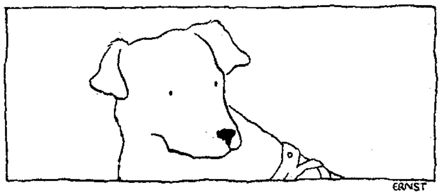
Puja had drawn up and they were now observing were obviously excessive. Not only did these regulations go far beyond anything recommended by public-health authorities but some of them, such as the injunction not to lick thread, had nothing to do with the exchange of bodily fluids. All this was not for lack of expertise or information. The Rajneeshee doctors had clearly read all the AIDS literature available, for they published the most current information week by week in the *Rajneesh Times*.

Wondering about the reasons for these measures, I remembered that the commune had always been fairly compulsive about cleanliness—or, anyway, about the disposal of its wastes. From the beginning, it had sorted its garbage into five categories—compost, recyclable paper, recyclable cans, glass, and trash. That had seemed sound environmentalism, and it still did. But now there were new measures. Videh, who had been worrying about the pollutant effect of detergents when I was last there, was now worrying about the small amounts of chemical wastes (Clorox, photographers' developing solution, and so on) that the commune had accumulated. Neehar, taking me on a tour of his impeccably clean farm buildings, told me that sannyasins now cleaned up the manure in the cow barns every few hours. Neither Videh's concerns nor Neehar's measures seemed wholly irrational in themselves, but when they were seen in the light of the AIDS-prevention measures they suggested that the commune had become obsessed by pollution—obsessed by what happened to its bodily fluids and wastes. Then, too, the concern about pollution had an analogy in the clearly excessive security measures and restrictions, and in the attempt by Sheela and the others to control and regulate the European communes. The impulse in each case was to control, and the concern in each case was for purity. What seemed most extraordinary about all this was that in Poona the commune had been just the opposite. There the Rajneeshee had celebrated spontaneity, sexual abandon, "openness," nakedness, chaos, and a "dissolving," or "melting," of the individual into the group. In Oregon, the commune had clenched up like a muscle to become rigid, controlling, compulsive. Possibly, I thought, its concern for purity was a reaction against the disorder and impurity of its past in India. But possibly it was a clenching up in fear of losing its own membership, its own substance.

Then, too, another tendency in the commune had developed in two years: in ceremony, costume, and hierarchy, the religious organization had become elaborate, even baroque. The degrees and titles awarded to the leaders had, for example, increased four times over. Sheela was now formally known as Bodhisattva Ma Anand Sheela, M.M., D.Phil.M., D.Litt.M.(RIMU), Acharya. One of the editors of the guru's lectures was called Sambodhi Ma Prem Maneesha, S.R.N., S.R.M., R.M.N., M.M., D.Phil.M.(RIMU), Acharya. Just as before, the therapist Rajen told me that the titles and the degrees, which were from Rajneesh International Meditation University, meant nothing to him—they were for newcomers. But now there were no newcomers; the university and the meditation and therapy center were almost empty the day I went to see him. As before, Rajen could not, or would not, tell me who had invented all these titles. But Sheela seemed to me a likely candidate. For a year or so now, Sheela had been dressing for special occasions—such as press conferences—in long red robes with the Rajneeshee symbol embroidered on the front, a mala with pearl or diamond beads, and, on her head, an embroidered scarf. It was papal raiment. But then for a year or more the guru himself had been dressed up like a Christmas tree in glittering robes and diamond watches. In Poona, he had worn plain white. He had always liked a little theatre, but now he went in for pageantry. When he drove the few hundred yards from his house to the lecture hall, or the half mile to Sheela's compound for a press interview, his Rolls-Royce (now a stretch limousine, chauffeur-driven) would be accompanied not only by guard cars but also by two helicopters, their racket enormous in the narrow canyons of the ranch. In the lecture hall, he sat flanked by four guards, two of them with Uzis at the ready, and four more guards on a catwalk overhead raked the audience with their binoculars. When he went to a press interview, a small crowd of sannyasins would be standing in front of Sheela's compound clapping, singing, and waiting to throw rose petals in his path. Two and a half hours later, the crowd would still be there, to applaud the conclusion of the interview and to throw more rose petals. The performance was a cross between Oscar night and a Latin-American dictator's evening out.



To listen to Rajneesh lecture, however, was to understand some of his attraction for his disciples. He was—in a way that could not be appreciated on videotape—a brilliant lecturer. He spoke slowly—the right pace for a large lecture hall. Every sentence was well formed, and his timing was perfect. The gist of his lectures was familiar to me from his books, but what I had not gathered from reading the lectures was his talent as a comedian. The jokes sounded better than they read, but far better were the comic riffs he would go off into once or twice in a lecture—little experiments in language and the play of associations. Also, Rajneesh was a world-class hypnotist. One of his lectures ended with a description of a dewdrop sliding off a lotus leaf and being carried down a stream to the ocean. It put virtually everyone in his audience into an alpha-wave state at ten in the morning. But Rajneesh's talents as a speaker did not come across in his television interviews. The interview was not his forte—he needed the long form to draw the audience into his world—and television was too close and intimate a medium for a stage performer. What was more, he seemed to be trying too hard in the interviews. He would speak ill of Jesus, talk about his own past sex life, make funny faces—anything to entertain or to shock. It was, in fact, buffoonery, and it made some reporters feel that they were being used. Isabel, of course, thought that the interviews were wonderful; she thought that Rajneesh was attracting favorable attention, which, in turn, would attract people to the ranch. But if this was the purpose of his giving interviews, the results were not appreciable two months after he had begun.

Possibly, the day for gurus—or gurus of this sort—had passed. Wadud said as much. He said that people were not now drawn to the Buddhafield for spiritual reasons, because they did not understand the master-disciple relationship. His plan, therefore, was to create programs for alcoholics, drug abusers, and others in need of healing to attract people to the religion. This seemed to me something of a last resort. A survey done by four psychology professors from the University of Oregon in 1983 found that the average age of sannyasins was thirty-four; and a survey done this year showed it to be thirty-seven. The Rajneeshee had thus simply grown older; and they had lost a good many of their number.

In two years, the commune leaders had done a lot of things that ordinary sannyasins might have construed as contradictory, stupid, vicious, or crazy. Those who left had doubtless construed them as such. But those who remained denied the existence of what could be denied—the attempt to rig the Wasco County election, for example—and for the rest they used the magic formula the guru had given them: the formula that would turn wrong into right and evil into good. In the past, I had suspected that this formula was simply a trick, which would not work when it was put to any real test. But now it was clear that for a fair number it had worked. On the subject of the security measures, for example, the ordinary sannyasins I spoke with told me that they actually liked having the guards around, because the guards helped them come to terms with their own true feelings about policemen, guns, and violence.

Sannyasins used a similar variety of reasoning to explain the virtues of the Share-A-Home program. A former Marxist historian from New York whom I had met on my first trip said, "At first, I didn't know what the idea was. The mall at the center of town looked like Forty-second Street—everyone hanging about with ghetto blasters. But then I thought it was really beautiful: it was pushing a lot of buttons, shaking us up. A lot of liberal shit came out—you know, people thinking that because someone was black he or she could do no wrong. It was a wonderful way for us to look at ourselves." As a postscript, the former Marxist added that some of the Share-A-Home people had stayed on (though he didn't know how many), and that they were beautiful people.

Rajen had a slightly different version of the same event. He told me that he and a number of the other therapists had led dance and rap groups for some of the street people in the meditation hall. "We tried to help them express themselves," he said. "The idea was for them to say what they wanted to and get rid of their defenses and the

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rest of the garbage they had brought with them."

Garbage! The word leaped out at me. I had forgotten that "getting rid of garbage," or "shit," as the historian had put it, was a central concept in the human-potential movement. Now everything had been transmuted into it, including the most useful kind of suspicion.

"It was wonderful for me," Rajen went on. "It changed my work—it fine-tuned it. These people were so defensive they would react to the slightest hint of tension in your voice and interpret the slightest flippancy as a put-down. So I had to let go of something in myself. I had to become more loving. The media focussed entirely on what happened to *them.* But we focussed on what happened to *us*—and, of course, on those who stayed. The whole experience left us more relaxed, more able to be happy and in love."

Not one sannyasin I spoke with expressed concern for the street people who had left or who had been ejected by the commune. A number of people, however, told me how much more relaxed and happy and in love they now were. Niren told me this when I met him for dinner in the commune's restaurant. He had been talking with Krishna Deva in the bar, and he seemed very tense; he snapped at me and did not relax until Isabel came and sat down.

During my visit, Puja put out a press release saying that the Rajneeshee medical service was in the process of giving the AIDS test to everyone in the commune, and that so far two people had tested positive for the AIDS virus; the two people, the release said, had been given separate living quarters on the ranch. This sounded odd to me. I had assumed that if any AIDS victims had been found on the ranch, or any carriers of HTLV-III, the AIDS virus, they would have been sent away; the Rajneeshee, after all, never admitted the existence of any serious illness on the ranch—they sent the very sick to hospitals elsewhere. Why were they now advertising the AIDS virus? The rumor going around was that the commune would soon announce that it was creating an AIDS-care facility for the general public. I asked to see Puja, and she appeared at the hotel wearing a sequinned cocktail dress in the middle of the afternoon. She was a Filipino by birth, and she had, she told me, a nursing degree. She said that the commune had never had an AIDS case, but that two people, a man and a woman, had tested positive for the virus. She said that the two were now totally isolated, visited only by doctors and nurses, and that everything they touched was sterilized. I asked why people who had simply tested positive and might never get the disease would put up with total isolation. She said that the two people were grateful to be taken care of by the commune. When I asked about the rumored announcement, she told me that there would be an announcement having something to do with AIDS on September 15th, and that it would be an important one.

ON Monday, September 16th, Rajneesh called a press conference to make an announcement rather different from the one anticipated. He said that Sheela and a dozen other commune leaders, including Puja, had left the commune over the weekend and gone to Europe. Calling them a "gang of fascists," he charged them with attempting to poison his doctor, his dentist, and his female companion, a young Englishwoman who went by the name Ma Yoga Vivek, and also the Jefferson County district attorney and the water system in The Dalles. He also said that Sheela had mismanaged the commune finances, had stolen money, and had left the commune fifty-five million dollars in debt. Later on in the week, he added a number of charges to the list: Sheela and her gang had robbed and set fire to the Wasco County planning office, and had planned to crash an explosives-laden plane into The Dalles courthouse; they had engineered the bombing of the hotel in Portland; they had poisoned Judge Hulse, the county commissioner; and quite possibly they had been responsible for the salmonella outbreak in The Dalles. They had harassed the people of Antelope and created a Stalinist regime on the ranch, bugging rooms and telephones, and communicating with one another in secret codes. Finally, and most treacherously, they had bugged his bedroom and had tried to incapacitate or kill him by poisoning him with substances they prepared in a secret tunnel behind Sheela's house.

Judith Shahn

At his press conferences, Rajneesh said that he had known nothing about any of these crimes until Sheela and her gang left and other sannyasins came and informed him. He also insisted that things would be different on the ranch now that the fascists were gone and their crimes had been exposed. Sannyasins would dance and sing; they would talk to their families and outside friends again; they would make peace with their neighbors and give Antelope back to its rightful owners. He added that Sheela had wanted to put an AIDS treatment center in Antelope but that he had thought it unsafe and had put a stop to the plan.

The guru's revelations, as might be expected, had an electric effect on Oregon. Journalists poured in to the ranch, closely followed by people from six law-enforcement agencies. Representative Weaver said that the Federal Bureau of Investigation had promised an inquiry, adding that for a year law-enforcement officials had been looking for "a stool pigeon." Now, he went on, "we got the biggest one of all. The Bhagwan himself. That's going to break it." County, state, and federal officers set up an interagency task force on the ranch and gave press briefings twice a day. During the crucial first week, however, they turned up very little in the way of tangible evidence to support the guru's most serious charges. The Rajneeshee showed them an enormous number of sophisticated wiretapping devices installed in the phone system, in the hotel rooms, and in other places around the ranch, and also showed them a secret tunnel that could be entered through a closet in Sheela's house and ran underground, coming out in an irrigation ditch some distance away. But the only thing in the tunnel was a large lavender hot tub.

According to the Twinkies, sannyasins greeted the revelations with a mixture of horror and relief—horror at the heinous crimes committed by Sheela and her henchmen, relief that the reign of terror was over now and the commune could become the beautiful place it always should have been. The Twinkies' account was difficult to believe, of course, but one worried mother of a sannyasin called her daughter and found that it was essentially correct. Her daughter, who had stoutly defended Sheela at her most obnoxious, confessed that she had never liked the woman at all, and had defended her merely because she thought Sheela was Bhagwan's choice for the commune. Now all would be well. After Bhagwan told them they should not be so isolated, she had gone to Madras for the first time in a year and a half and had wandered around the streets feeling full of love for everyone.

Asked why Sheela had left and how the guru had come to know what he disclosed to the press, the Twinkies told this story: In the past year, Sheela had been spending a great deal of time in Europe and Australia. On September 13th, a Friday, Bhagwan had received a letter from her saying that she felt "more excitement" in Europe than in Rajneeshpuram. He said at his evening darshan that this was only natural—that she had been the supreme power and the center of attention in the commune when he was silent, and she preferred it that way, because she was on a power trip. Sheela had been upset by this rebuke, and on Saturday she had left by plane with Ma Yoga Vidya, the president of the commune; with Puja; and with her own personal assistant and hairdresser. Thirty or forty sannyasins gathered to say goodbye to her at the airport, little knowing what she had done. The next day, a dozen other sannyasins had left, including Ma Prem Savita, the chief accountant; Ma Anand Su, the president of the Rajneesh Investment Corporation; Shanti Bhadra, the treasurer of the Rajneesh Foundation International; K.D.; and two municipal officers, one of whom was K.D.'s girlfriend, Sagun. Only after they had left did sannyasins dare to go to Bhagwan and tell him about the crimes these people had committed. He had not known anything about them before; Sheela had deliberately kept him uninformed.

The story was, of course, not remotely plausible. To believe it, you would have to believe that the entire top echelon of the organization had carried out a coup against itself and then driven itself into exile for no reason, and then that the guru and all his sannyasins had not noticed that all the leaders, including all the chief finance officers, had gone. The story became even less plausible as time went on. Within a week, it came out that Rajneesh had replaced all the departing officers even before their departure, and had installed at the center of power a group of wealthy American sannyasins that Sheela had called "the

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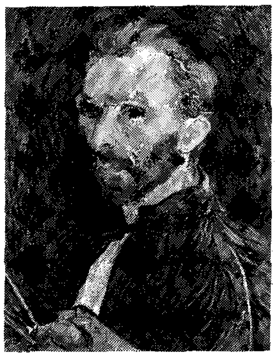

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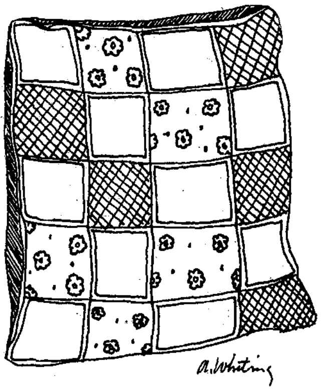
Hollywood gang." The new secretary to the guru and president of the Rajneesh Foundation International was Ma Prem Hasya, formerly Françoise Ruddy and a Hollywood movie producer (she and her former husband, Albert S. Ruddy, produced "The Godfather"). She had come to the ranch for the first time in 1982, with three friends, also from "the Coast." The four had bought a few of the guru's Rolls-Royces, and, having contributed a good deal of money, had lived a privileged existence on the ranch in private accommodations, apart from the commune. In March of 1984, Hasya had married the guru's personal physician, Deveraj; and a member of her group, Dhyan John, had been made head of the organization that owned the guru's Rolls-Royces. The group thus had direct access to the guru, and though Hasya was not known to be ambitious Sheela had for some time quite naturally regarded her as a rival. Dhyan John was now the president of the Rajneesh Investment Corporation, and a third member of the group, Swami David, was later made the vice-president of the commune. The new leaders quickly reassured commune members that in spite of what the guru had said (Bhagwan often used figures loosely) Sheela had not taken money from the ranch accounts, and that the Rajneeshee organizations were in good financial shape. In other words, Sheela, Savita, and the others had not taken with them all the keys to the safe.



The Rajneeshee police chief, Deva Barkha, had promised that the Rajneeshee would coöperate with the law-enforcement agencies in investigating the alleged crimes. But while many ordinary sannyasins gave testimony to the police, the coöperation of Rajneeshee officials and lawyers was rather limited. They allowed police divers to make a completely fruitless search of the bottoms of two lakes, but they refused to let any of the various agencies examine their files or search all their buildings. Every time an investigator found something he thought might be a piece of evidence, the Twinkies would arrive with dozens of TV camera crews trailing behind them. As for the guru, he would speak to law officers only in front of television cameras (the F.B.I. men were asked to remove their shoes), and, while he described in detail Sheela's vile plots against him and his physician, he remained quite vague about the other charges he had made. After a time, he began to complain that instead of arresting Sheela and others the investigators were trying to find evidence to destroy his commune.

Toward the end of September, Rajneesh announced that "Rajneeshism" had been entirely Sheela's invention: he himself had never claimed to be a religious leader—indeed, he had never been anything more than a friend to his sannyasins. He urged the commune members to destroy all traces of the religion and said there was no necessity for them to wear malas and sunset-colored clothes. Obligingly, his disciples made a bonfire of Sheela's red robes and all available copies of the booklet "Rajneeshism," and sang and danced around the flames. The guru expressed pleasure at this: what had burned, he said, was poor Frohnmayer—the Oregon attorney general—for since there was no religion there could be no church-state suit. But when sannyasins appeared without their malas and in green or blue he chided them for so easily giving up the symbols of their attachment to him. The malas and the red clothes went back on. At around the same time, he announced that the commune lawyers would drop their suit against state and county officials and change the name of the city of Rajneesh back to Antelope. Oregonians, he suggested, might now want to drop some of their lawsuits against the commune.

The guru's strategy seemed to be quite clear. He and the other commune leaders apparently believed they could limit the investigation as they wished, pin the blame for everything on Sheela and the others who had fled, extricate themselves from a number of expensive lawsuits, mend their political fences, and get a great deal of free airtime to boot. Sheela, for her part, seemed no less sanguine. Now ensconced with her "duchesses" in a resort near the Black Forest, she was selling interviews to the German press in which she blamed Rajneesh for ruining the commune with his incessant demands for more diamond watches and more Rolls-Royces, and his absurd idea that it should build an AIDS treatment center in Antelope.

In reality, the investigators were not quite as helpless as the guru and Sheela seemed to suppose. For two weeks, they had proceeded with great caution, because they feared that the heavily armed Rajneeshee guards might start shooting and precipitate a violent confrontation, if not a Jonestown-style dénouement. Finally, on October 2nd, they issued search warrants for the commune buildings and began serving subpoenas on a hundred sannyasins. Three National Guard helicopters were standing at the ready in case the officers serving the warrants needed help, but these proved unnecessary. The Rajneeshee allowed the search to go ahead. According to *Oregonian* reporters, the investigators did not find very much in the way of documentary evidence, and they supposed that Sheela and her successors had destroyed a good many files. Still, they were accumulating evidence, since many ordinary sannyasins told the investigators what they knew, and then three of the people who had left the ranch with Sheela came back and turned state's evidence. By mid-October, the commune leaders had put the Portland hotel and three airplanes up for sale and were trying to buy a jet. The guru had conceivably begun to feel threatened.

Then, on October 23rd, a federal grand jury convened by the local United States Attorney, Charles H. Turner, on behalf of the I.N.S. issued a thirty-five-count indictment charging the guru, Sheela, and six other disciples with a conspiracy to evade the immigration laws. This was the indictment that the Portland office of the I.N.S. had been working on since 1982; it charged that the guru had lied on his visa application, and that he and the others had arranged sham marriages so that foreign disciples could remain in the United States. The indictment was returned in camera, but word of it was leaked, through a media source, to Isabel and Niren on October 24th. The following day, a Friday, a lawyer for the Rajneeshee went to Turner to ask that the guru be allowed to surrender in Portland when the indictment was officially announced; he called Turner again on Sunday afternoon, but no deal was struck. On Sunday night, two chartered Lear jets left the ranch after filing flight plans for Salt Lake City, Pueblo, Colorado, and Charlotte, North Carolina. Two sannyasins were at the Charlotte airport when the planes arrived, having made arrangements for another chartered jet to fly to Bermuda with eight people and their luggage. But federal customs agents were there also, and upon ordering the passengers out of the Lear jets they found the guru with six of his disciples, and also a gun, fifty-eight thousand dollars in cash, and a box containing thirty-five jewel-encrusted watches and bracelets.

There followed an extraordinary sequence of events, much of it recorded on national television. The guru went to jail; he was stripped of his robes and woollen hat, issued green prison pajamas, and put in chains for court appearances. The Rajneeshee lawyers desperately tried to get him out on bail, citing his delicate health ("It's almost a bubble-boy situation," Niren said), but the local judge refused to release him, on the ground that he had been fleeing arrest and might leave the country. Hasya and others protested, in vain, that he had just been going on a vacation. The guru spent a week in a medical cell of the Mecklenberg County Jail. At first, he seemed quite happy with the situation; he smiled his foxy smile a lot and said outrageous things to the press. He seemed less pleased as the days went by, but he never complained to the prison nurses looking after him; he ate the prison food (all but the hominy grits), and did what they told him to do, and apparently suffered no ill effects. On November 4th, a United States marshal's plane took him to a federal prison in El Reno, Oklahoma, and three days later another plane took him back to Portland.

On arrival, he pleaded not guilty to all charges and was released on five hundred thousand dollars' cash bail to go back to the ranch. His lawyers, however, were already cutting a deal with the United States Attorney's office, and on November 14th he returned to Portland and pleaded guilty to two felonies: making false statements to the immigration authorities in 1981, and concealing his intent to reside in the United States. He received a ten-year suspended prison sentence, and agreed to pay four hundred thousand dollars in fines and prosecution costs, to leave the country within five days, and not to come back for at least five years without the explicit permission of the United States Attorney General. A year or two

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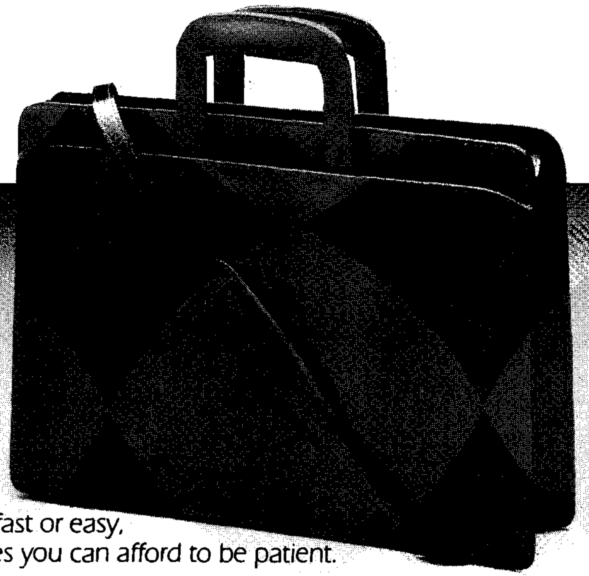

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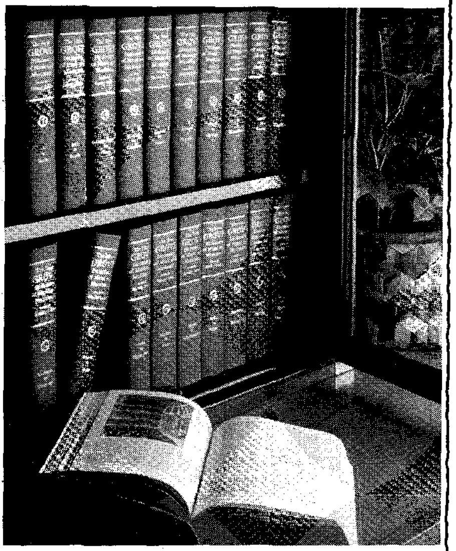

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before, the Rajneeshee lawyers would no doubt have succeeded in dragging the case out for months or years, if not actually winning it in the end, but now the commune was in disarray, and the guru was ready to leave. The same day, he boarded a plane for New Delhi with Vivek, Deveraj, and his seventy-two-year-old mother, who had come to Oregon, and declared that he never wanted to see the United States again.

On October 28th, the day the guru was arrested in North Carolina, the West German police had arrested Sheela, Puja, and Shanti Bhadra in their Black Forest resort hotel. The United States Attorney in Portland, Charles Turner, and the state attorney general, David Frohnmayer, had wanted to have the German police pick up Sheela on the immigration charges before federal officials arrested the guru on the ranch, but they had discovered that the extradition treaty between the United States and West Germany did not cover immigration fraud, and might not be enough to keep her in prison in Germany. Thus, on October 25th, lawyers from Frohnmayer's office convened the Wasco County grand jury that had been hearing testimony from the Rajneeshee, and that afternoon the three women were indicted for attempted murder, conspiracy to commit murder, and first-degree assault on Deveraj. Officials then took these charges to the German police and, shortly after the arrests were made, began extradition proceedings. In November, before the women were returned to the United States, the same grand jury indicted Sheela and Puja for the poisoning of the two county commissioners and for the burglary and arson at the Wasco County Planning Department. In December, federal authorities indicted Sheela and twenty other sannyasins, including Puja, on wiretapping charges.

After the guru's final departure from the ranch, Dhyan John assured the remaining sannyasins that the commune would continue to exist, and spoke of various ways in which the ranch might be made profitable. But a week later Niren announced that the commune was closing down and the sannyasins should make arrangements to leave. He made the announcement just hours after K.D., who had returned to the ranch early in October and then disappeared from sight, turned up at the Wasco County Courthouse in the company of officials. K.D. had gone to the authorities and agreed to plead guilty to charges of racketeering and immigration fraud and to tell prosecutors everything he knew in return for immunity from further prosecution. Shortly after K.D. made his plea, Frohnmayer went to the federal district court with an affidavit from him supporting the state's contention that the incorporation of Rajneeshpuram violated the religious-establishment clause. According to K.D.'s testimony, the religious entities on the ranch had directly controlled the city government; among other things, the guru himself had chosen the city officials and selected the design for the city's stationery. Two and a half weeks later, the district-court judge ruled Rajneeshpuram unconstitutional by summary judgment. The Rajneeshee appealed the ruling, though by that point the judgment was more or less moot, since the commune was closing down.

By now, a great number of sannyasins had talked to investigators and grand juries. A dozen of them had pleaded guilty to charges of arranging fraudulent marriages or to being implicated in the electronic-eavesdropping scheme, and had been let off with light sentences (five years' probation, in most cases). Then, too, a few key figures—including K.D.; his girlfriend, Sagun; and Ava, a young woman from Sheela's inner circle—had turned state's evidence. The investigators thus had a great deal of information about what had happened in the commune. While some of it remained confidential, some of it had come out in court affidavits, and a good deal more had been leaked to the press (notably during the time the authorities held the guru in jail). *Oregonian* reporters had collected all this information and done some further investigative work on their own. According to their published stories, most of the guru's charges had a solid basis in fact, and not only that but Sheela and her minions had committed a number of crimes that the guru had not mentioned, and they had planned crimes that surpassed the imagination of even the most fervid opponents of the commune. The sannyasins I later spoke with confirmed all these stories and added a few of their own; from what they said, it was possible to sketch a picture of what had happened in Sheela's inner circle, at the center of the commune.

When Sheela took over as the guru's secretary, in 1981, she seemed

—initially, at least—more open and available than Laxmi her predecessor in Poona. Laxmi had given orders; Sheela laughed and joked with ordinary sannyasins. But this collegiality was largely a façade. Sheela had had to scheme in order to get her position, and she felt that she had to scheme in order to keep it. She was jealous of long-term disciples who had personal relationships with the guru. She sent some of them away (including the guru's former bodyguard); she coöpted a few of them; and she blacklisted the rest, giving them only menial jobs, restricting their access to the outside world, and setting other sannyasins to spy on them for "negativity." At the same time, she created a coterie of sannyasins loyal to her. The membership of this coterie changed over the years; Sushila, for example, was in it until 1984, when Sheela read her out of the movement. Also, it had various circles within it: Isabel, for example, remained in an outer circle, while in the inmost circle were people like Savita, who knew everything about the movement's finances, and people like Su and Shanti Bhadra, who worked closely with Sheela. Puja was perhaps the nearest to the center, for Puja supplied Sheela with Percodan, Valium, and Demerol, the drugs she increasingly needed to keep going; also, Puja, who ran the medical clinic dictatorially, had ways of dealing with Sheela's enemies.

Unlike Laxmi, Sheela—and the commune she created—always had something to hide from the authorities. In the beginning, there were always more people on the ranch than the land-use laws allowed, and there were foreigners on the ranch without visas; later, of course, there were foreigners who had married Americans to get around the immigration laws. Sheela told sannyasins to be very careful about what they said in their telephone conversations, because the federal authorities were very probably bugging the ranch. Perhaps she believed they were. In any case, she worried a good deal about information leaks. In November of 1983, a few months after she set up the first security system, of guards and guard dogs at the entrance to the ranch, she ordered a series of bugging devices installed in the Alan Watts cabins, where journalists and other visitors stayed at the time. A few months later, the eavesdropping system was expanded to cover four rooms in the newly built Hotel Rajneesh, where

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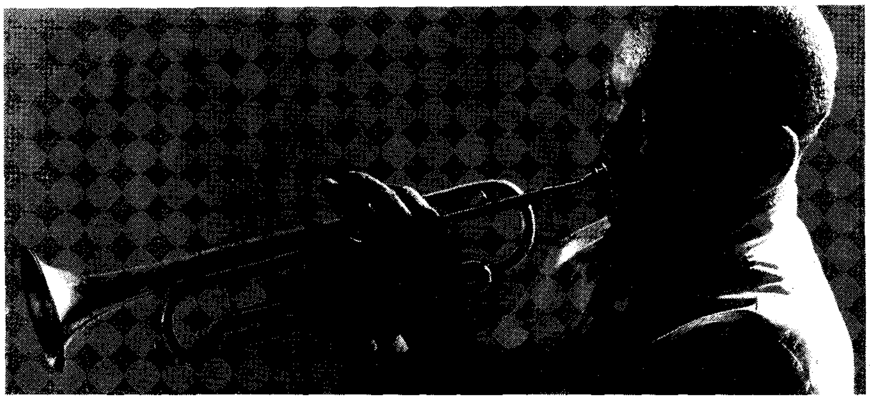

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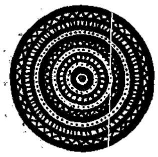
Laxmi lived when she returned to the ranch in 1985, and the entire ranch telephone system, including the six public pay phones. An English electronics expert, Swami Anand Julian, set up the system, and sannyasins—a good number of them—took turns monitoring the calls at a listening post in the administration building. Now the ranch had something else to hide.

Most sannyasins who knew about the wiretapping justified it to themselves on the ground that it was necessary for the protection of the guru and his commune. Sheela, however, had other purposes in mind for it. In the first place, she was more vulnerable than the guru to charges of immigration fraud; indeed, since they had come to the ranch, Rajneesh had been quite effectively insulated from all legal proceedings. In the second place, she worried a good deal about dissidence within the commune. There was, of course, no open dissent, and as a result she had to worry increasingly about secret dissenters. She was concerned not about ordinary sannyasins but about the people who knew in detail about the illegalities. The ordinary sannyasins could leave or stay as they wished, but those who knew things or were in positions of power and objected to her management could not be allowed to pass their "negativity" on to others. Puja, however, had a solution to this problem.



How long Puja had been using drugs and other poisons on recalcitrant sannyasins it was by now impossible to determine. Satya Bharti later told me that—with hindsight—she believed it had been going on since Poona days. In Poona, a medical administrator had persuaded her to go to the ashram clinic to get a slight neck ailment treated. Satya had thought treatment unnecessary, but she had gone to the clinic and had been given a series of powerful drugs—Quaaludes, among others. She had become drug-dependent, and her weight had gone down dangerously. When she questioned her treatment, Sheela and Puja had told the doctors that she was just crazy. Finally, when her weight went down to seventy-nine pounds, Sheela had told her she should go home to America, but without seeing the guru. Satya had left, certain that she was going home to die, but once she was home her father, a doctor, had told her that there was not much medically wrong with her except her drug addiction, and asked her who at the ashram had wanted to get rid of her. Satya could not, of course, believe that anyone had, but when she went to the Oregon commune she was blacklisted. Then, too, she had noticed that when people who had been working at the medical and financial centers wanted to leave they left secretly, in the middle of the night. But still she had drawn no conclusions.

After Sheela left, it became public knowledge for the first time that a number of sannyasins had been drugged, poisoned, or otherwise medically ill-treated on the ranch. According to *Oregonian* reporters, Devaprem, the chief of construction on the ranch, was drugged after he told Sheela that he wanted to leave. Puja gave him a tranquillizer, telling him that what he needed was rest, and then put him under heavy sedation in Sheela's house. When Arup asked about him, she was told that he was overworked and overwrought—that if he were in his right mind he would not want to leave. After three days of this "rest cure," Devaprem said he had changed his mind about leaving, and struggled back to work. Two weeks later, he left the ranch in secret and went to live incognito in another state.

At least three other sannyasins were given this kind of rest cure, and one of them, Hasya, was isolated at the medical clinic for thirteen days. Others had worse things done to them. One woman developed a serious neurological condition while she was working in the legal department; the ranch managers then began to suspect her of "negativity" and would not allow her out to go to a specialist, so her condition remained dangerously untreated for a year and a half. Another woman—Samya, the publisher of the *Rajneesh Times*—fell ill after Sheela intercepted a letter she had sent the guru warning him about Sheela's group. A hysterectomy was performed on her, and afterward Puja gave her medicine that, Samya said, made her emotionally unstable for a very long time. Worst of all in some ways was what happened to Ma Anand Zeno, the former art director of *Ramparts*, whom I had met in 1983. Zeno worked for Julian in the audiovisual department. She suspected that he had set up wiretaps, and she did not like that; also, she associated with a few of the blacklisted people on the ranch. In December of 1984, Puja gave the AIDS test to a number of sannyasins, and

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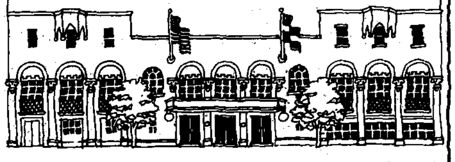

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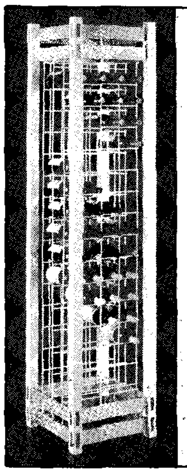

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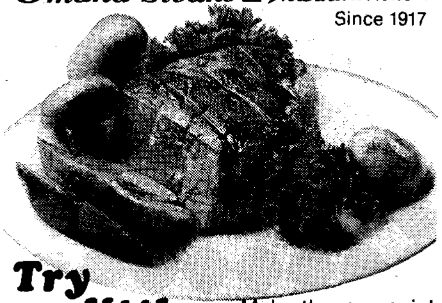
subsequently told eleven people that they had tested positive for the HTLV-III antibody. One of them was Zeno. Puja asked the eleven people whether they would prefer to leave or to stay, and all said they wanted to stay, even though the following July, Puja moved them to an "AIDS village," a nest of trailers in a remote area of the ranch. Over the summer, Zeno developed headaches and cramps, and thought she must be coming down with AIDS. But the symptoms disappeared after Puja left, in September. Later, Hasya had all eleven people retested, and two of them tested negative—Zeno and a man who was suspected of having supplied Puja with drugs from Europe. (Thus, when Puja told me in August that a man and a woman had tested positive she was apparently referring to the two who had not, since all the rest were men. She had denied that there were any AIDS victims on the ranch, but in late September one sannyasin, a gay man, died of AIDS. He was apparently the only person on the ranch who had the disease.)

Whenever it was that Sheela and Puja began to use medical terrorism on their fellow-sannyasins, there was clearly a progression to their activities—a progression that followed their spiral into desperation and craziness. Ava, Sheela's twenty-five-year-old aide, told me that the spiral began in the spring of 1984. By then, the movement was quite obviously faring badly under Sheela's management: the European communes were in chaos, the flow of money to the ranch was dwindling, and the moratorium on building had left the commune with nowhere to go. When Deveraj, whom Sheela hated, married the golden girl of the Hollywood group—the only group to bring a new infusion of money into the ranch—Sheela began to worry seriously about maintaining her own position. Shortly before the summer festival that year, Deveraj came down with extremely bad diarrhea, which made him stagger about as if he were drunk. He went to the clinic, and Shunyo, one of the commune doctors, was there when Puja, very much against his wishes, gave him an I.V. Within twenty-four hours, he was in septic shock with an extremely high fever and falling blood pressure; Shunyo resuscitated him, and later found an unusual sort of bacteria in his blood culture. Around the same time—or so the sequence of events was later reconstructed—Puja began asking the phar-



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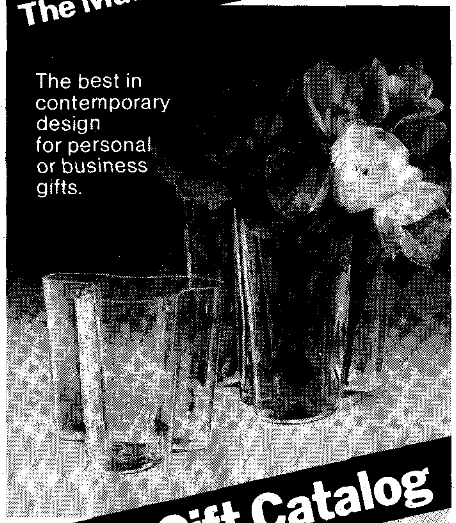

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macists and herbalists on the ranch if there was a way to poison people without actually killing them. It was thought that she was worried about outsiders trying to poison sannyasins, but it turned out that she had set up a secret laboratory on the ranch and was experimenting with poisons on mice. Apparently, she found what she wanted, for in September William Hulse and his colleague were poisoned after drinking glasses of water she gave them.

Sometime during the summer, Sheela decided that the only way out of the political impasse in Oregon was to try to take over Wasco County in the election. An American sannyasin suggested importing homeless people. It was a crazy idea. Among other things, the Rajneeshee would have had to collect and house two or three times their own number to win the election, or even to rig it plausibly. At the time the outbreak of salmonella poisoning occurred, even those people who suspected the Rajneeshee of poisoning the salad bars could not imagine what their motive might be, apart from sheer malice. But, according to informants, the poisoning was merely a test run for Election Day, when Sheela's minions were to poison the entire water system in The Dalles. In January of 1985, according to witnesses, members of Sheela's inner circle vandalized and set fire to the Wasco County Planning Department office.

As Wadud once said, the commune leaders had long seen themselves as engaged in "a war" with Oregon politicians and administrators. But after the failure of the election attempt they began to see themselves as engaged in a war they might lose. The Share-A-Home program was extremely costly: it consumed well over a million dollars (the medical bills were huge); it turned most of Oregon against them; and it raised doubts in the minds of a number of resident sannyasins. Sheela, increasingly desperate, took a series of trips abroad to try to raise money and to try to find a place where the guru might take refuge if that became necessary. Laxmi was also dispatched to try to find a place for him. Sheela, on her trip to Australia, virtually destroyed the Australian movement by behaving in exactly the same way she behaved in Oregon. Her long absences and her lack of success made her feel all the more vulnerable. On one trip, she married Dhyan Dipo, a Swiss sannyasin, who ran Rajneesh Services International, presumably doing so as

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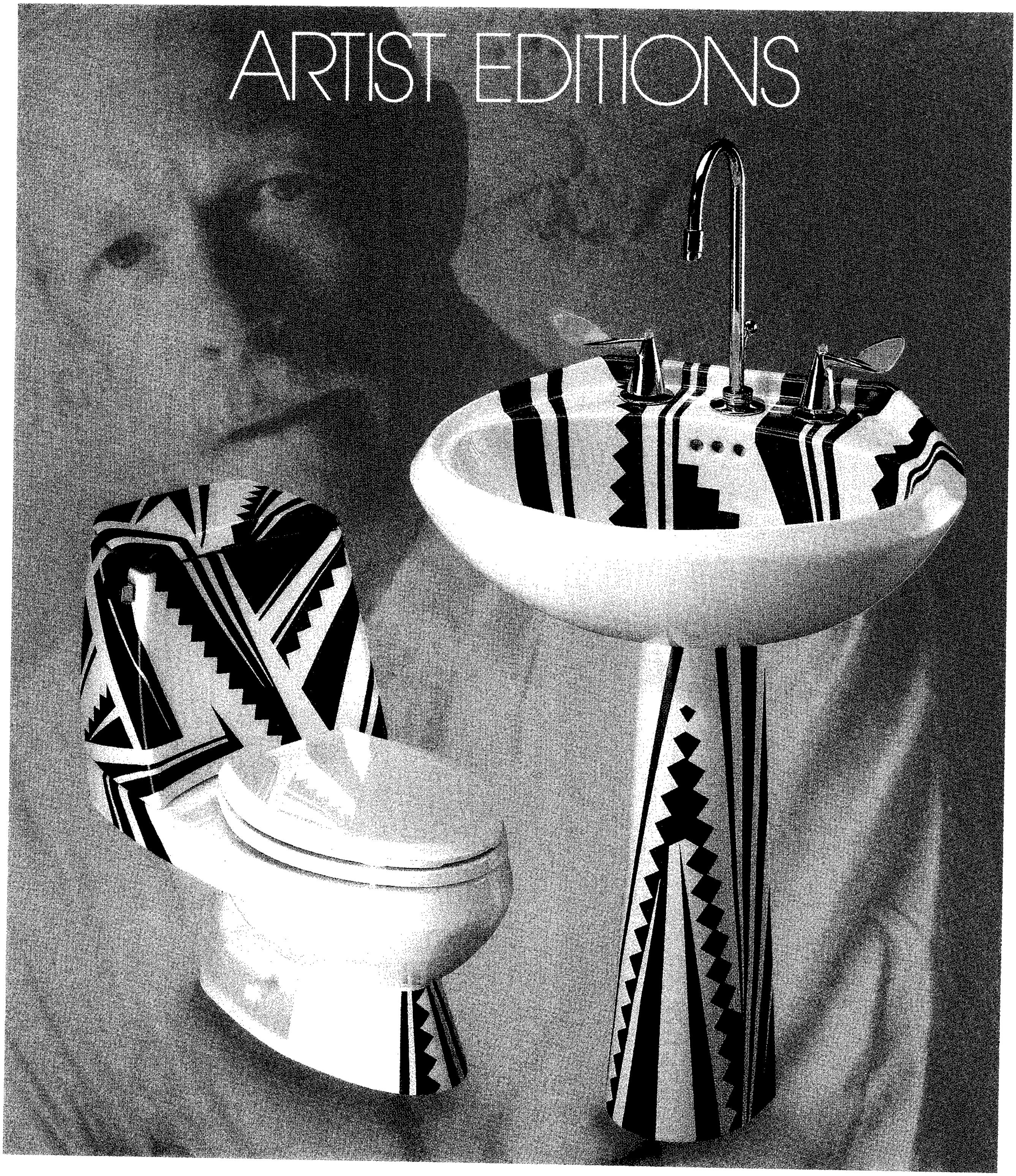

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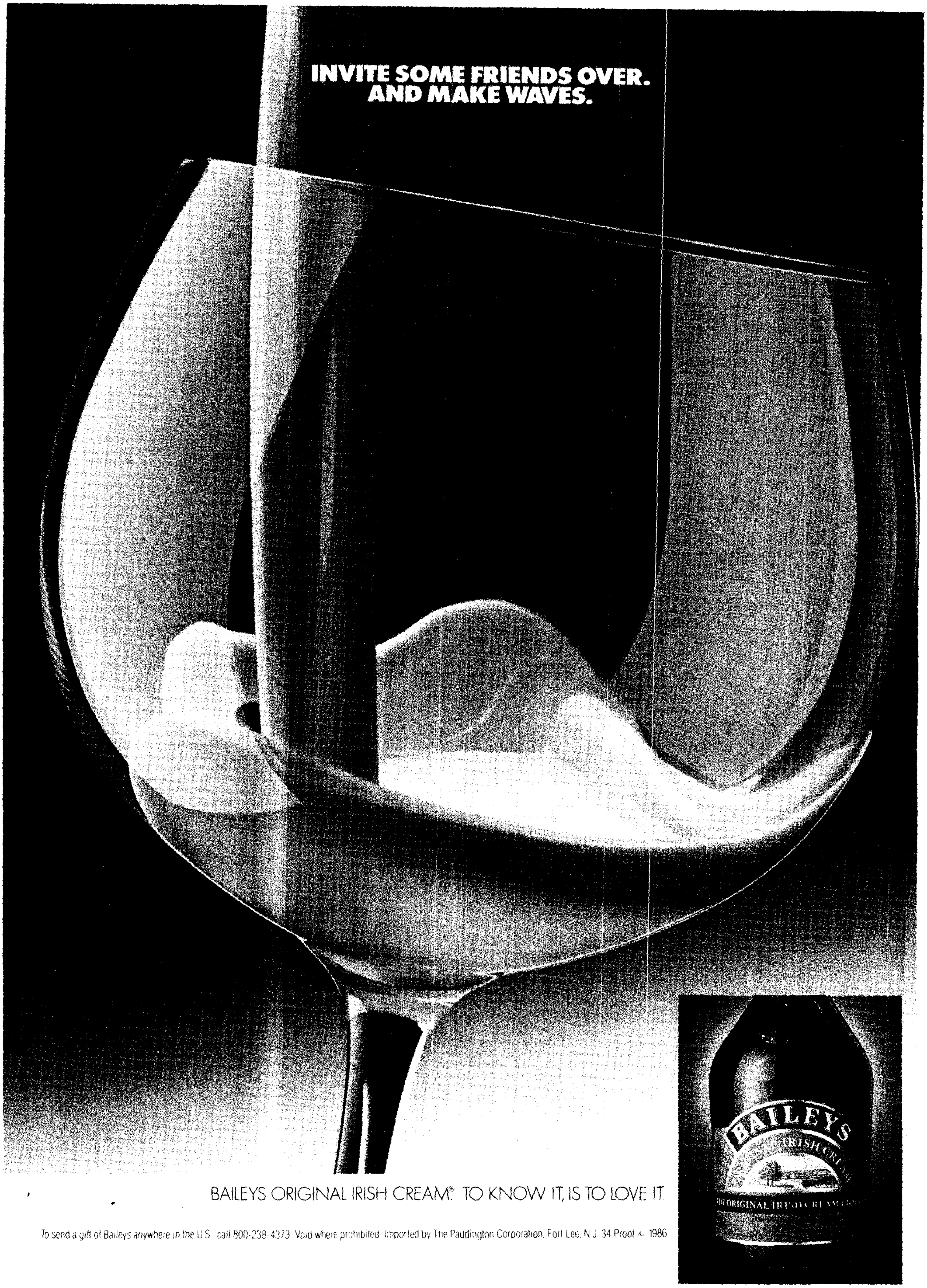

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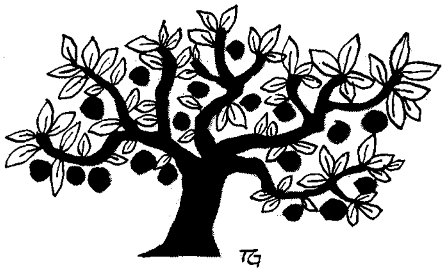
an insurance policy for herself. She neglected to get a divorce from Jayananda until after she was married, however, and months later Jayananda, investigating, found an illegal, backdated divorce in Nepal. When she returned to the ranch, she had bugging devices installed in twenty-four rooms of the hotel, in the Hollywood people's quarters and the table they used at the restaurant, and in the bedroom of everyone who might betray her, including Shunyo, Isabel, Niren, and the guru himself. It was around this time that she sent Hasya to the clinic for a "rest cure."

Two weeks before the 1985 summer festival, Deveraj fell ill with the same mysterious form of diarrhea he had had the year before. He told Shunyo that he had fallen ill just after having tea with Sheela, and that he suspected her of poisoning him. Shunyo ran a toxic screen on him that would pick up traces of ordinary drugs and poisons, but the screen showed nothing. Since Shunyo knew of the hostility that existed between Deveraj and Sheela, he put Deveraj's suspicions down to paranoia, and his condition down to stress before the festival. On Master's Day, however, Deveraj fell deathly ill in the crowded assembly hall. When Shunyo arrived, Deveraj, thinking he was dying, told his colleague that Shanti Bhadra had come up behind him and stuck him with a needle and within minutes he had felt woozy. He wanted to show Shunyo the mark of the needle, but he went into shock and couldn't breathe. Shunyo performed a major resuscitation and flew him to an intensive-care unit at the principal hospital of the region, in Bend, Oregon. Deveraj revived, but only because of these measures. He had a puncture in one of his buttocks, and clearly the shock was non-cardiac: it came from a capillary leak.

When the crisis was over, Shunyo called Vivek and told her Deveraj's suspicions, adding that he himself found it impossible to believe that Shanti Bhadra had poisoned his colleague. A few minutes later, Sheela called him to say that there were stories about people being poisoned, that she was horrified, that she would mount an investigation, and how could he, Shunyo, suspect Shanti Bhadra? Shortly after that, Durga, one of Puja's nurses at the clinic, showed Shunyo an open safety pin she said she had found in Deveraj's trousers, thus accounting for the puncture Shunyo had found. It was only after Sheela had left and Rajneesh had made his accusations that Shunyo could bring himself to believe that Deveraj had been poisoned. At that point, he remembered that Michael Sullivan, the Jefferson County district attorney, had gone into the same kind of severe capillary-leak shock—for which there had been no apparent cause—in February of 1983, when he entered the Madras hospital in a state of collapse. It was a freak condition, which a doctor would generally see no more than once in a lifetime. Shunyo, who was working at the Madras hospital at the time, had been called into the emergency room by Sullivan's doctors to help out. Later, Sheela had telephoned him to suggest that Sullivan might have been poisoned. Shunyo had not thought of this as a possibility, but he had then brought it up to the state medical examiner. The medical examiner had told him that very little was known about poisons, for there were, after all, very few cases of deliberate poisoning. Sullivan's doctors, for their part, conjectured that the shock might have been brought on by a trace of pneumonia—a trace so small that the bacteria did not show up in his blood culture. After leaving the ranch, Shunyo asked a number of specialists what kind of poison might have created such a condition—but thus far he had no answer. Also, in the case of Sullivan there was no obvious answer to the question of motive; possibly, Sheela at a certain point in her negotiations with Sullivan over the demonstrations in Madras thought that the District Attorney had gone over to the other side.

By June of 1985, Sheela had come to believe that the authorities would soon be coming to arrest her and Rajneesh. She said this when she launched the God v. the Universe suit. She had other worries as well. The Internal Revenue Service had given her notice that its criminal division was investigating her personal income taxes, and she knew that the *Oregonian* was about to publish its long investigative series on the Rajneeshee. Helen C. Byron, the former sannyasin, had just won a huge judgment against her, and the commune was very short of funds. The previous year, Sheela had created a "dirty tricks" unit to carry out her attacks on The Dalles. Now she and her group planned to sabotage the microcomputer system used by the *Oregonian* reporters. K.D. was dispatched to reconnoitre the building, and so were two Rajneeshee women posing as employees of a maintenance company. The women were discovered and ejected from the building, however, and the plan broke down. The unit also drew up a "hit list" of Rajneeshee enemies—a list that included Charles Turner; David Frohnmayer; Dan Durow; Leslie Zaitz, the chief *Oregonian* investigative reporter; Helen Byron and her daughter; Laxmi; and Vivek. Sheela and three others obtained false identification papers and bought handguns in Texas; a team of Rajneeshee women then staked out Turner's house in a Portland suburb and made an elaborate plan to ambush his car and shoot him. The plan, however, came to naught.



When Sheela and fifteen other sannyasins left the ranch in mid-September, their main motive, according to the testimony of sannyasins, was to escape indictment for immigration fraud by a federal grand jury—an indictment they supposed would be announced by October 3rd. (They had the date wrong; the announcement was planned to come down by November 1st.) On the face of it, their fear of the immigration charges seemed unjustified: the Rajneeshee lawyers had fought the I.N.S. off since 1982 and were confident that they could continue to fight the charges. (Alan Nelson, the commissioner of the I.N.S., later suggested that the Rajneeshee suit filed in June might have delayed the indictment, and acknowledged that Sheela's departure and all that followed from it "enhanced the final resolution of the matter.") But Sheela and her intimates were not up to a battle in court. According to Ava, they had long since passed the point of rationality. They were exhausted, crazy with tension, and in a state of acute paranoia; Vidya had fallen ill under the pressure, and all the drugs that Sheela was taking did not help her sanity. Sheela trusted no one outside her inner circle, and she could expect only the worst if Vivek or Deveraj or any of her other victims were to take the witness stand. She did not trust the guru himself; she had been bugging his bedroom for several months, and he had clearly run out of patience with her. He meant, it was rumored, to displace her and make Hasya his new secretary. Quite conceivably, Sheela and her companions suspected that when the indictment was announced Rajneesh would make them face the I.N.S. charges by themselves. On departing, Vidya was heard to say, "I don't trust Bhagwan enough to go to jail." Still, according to all sources, Sheela and her companions never suspected that the guru would come out and charge them with crimes that the authorities did not know about or had no evidence of. Why would he do such a thing? It would mean a police investigation, and, besides, Sheela could give all kinds of testimony about her past conversations with him. Perhaps they thought he had some affection for them, or some gratitude for their long and faithful service. In any case, they seriously underestimated him. Rajneesh loved public drama, and he loved taking dangerous risks: he had always survived them, after all.

The following summer, Sheela, Puja, and Shanti Bhadra pleaded guilty to having attempted to murder Deveraj with an injection of adrenalin; Sheela and Puja pleaded guilty to wiretapping charges, the poisoning of William Hulse and his colleague, and causing the outbreak of salmonella poisoning in The Dalles; Sheela, in addition, pleaded guilty to immigration fraud and to setting fire to the Wasco County planning office. Sheela and Puja were given maximum twenty-year sentences in the poisoning cases, and Sheela was fined nearly half a million dollars; officials estimated that the two women would spend three and a half years more in jail.

BY the end of December, most of the sannyasins had departed the ranch, leaving behind them only a caretaking crew and a legal and administrative staff. Eighty-five of the Rolls-Royces were sold (there were ninety-three of them by now), and the ranch itself was put up for sale to pay off the Rajneeshee debts. The ranch equipment was sold separately, and in December an *Oregonian* reporter found that among other things up for immediate sale were a flight simulator, a fifteen-thousand-dollar cello, two baby-grand pianos, two samadhi, or relaxation, tanks, and twenty-one Israeli-made Galil assault rifles. Interestingly, the ranch accounts appeared to be in fairly good order. If Sheela and her circle had stolen money (and they appeared not to lack for it), they must have skimmed it off the donations before these went into the organizational accounts. The ranch had paid its bills, and its sole large outstanding debt—estimated at thirty-five million dollars—was to sannyasins who had made loans to the foundation or to other entities. Only one creditor complained of irregularities: a German woman claimed that Rajneesh Services International had moved eight hundred thousand dollars from her bank in Switzerland to the commune account without her permission. The woman, it appeared, had given Dhyan Dipo, Sheela's putative husband, her power of attorney but not the power to transfer money without her permission. She sued, and won a huge settlement.

The new administrators clearly hoped to pay back the loans from sannyasins, but whether they would succeed was now uncertain, for a good many Oregonians had gone into competition for what was left of Rajneeshpuram. In December, the State of Oregon filed a civil racketeering suit against twenty-six Rajneeshee organizations, seeking six and a half million dollars in costs and penalties. The state also asked more than a hundred thousand dollars in civil penalties for violation of the electrical-safety laws. (This was the old case of the "winterized tents.") Four restaurants in The Dalles filed multimillion-dollar damage claims against several Rajneeshee corporations for the outbreak of salmonella poisoning. Around the same time, two of the older civil suits came up for settlement, and juries awarded hundreds of thousands of dollars in damages to the plaintiffs. The judgment in one of these cases suggested that future juries might well consider the Rajneeshee corporations liable for what Sheela and her friends had done. Then, too, what claims the Rajneeshee could pay depended on the outcome of the land-use case, which was still going through the courts. If 1000 Friends won, then the ranch would be worth little more than what Sheela had paid for it, because the buildings would have to be torn down.

By February of 1986, only a hundred people remained on the ranch; the rest were taking up their lives in "the world" again, and just a few—a very few—were holding themselves in readiness to go to the guru if he called them. (Since his departure, Rajneesh had moved from India to Nepal and

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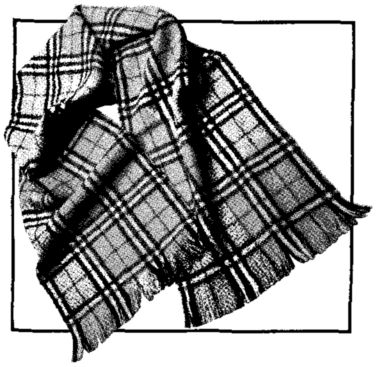

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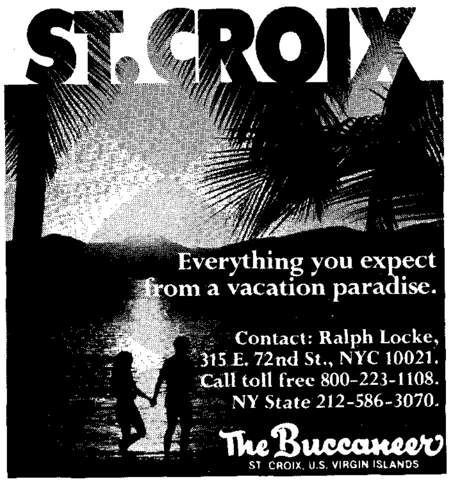
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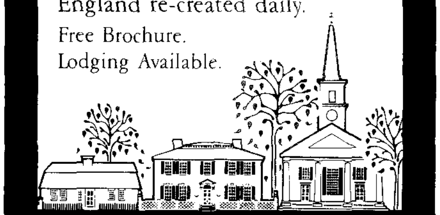

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then to Crete, where, in February, he was staying with a Greek producer of X-rated films. According to the sannyasins, he had proved physically quite tough; indeed, on his first stop, when he found that Laxmi had rented, not bought, the Himalayan hotel where he was staying, and had obtained only three-week visas for his non-Indian sannyasins, he took a bus to New Delhi and left Laxmi with the hotel bills.) Most of his sannyasins, or former sannyasins, were now busy with the practical problems of finding jobs, getting credit, finding places to live. Some of them, such as Videh, were doing these things for the first time; others were doing them for the first time in eight or ten years. They were like Rip Van Winkles come down from the mountains—the more so because they could not tell prospective employers, credit managers, and so on, where they had been. Of course, a number of them had resources, and some of these, like Isabel and Niren, simply sailed off to Europe or South America for vacations. Others, however, were working just as hard as they had on the ranch—working as waitresses or housecleaners and going to school at night—for they were facing the fact that, at the age of thirty-five or forty, they had to start over again from scratch. Yet with one or two exceptions those I talked to were not angry, bitter, or depressed about what had happened. On the contrary, they seemed just as cheerful and energetic as before. Over lunch in San Diego, Videh, who was looking for a job as a salesman, said, "I can't seem to make my parents understand that I was fine when I was on the ranch and I'm fine here, too." Most of them, including Videh, told me how grateful they were for having had such an experience.

In the past, I had always wondered how much ordinary sannyasins believed of what they told me and how much they said because they felt they had to. Now most of those people I had met before told me that they had had—but had concealed—many objections to the way the commune was run. "I hated this us-them syndrome that Sheela created," one ex-Twinkie said. "I never felt that all outsiders were hostile, and I felt that we were just driving people away." Two of the other ex-Twinkies I met said the same thing, and all of them said they had not liked having to lie to journalists; two of them had resigned their press jobs to avoid doing so. Most of the people I talked to had seen the power

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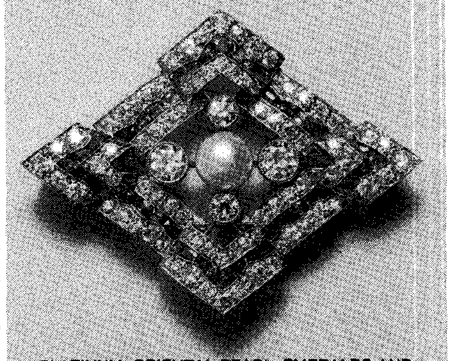

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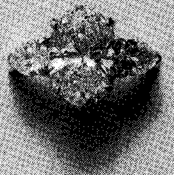

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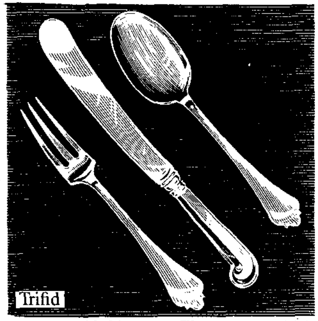

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struggles going on around Sheela and had noticed the way they turned those involved into petty tyrants. Most, too, had noticed the growing paranoia on the ranch, and had thought the guards and the guns unnecessary—absurd, perhaps even dangerous. A few had left the ranch because of these things, and a great many—indeed, most of the people I talked to outside the leadership circles—had made a kind of internal emigration. "My friends and I just gave up on trying to make the commune the way we wanted it," Subhuti said. "We went low-profile and had a good time. If we had known people were being poisoned . . ." Videh told me he had made an effort to stay out of policymaking circles as he watched people within them doing and saying things that in some part of their being they had to feel were wrong. He had decided just to do his job as well as he could.

None of the ordinary sannyasins, of course, had known that Sheela was drugging and poisoning people, and *not* very many had known about the wiretapping. The astonishing thing was that, given the great variety of clues that lay around, most did not even suspect that something terrible was happening. But most did not. Like Shunyo, they couldn't believe it —and some of them, like Zeno, who had her suspicions, had suffered mentally or physically because they could not. Sampatti, a former Twinkie who had left the ranch the previous spring because she had doubts, explained it this way: "When you're around a master, you have to trust. You have to suspend judgment in order to open yourself up to new experiences. You have to see how things feel before making judgments. Otherwise, how can you get out of your old patterns, your social conditioning? There was an innocence about sannyasins."

The new vice-president of the commune, a bearded long-term sannyasin called C.C., went into more detail on this point. "Sannyasins have an inclination to surrender," he said in February of 1986. "That's the Eastern quality of our work. Each one of us mirrors what is going on inside everyone else. That's the basis of living in the Buddhafield. I never cared for the us-them dichotomy, and the commune wasn't the way I would have wanted it. But we trusted him, or her, or whoever it was. There are many levels around Bhagwan's work—those you can see and those you can't."

The guru had often told his disciples they were asleep, and that was certainly the way it looked now. They had all gone along and done their jobs and not asked questions. Now, looking at this experience in retrospect, Sampatti, C.C., and all the other sannyasins I talked to said that they had been wrong to trust in this way, and that they bore some responsibility for what had occurred. But then they said something else. "When Bhagwan started speaking again, he talked about the importance of having doubts, trusting our own feelings, and taking responsibility for ourselves," Sampatti said. "That's what I heard, anyway, and that's why I left. I could not say yes enthusiastically enough. But not everyone seemed to hear this." C.C., who had stayed at the ranch, and who still wore red clothes and a mala, surprisingly seemed to agree. "In Poona, Bhagwan emphasized surrender," he said. "But here, where we had to build a large organization, that kind of trust was not appropriate. He said as much, but most of us did not listen."

Not everyone I spoke with seemed to think that the only error lay in not listening to the guru closely enough. Some acknowledged that Rajneesh often said contradictory things. But all said that they had learned a lesson. Subhuti, who was struggling with the facts of the matter in order to write a book, said, in answer to a question, "Yes, I suspected that Hulse's illness and the fire in the planning office were caused by us. But it wasn't a big thing for me. I went unconscious on it. 'It's all in Bhagwan's hands,' I said to myself. That was the reasoning. We saw Bhagwan as this Big Daddy who could take care of everything. But we've learned that you can't avoid taking responsibility for yourself."

The lesson did not seem to be a very remarkable one. Many sannyasins had doubtless learned it before they joined Rajneesh. But Subhuti, Videh, Sampatti, and others told me over and over how grateful they were to Bhagwan for it and how good they felt about it. But they went on to suggest that they had not learned it at all. "Every phase of Bhagwan's work is different," C.C. said. "Here it was an experiment in the collective unconscious. Bhagwan made us look at our will to power and that of people on the outside. You see, outsiders came into his Buddhafield, too, and all of us had to struggle

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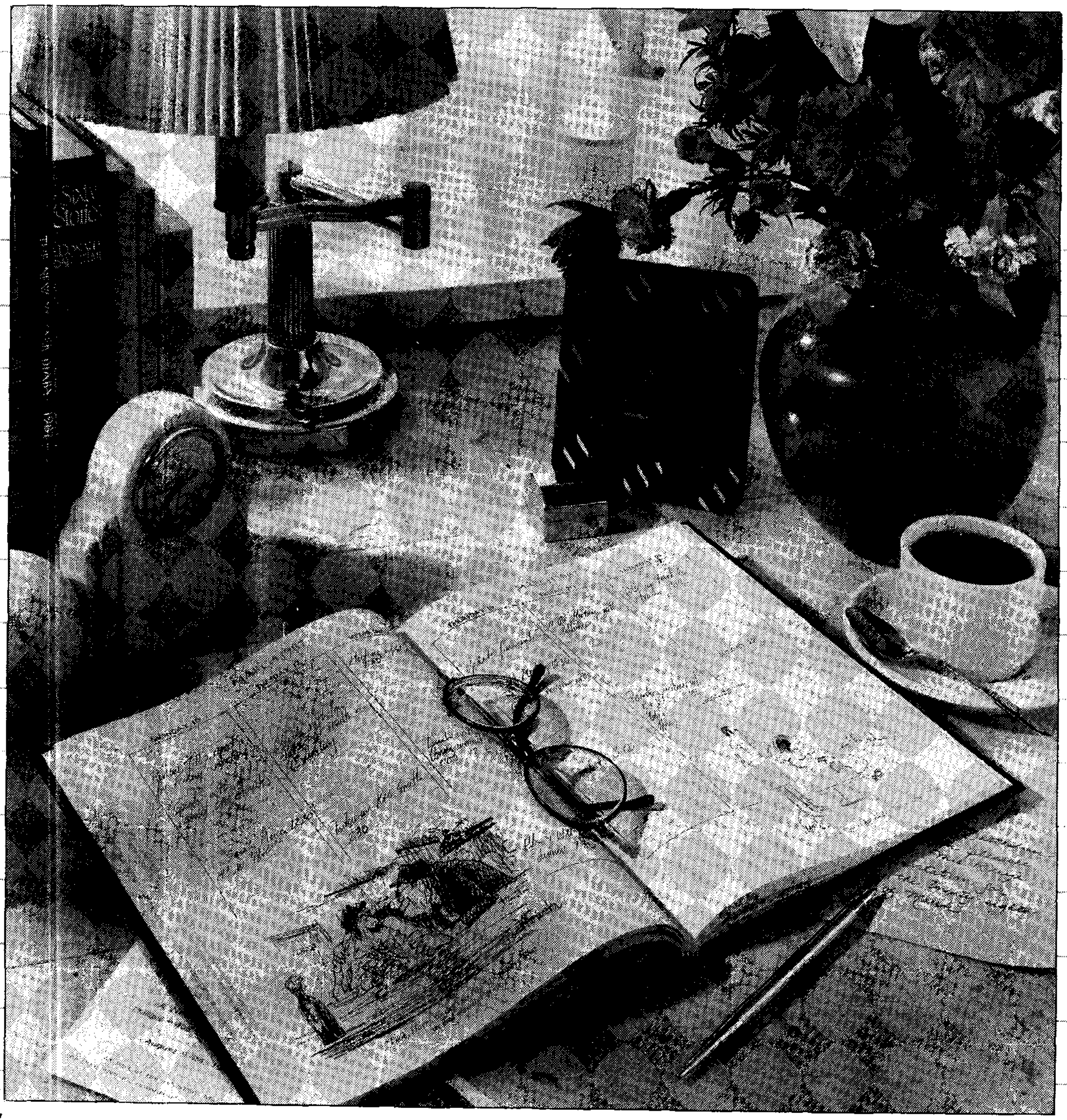

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with the same fears and insecurities.”

Videh, for his part, said, “I wouldn’t have missed the experience for anything. Bhagwan showed us at first hand how power corrupts. He showed us how fascism comes into being. Where else could you learn something like that?”

Even Ava, who had been a member of Sheela’s “dirty tricks” squad, was grateful for this lesson. “Bhagwan’s outrageous,” she said when I first talked to her. “There’s no one like him. If I put up with horror to be near him, it was all worth it. I got to see the horrible, sinister side of myself and to accept it. I don’t have any regrets.”

This, then, was the reason for the extraordinary cheerfulness of most sannyasins, and even most former sannyasins. They had “taken responsibility,” as the therapists said, without taking any responsibility at all. They had nothing on their consciences, for the guru “on some level,” as they kept saying, was responsible for everything that had occurred. Almost all of them believed that Sheela had been in practice responsible for the criminality, and that the guru had known nothing about it—but that did not change their view. They also believed that they themselves would never have done violence to anyone on Sheela’s orders. The open question was how many of them would have committed crimes if they thought the guru wanted them to. For most of them, this was a nonquestion, since they believed Rajneesh incapable of doing, or willing, violence against another person. For one woman, however, it was not. “Masters throw you into the moment,” she said. “They create crises and make you live on the edge. They create the fever-pitched moment in order to throw you back into yourself. Bhagwan was doing that for us. If humanity would be saved in this way, well, it might be at the expense of other people, and criminal acts could be justified.” What this woman (she was one who had physically suffered on the ranch) was saying was that a master-disciple relationship of this imperial, world-conquering sort might well lead to criminality. That was the logic of it, and in practice that was where it had led. Yet this woman did not blame herself for having accepted the logic. “I have no respect for Bhagwan anymore,” she continued. “He’s an intelligent man, and he influenced everything we did. I think he told Sheela to do a lot of the things she did—like the burning of Durow’s office and the salmonella poisonings in The Dalles. I can’t prove it, but at a meeting I went to after the Share-A-Home program he said that he told Sheela exactly what to say. So in the end, when he blamed Sheela for everything, there were a lot of people who knew this was not true. By the end, the ranch was set up so that no one trusted himself. I can’t trash the whole experience. I had so many friends there I really liked a lot. It was just the people who were running the place.”

A number of sannyasins and former sannyasins used the word “innocence” about themselves. But they were not really innocent, for many had doubts and reservations, and many, like Subhuti, had suspicions. They merely acted as if they had none, concealing their suspicions not just from outsiders but from themselves and from one another—the very people they claimed to “mirror” and trust. In fact, the ranch was something like a hall of mirrors without windows. The outside world did not exist.

While I was talking at length with Subhuti (who was still living on the ranch), I, and then he, realized that he had forgotten certain things. He had forgotten, for example, what he had said to me six months before about the New Man taking shape in the commune; in fact, he could no longer remember that he had said anything like that. He asked me to tell him exactly what he had said, so that he could use it in his book. Then, later, when he was talking about the way the sannyasins had seen how power corrupts, he said how amazing it was to watch Oregon politicians ganging up against the commune, passing laws against it any way they could. When I reminded him that this had happened after Antelope, after the commune’s attempt to rig the Wasco County election, after the salmonella outbreak, and so on, he laughed in surprise. “I guess they had some reason to think we were dangerous,” he said. “And you’re right, the means they used were perfectly legal—unlike ours.”

Videh, I discovered, had forgotten things, too. He no longer remembered making a theoretical justification for the hostile, provocative behavior of the group. And he could not remember having ever made a provocative gesture himself—though he had told me

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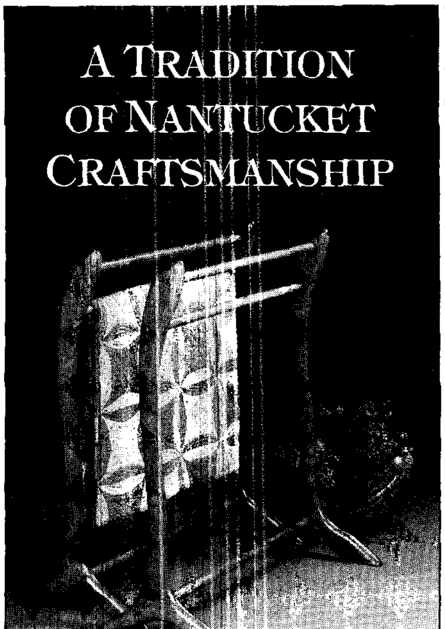
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about one six months before. "I never liked the us-them thing," he said now, "and I always did my best to keep friendly relations with those people I worked with on the outside." Looking at Videh, I knew he believed what he was now saying just as sincerely as he had believed what he said six months earlier. I had never thought Subhuti or Videh capable of hurting anyone, and the record showed that they had not. But there were people in the commune who had.

"Sheela flipped out—she went crazy" was the verdict of most sannyasins and former sannyasins these days. Two people who had gone to see her in a Portland jail after her extradition reported that she had promised she would always be the "ma" to her sannyasins. "She's really crazy," people said who heard that. People thought Vidya was crazy, too, for Vidya was not hiding out in Europe; she was calling a number of sannyasins, saying where she was and offering to produce character witnesses for Sheela. Ava thought that both of them had gone around the bend. She could not imagine what had come over them. But then, without realizing it, she provided an explanation. "You know, it's curious," she said the second time I spoke with her. "After I spent two weeks being debriefed by the F.B.I. and everyone else, I went back to the ranch, and everyone was talking about how wonderful things would be now that Sheela was gone—how they were going to make a new start, and so on. I thought everyone was nuts. I knew this couldn't be. But then—this is strange—I started forgetting things. I conveniently forgot things, because they seemed impossible to remember. I forgot—well, I forgot the tape Sheela had of a conversation with Bhagwan which showed that he was involved in things he said he wasn't. Things like that. I stuffed these things away, and I remembered them just a few days ago. I remembered them because I went to Portland to testify again, and I talked with K.D. and Sagun for the first time since we left the ranch, and they reminded me. For three days, I was just so *angry* at Bhagwan. But I'm over that now."

Ava called in a third time to say that she hoped she had not sounded too negative before. She had been in a bad space but now she had accepted everything and Bhagwan was still her Master. —FRANCES FITZGERALD

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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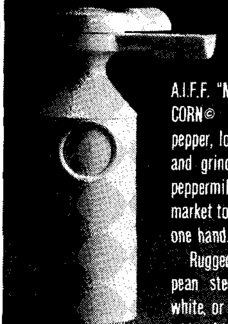
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THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

THE overwhelming impression one receives from "Woza Afrika!," the festival of black South African theatre at the Newhouse, in Lincoln Center—or, at least, from the first two entries—is of stunning theatricality. The first of them, "Asinamali!," is not a play in any conventional sense. The five actors who make up its cast portray prisoners; their heads are shaved, and they are invisibly bound to one another, as if handcuffed. One by one, they spell out for us the terrible lives they have led and, eventually, the "crimes" that led to their incarceration. Taken together, these reports constitute a map of the hell on earth of apartheid, and the effect should be extremely depressing. It is anything but. The singing and chanting and dancing, the skill of the actors as they slip from one characterization into the next, the jokey spirit even in the midst of some tragic episode, and the underlying mocking laughter somehow transform the show into an invigorating occasion. (I think I'll remember with considerable delight the anecdotes one of the prisoners tells about an associate of his named Tony, "a brilliant pickpocket.") The final segment is a litany for black leaders, dead or in jail, and that is no laughing matter. "*Asinamali*" means "We have no money," and was the rallying cry of a rent strike; the leader of the strike was shot dead. Mbongeni Ngema was the dramatist and director; the actors were Solomzi Bisholo, Thami Cele, Bongani Hlophe, Bheki Mqadi, and Bhoyi Ngema. My only reservation is that the action was so fast that many of the words were unintelligible. I always knew what was going on, though.

Percy Mtwa was the author and director of "Bopha!," the festival's second offering. You may remember that he and Mbongeni Ngema wrote (with Barney Simon) and were the two actors in the miraculous, indelible "Woza Albert!," which ran for several months a couple of years ago. In style and construction, "Bopha!" (we're big on exclamation points in South Africa) is very much like that play. Here three actors, fleet of foot and mind and tongue, assume any number of characters, black and white. The basic story, again told in brief vignettes, is about a black officer in the South African police; his brother, who is unable to get work because of the wicked pass system, and whom he talks into enlisting in the police; and his schoolboy son. The boy is a rebellious leader of students, and the uncle is very uneasy in the new job, but the father is adamant almost to the end, when he learns (somewhat late in the day) that the police are killing his people and burning their shacks; he throws down his gun and joins the family in a jubilant demonstration for freedom. There are scenes in the father's house, but more of them in the police station, where the nimble actor who plays the son affixes a white mustache to his lip and stuffs a cushion into his trousers to impersonate the Afrikaner captain, a comically fatuous tyrant. Along the way, the actors—Sydney Khumalo, Aubrey Molefe Moalosi, and Aubrey Radebe—imitate musical instruments and sound effects, such as telephone bells and the roar of crowds. It must be said that neither of these plays has the strength, the enduring quality of "Woza Albert!," but both have much merit all the same. Each of the entries runs five days; the festival, which will close October 5th, is a boon to this city.

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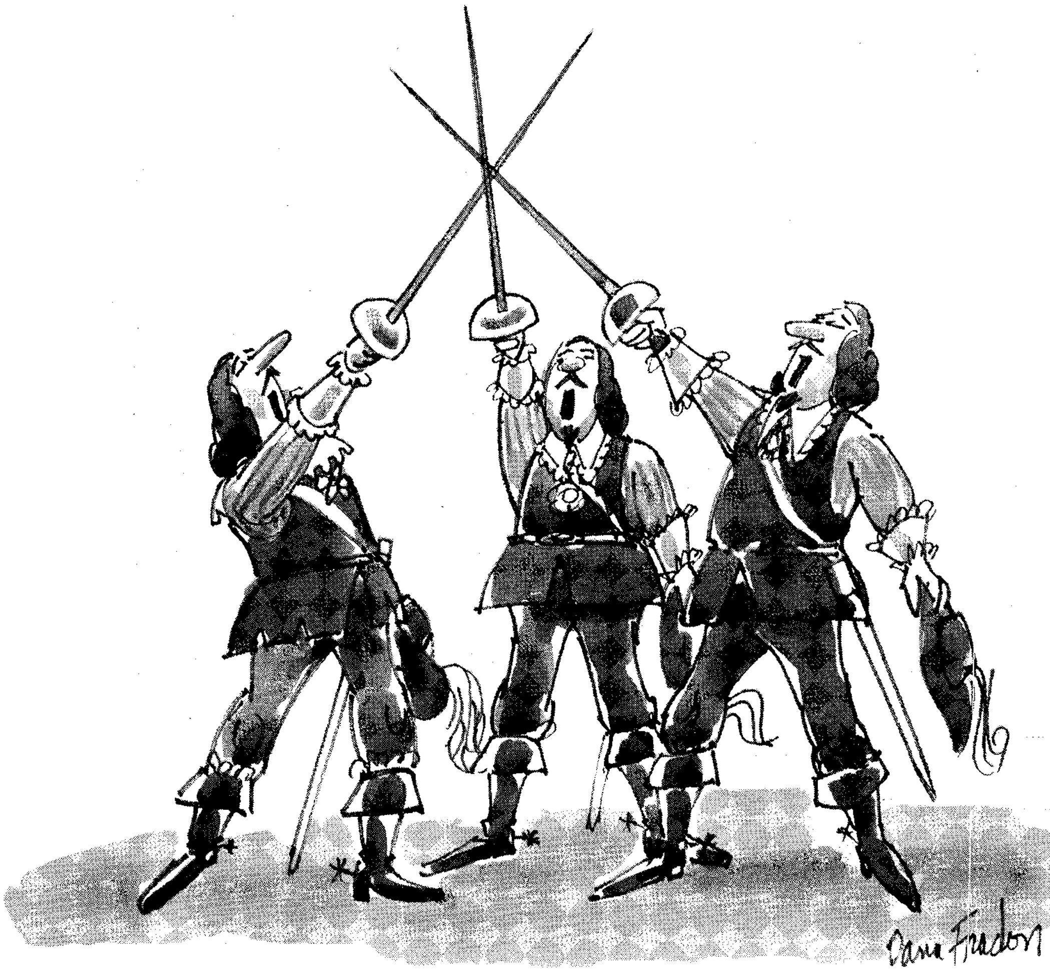

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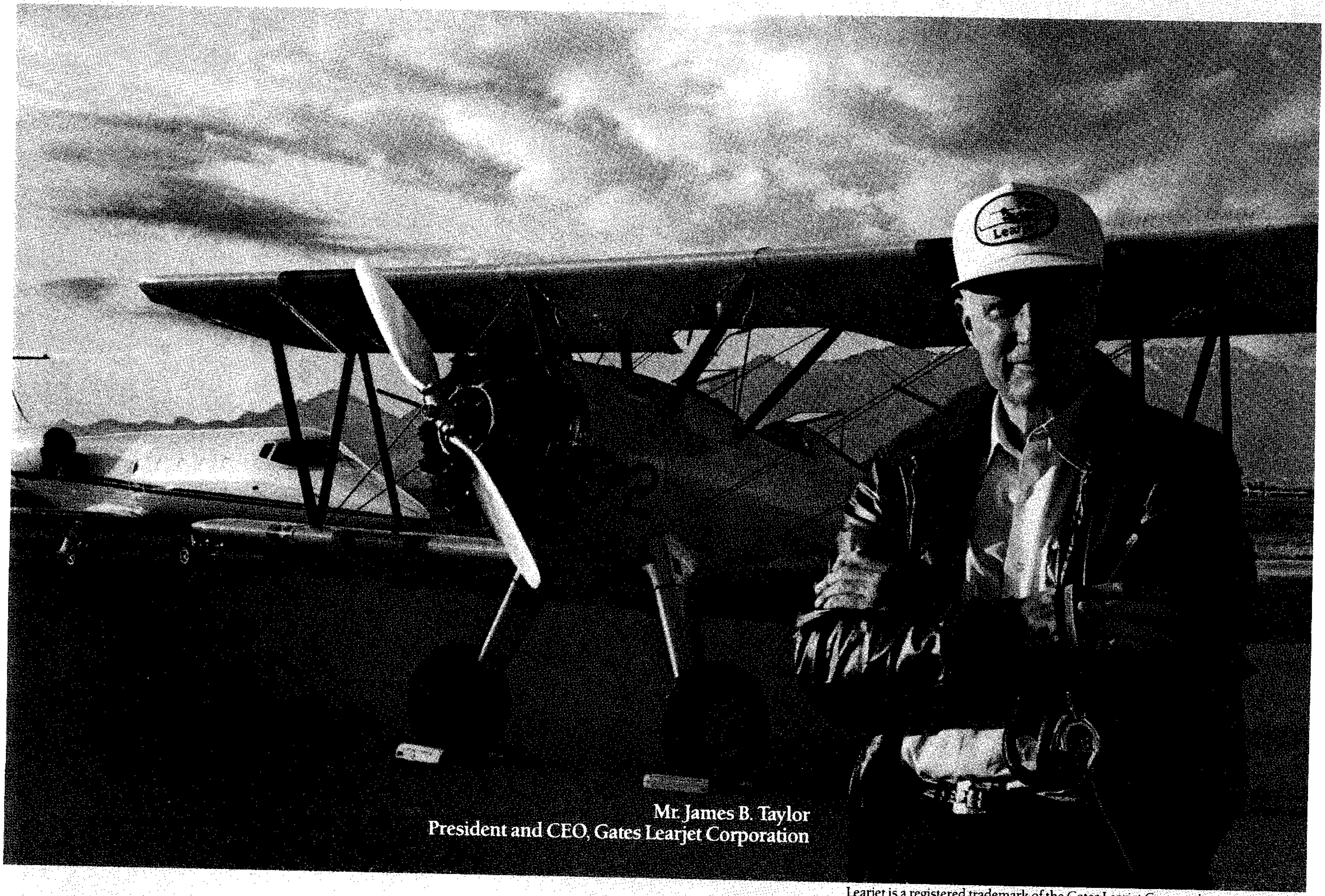

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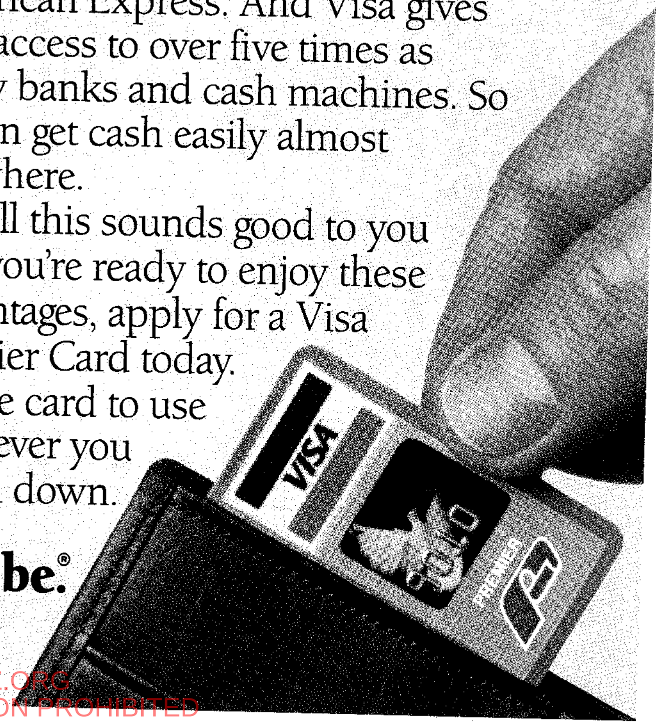

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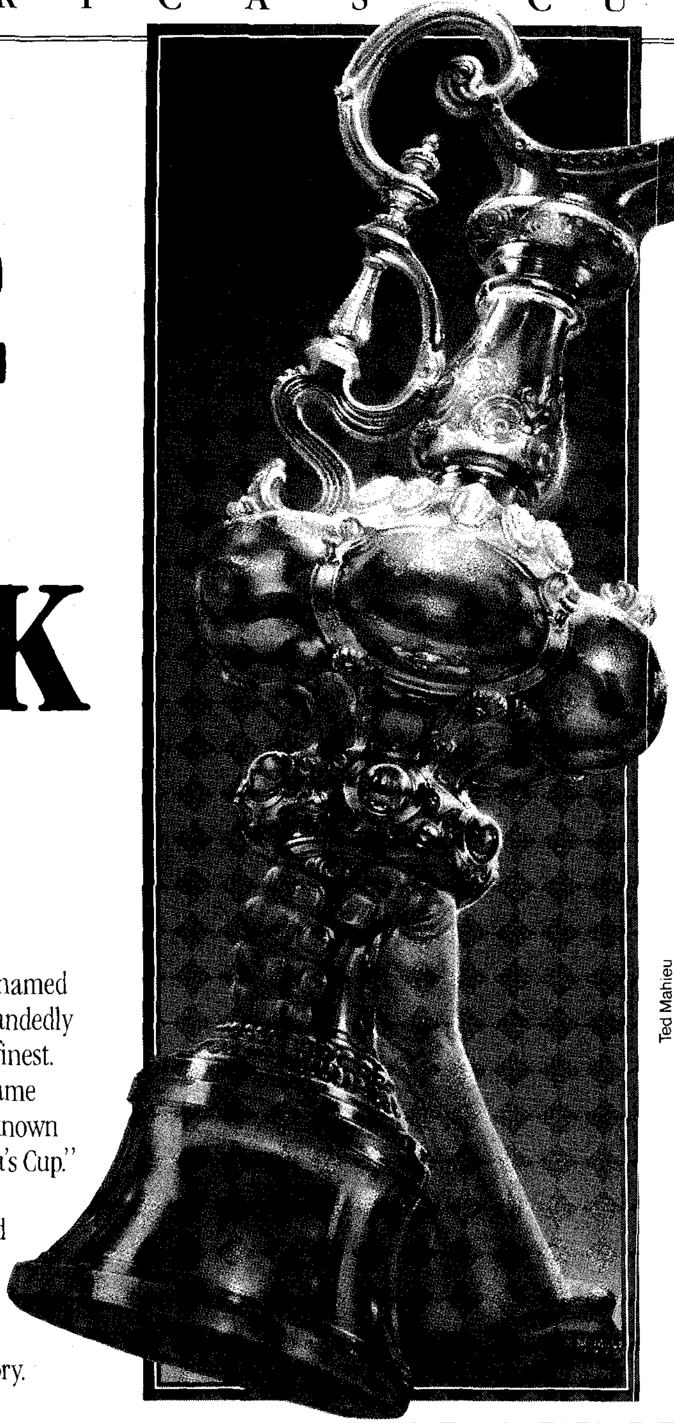

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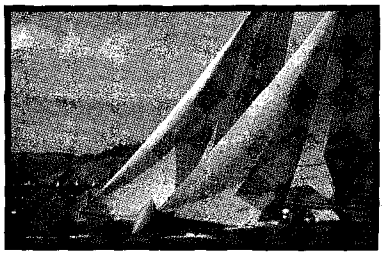

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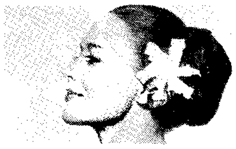

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a punk-rock group and win a contest. The attempts at comedy set the teeth on edge; the book and characters are a waste of time, and there is little that the generally proficient company can do. The evening as a whole is a pain right up to the very funny closing number, at which I laughed as heartily as everyone else in the audience. It's a long wait, though.

IN Lanie Robertson's "Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill," at the Westside Arts, a very pretty, graceful young singer named Lonette McKee impersonates Billie Holiday during one of her last engagements, before she was snuffed out by drugs. At the opening, Miss McKee is seated at the bar, her back to the audience. She gets up, walks over to her pianist, and says, "I can't do it, Jimmy," then goes to the mike and sings "What a Little Moonlight Can Do." From time to time during the evening, she bursts into storms of rage at the memory of indignities in her past and the curse of her "blackness," and from time to time she wanders off-mike to sniff some cocaine, and finally disappears backstage for what is presumably a major dose that puts an end to her singing for the night.

Miss McKee is as engaging a performer as everyone has said she is, but, as far as I could tell, she bears little resemblance—physical, temperamental, or vocal—to Billie Holiday, and perhaps the best thing to do is to forget Miss Holiday and her glorious recordings and just enjoy the show for what it is. What it is, among other things, is an anthology of songs, among them "Strange Fruit" and "God Bless the Child," that are always good to hear, and they are well sung, well presented, and well accompanied. Danny Holgate (piano), Rudy Stevenson (guitar and harmonica), and David Jackson (bass) are the sterling musicians. Mr. Holgate was the arranger and musical director, and William Barclay designed the charming setting, which was lighted by Phil Monat. —EDITH OLIVER

•

It's a girl for Jane Pauley, who as I've told you before is really Margaret Trudeau. Pauley, wife of *Doonesbury* cartoonist Garry Trudeau, was born Margaret but changed her name because she thought Jane would be better for TV.

Anyway, she had a seven-pound six-ounce baby boy the other day.—*Doug Camilli in the Montreal Gazette.*

Anyway, congratulations to her.

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BOOKS

Prishvin's Nature

THE Russian landscape surprises the American visitor with an impression of feminine gentleness. Rollingly flat and most conspicuously marked by the wavering white verticals of the ubiquitous birches, it lacks the shaggy, rocky assertiveness a North American is used to. It seems a young and tender landscape, without defenses. When the single-station radio in the hotel room croons and wails its state-approved folk song, there is no mistaking what the song is about: the motherland. In the fall of 1964, I spent a month in the Soviet Union, and at the end of it my constant companion and tireless interpreter, Frieda Lurie, presented me with a copy of Mikhail Prishvin's "Nature's Diary." The volume, printed in slightly ragged type by Moscow's Foreign Languages Publishing House, was small enough to fit into a coat pocket and decorated with a few line drawings in the innocent Soviet style. Frieda could have chosen no nicer souvenir of her country. From its first pages—from Prishvin's sighting of the first cloud of spring, "huge and warm, smooth and gleaming, also like the unruffled breast of a swan"—I felt drawn back into that maternal immensity, into a stately progress of weather and vital cycle upon a colossal stage, as related in a prose now limpidly transparent and now almost gruff, a foxy prose glistening with alert specifics and with *joie de vivre*.

"Nature's Diary"—which will soon be made available, in the stiff but sturdy native translation by Lev Navrozov, as part of Penguin Books' Nature Library—records a Russian's love of his land, particularly of the swampy, almost featureless, virtually endless taiga that stretches, south of the tundra, from the Gulf of Finland to the Sea of Okhotsk. Most of Siberia is taiga, but great tracts of European Russia also hold these subarctic forests of spruce and fir and birch and aspen, abounding in wildlife; the observations and adventures recorded in Prishvin's "Diary" stem from a year, the author's fiftieth, spent in deliberate nature study at a rudimentary research station near Lake Pleshcheyevo, less than a hundred miles northeast of Moscow. This was in the time of Lenin's dying and the murderous struggles for power from which Stalin emerged triumphant and Trotsky an exile; but Communism intrudes rarely into the texture of life by Lake Pleshcheyevo, and when it does it takes the droll form of some raggle-taggle and self-important young Komsomol members. The youthful Socialist republic was still a world where one could get away from it all. "My love for nature," Prishvin boasts, "has never prevented me from liking beautiful cities and their complex and fascinating world. But when I tire of city life I take a tram and within twenty minutes am out in the open again. I must have been cut for a free existence. I can live for years in the huts of fishermen, hunters and peasants."

Mikhail Mikhailovich Prishvin, the son of a rich merchant, was born in 1873 on the family estate in the north of Russia. While a student at Riga, he was arrested for revolutionary activity. After his release, he studied in Leipzig and in 1902 received a degree in agronomy. As young gentlemen were in those years, Prishvin was free to indulge his interests, and he travelled throughout Russia, Central Asia, and the Far East, educating himself in ornithology, linguistics, folklore, and ethnography. His first two books—"In the Land of Unfrightened Birds and Animals" (1907) and "Small, Round Loaf" (1908)—dealt with North Russia and the customs and legends of its peasants. According to the literary historian D. S. Mirsky, "These studies taught Prishvin to value the originality of the uneducated Russian and the native force of 'unlatinized' Russian speech." Mirsky claims Prishvin to have been further influenced along these lines by a

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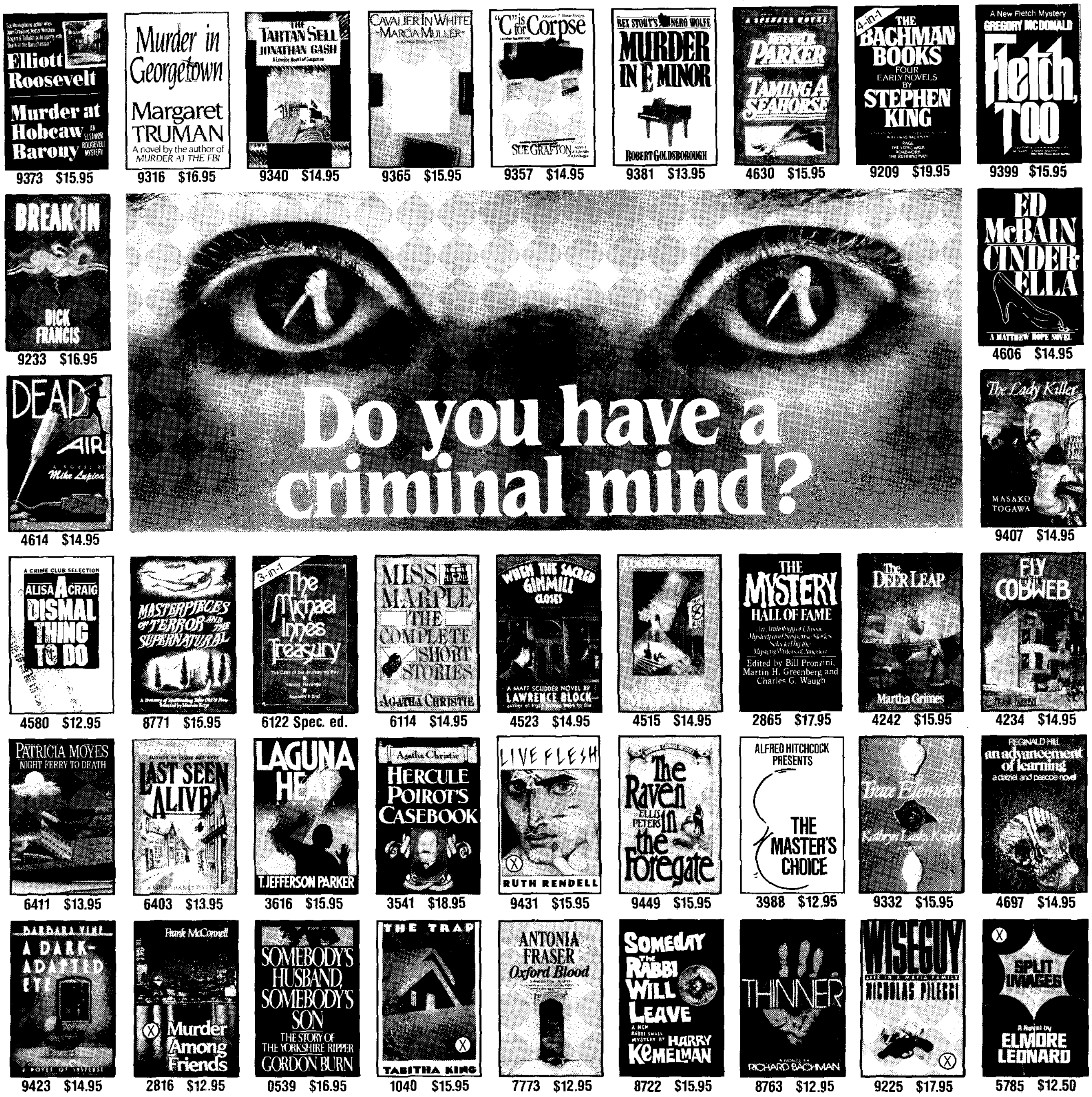
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younger writer, the Symbolist Alexey Remizov, whose greatly varied production was "unified by one purpose—which is to delatinize and defrenchify the Russian literary language and to restore to it its natural Russian raciness." While such linguistic nuances can scarcely be conveyed in translation, we can feel a certain raciness in the highly informal organization—an impulsiveness of movement that keeps the reader constantly and pleasantly off-balance as he moves with Prishvin through the year. Almost half the book, for instance, is taken up with spring, and the summer section is monopolized by the author's hunting dogs, and the final pages are concerned with a bear hunt that took place nowhere near Lake Pleshcheyevo. "Nature's Diary," and Prishvin's other rural sketches, achieved considerable popularity with an increasingly urbanized Soviet public; he maintained his artistic independence throughout the Stalin era, and died in 1954, at the age of eighty-one.

The nature he describes seems familiar; we have already met it in the scenery of Turgenev and Tolstoy, Chekhov and Nabokov. The continental cold is slow to relinquish the land—we read of frost in May—and quick to reclaim it, with flurries of snow and a film of morning ice on the autumnal marshes. But the fauna—above all, the birds—begins its cycles of procreation in the depths of winter, and Prishvin's swift eye sees life everywhere. Carrion crows somersault in their love frenzy, the blackcocks sing and mate as the icy creeks thaw into song, the cranes and kestrels return, and ducks fill the air with noise. Man, too, is active in the cold landscape: "The snow was frozen hard and powdered by the latest fall. The going was pure joy whichever way we turned." And then, gradually, the frogs stir, the finches arrive, grass appears, and the first mushrooms and the early flowers, of aspen and lungwort; the first cuckoo is heard, and then the first nightingale. These manifestations of thaw and revival are intermixed, in Prishvin's diary entries, with the comings and goings of men, with local gossip and the lore of pike fishermen, with an archeological expedition and an ethnological excursion to see a pre-Christian village rite, the Nettle Feast. Nature, which to an American instinct looms as purely and grandly inhuman as an Ansel Adams photograph, is for the Russian interwoven with humanity; this North Russia is a

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vast and forbidding but long-inhabited terrain, warmed in its remotest corners by the touch of men. In the dead cold of a winter night, a hunter in pursuit of a marten burns an anthill to make himself a warm bed of ashes, and the charred ruins remember him. Prishvin participates in an archeological dig, which finds evidence of long habitation, the skull of a prehistoric predecessor—"more impressive" than he had expected, the skull's color "not the colour of bone but almost that of copper or burnt clay," the teeth and forehead perfectly white. Everywhere in this wild landscape, people pop up—more than we can keep track of. The peasantry seems ubiquitous, like walking tummocks or another species of animal, part of the land's furniture and included in this inventory:

> The trees, grass and flowers wore their most sumptuous garb. The birds of early spring grew silent: the cocks had hidden themselves away, moulting, and the hens were fasting on their nests hatching their eggs. The animals were busy seeking food for their young. What with sowing and ploughing, the peasants were more harassed than ever.

Some of the peasant lore—frogs are woken from hibernation by thunder, a mushroom detected by the human eye will cease to grow—is perhaps open to scientific refutation, but the observations that the roach is a lonely fish and that roach soup makes people brood would seem inarguable. Prishvin himself asserts with mystic authority: "The orioles are very fond of choppy weather. They like the sun to come and go, and the wind to play with the leaves as with waves. Orioles, swallows, gulls and martins have a kinship with the wind."

Man's interpenetration with nature takes many forms: superstition, lore, and annual rite, as in the Nettle Feast; scientific probing and investigation, as in Prishvin's research; pantheistic communion ("I . . . sat down on a soft mossy hillock under a pine-tree and began to sip the tea slowly, musing and gradually merging with the life around me"); and hunting. There is a great deal of hunting and killing here—more than a modern nature-lover expects. Prishvin at one point steps forward to reassure the squeamish: "There is no need to pity the animal, my kind-hearted readers, we're all due for it sooner or later, I for one am almost ready." To hunt successfully, one must empathize with the animals, think like them; in this immemorial way Man draws close to his fellow-creatures. The strategies of foxes, the

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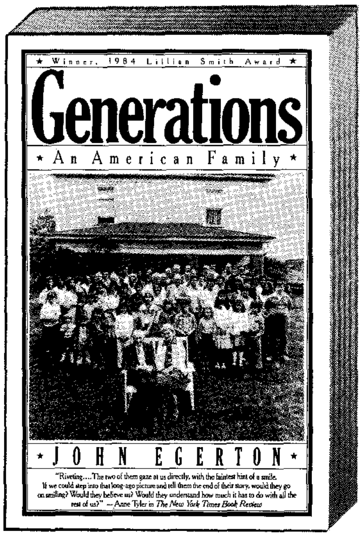
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scruples of wolves are fascinatingly noted. And the minds of the dogs trained to hunt at Man's side are wonderfully well explored. With Olympian humor, Prishvin explicates the urinary truce agreements of competing dogs; he triumphantly psychoanalyzes the feminine pretenses of his disappointing pointer Kate, her nose dulled by two housebound years in Moscow, and rejoices when her nose revives in the country wind. Nature for Prishvin not only spreads itself externally but lies within the mind of a dog, a fox, even a fish or a mayfly. He tiptoes toward the riddles of the woods, marvelling at the snoring sound that emerges from a tree holding a sleeping wood grouse, and speculating on its source:

> I suppose that the sound comes from the fluttering feathers when a large bird breathes under its wing in sleep. However, I shouldn't swear to it that wood-grouse do sleep with their heads under their wings. I am judging by the domestic fowl. It's all surmises, stories and speculation, whereas the real world of the woods is *little known.*

Though he was something of a scientist, there is little in Prishvin's grasp of nature that corresponds to Loren Eiseley's paleontological perspective or Joseph Wood Krutch's biological microscopy. He is, like Thoreau and Muir and Annie Dillard, confrontational in his dealings with the outdoors, existential, his own consciousness his keenest tool. Nature to Prishvin appears "little known," and the riddles that concern him—How do wood grouse snore? Why do the jackdaws come to see off the migrating rooks?—verge on the primitive. He restores us, in an anecdote like that of an old itinerant nurse who successfully pleads for mercy with the wolves, to the premedieval Europe of the fairy tales, when animals spoke with dignity on behalf of their own societies and men shared with all life a single network of sensation and motive. The semi-centenarian is thrilled to be alive, he tells us more than once. His descriptions of days—especially of that magical hour before dawn, which he is always avid to witness—have a sublime innocence:

> There was a morning moon. The eastern sky was clouded. At long last a strip of dawn showed from under the heavy blanket, and the moon floated in deeper blue.
>
> The lake seemed to be covered with floes, so queerly and abruptly had the mist broken up. The village cocks and swans gave voice.

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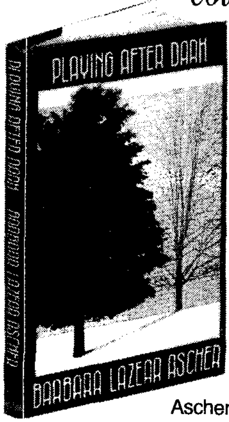

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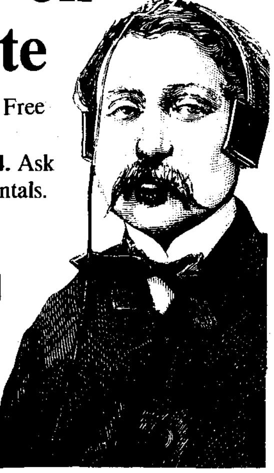

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in Prishvin. We seem to see the earth being created, and its elemental patterns established:

> The most exquisite and mysterious time of the day is that between the first streak of light and sunrise, when the pattern of the leafless trees just begins to be outlined. The birches seem to have been combed downwards, the maples and aspens upwards. I witnessed the birth of the hoar-frost, saw it shrivel and whiten the old yellow grass and glass the puddles with the thinnest film of ice.

The vibration of our animal existence is in him, as well as those tentative motions of mind whereby Man began to subdue his magnificent, riddle-filled environment. The first inklings of morality, of conscious manliness, issue from a hunter's encounters: facing a bear, Prishvin experiences the click of courage, perceiving that "the inner struggle between the proud free man and the coward was inevitable and needful for it's the coward in us that puts us to the test. One could not talk oneself into bravery as one could not stop the heart from thumping more and more violently. I thought it would burst in a moment, but then came the line beyond which there was no struggle, the coward was vanquished and I turned into a mechanism with the precision of a steel spring in a clock." And death, awareness of which separates us from the rest of nature, is banished by natural busy-ness: "I am no longer young, that's true, but I am as busy as ever and keep my cup brimming full. And as long as I can keep it so, all thoughts of death are empty." Handed down by a more academic stoicism, such consolation might ring hollow; but Prishvin speaks in the unforced voice of nature herself, and with a characteristically Russian blend of fatalism and exuberance imparts to us her exhilarating imperatives.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE HERO OF NEW YORK, by T. Glen Coughlin (Norton; $14.95). Mr. Coughlin's first novel presents a lower-middle-class Catholic family living in a Long Island suburb. Bill Patterson, the father, is an honored N.Y.P.D. detective, a big, rough, genial man with the usual taste for whiskey and beer. His wife, Joy, is good-looking, an indifferent housekeeper, and a devout Catholic. Their daughter, Louise, is thirteen and intellectually precocious. Their son, Charles, who tells the story, is a community-college dropout in love with a promiscuous girl. The plot revolves around Patterson's suspension for alleged brutality, but that is merely a plot. What matters is the Patterson family—a family that Mr. Coughlin brings vividly, pathetically, joyfully to life.

THE CHILDREN'S BACH, by Helen Garner (Penguin; $4.95 paper). Like the eight notes of a scale, four adults and four children combine and then diverge in this spare and intricate novel set (like "Monkey Grip," Helen Garner's memorable first novel) in southern Australia. At the center of the story are a likable, naïve, inaptly named couple, Athena and Dexter Fox, and their two young sons, one of whom is retarded and only screams and hums. Enter Elizabeth, a hard-bitten college acquaintance, from twenty years back, who has not outgrown a habit of shoplifting; her impressionable teen-age sister, who seems more shaken than Elizabeth by the recent death of their mother, and moves in with the Foxes; Elizabeth's rolling stone of a boyfriend, a rock musician; and his self-possessed pre-teen daughter, a promising cellist. The title, which refers to music that Athena practices on the piano, to the dismay of anyone in earshot, underlines the novel's subtly recurrent theme: that some lessons are best learned early or never at all. Advice from the rock musician to a would-be lyricist is advice that Helen Garner herself has followed: "Make gaps. Don't *chew* on it. Don't explain everything. Leave holes. The music will do the rest."

GENERAL

HERE LIES, by Eric Ambler (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $16.95). An autobiography. It opens with a peculiar automobile accident in Switzerland which might well be the opening of an Eric Ambler novel. It then moves to an author's promotional tour in the United States which is grim comedy. After that, Mr. Ambler's recollections become more conventional—childhood, family, education, jobs in engineering and in advertising, his first novel, and almost instant success with his second, "Background to Danger." Mr. Ambler writes quietly and amiably about his experiences, modestly and honestly about his work, and has more to say about his work as a screenwriter (which began

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MYSTERIOUS PRESS

in the Second World War, when he made propaganda films) than about his books. The ending seems a little abrupt but, on reflection, novelistically effective. Photographs.

WILSON AND HIS PEACEMAKERS: AMERICAN DIPLOMACY AT THE PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE, 1919, by Arthur Walworth (Norton; $35). This meticulously detailed work documents the historical consensus that Woodrow Wilson got too little at the Paris Peace Conference because he tried for too much. Mr. Walworth suggests that in 1919 the world was by no means ready for a reign of international law, and that the President's initial popularity in Europe was due to the fact that admiring millions took his principles to mean that they would get what they wanted. The reader, shocked that the conference rejected Japanese proposals for a clause asserting racial equality in the League of Nations Covenant, is likely to find his sympathy qualified on learning of Japan's efforts to have the conference ratify both its assault on China and its military rule over Korea, in defiance of the principle of national self-determination. When it came to applying the principle to disintegrating empires (Hapsburg, Hohenzollern, Ottoman, Romanov), the peoples of those territories began slaughtering each other over disputed borders. "Nationalism . . . was the prevailing political force of the times," the author comments. As Mr. Walworth's facts pile up, American readers may have conflicting emotions: for all Wilson's faults, his vision looks better than the non-Wilsonian alternatives, yet the United States also looks at least partly right in staying out of a league of squabbling nations. A question that the author faithfully reports but cannot resolve is whether any of the failed negotiations with the Bolsheviks of this period might somehow have succeeded, and averted the enmity between the United States and the Soviet Union which plagues the world today.

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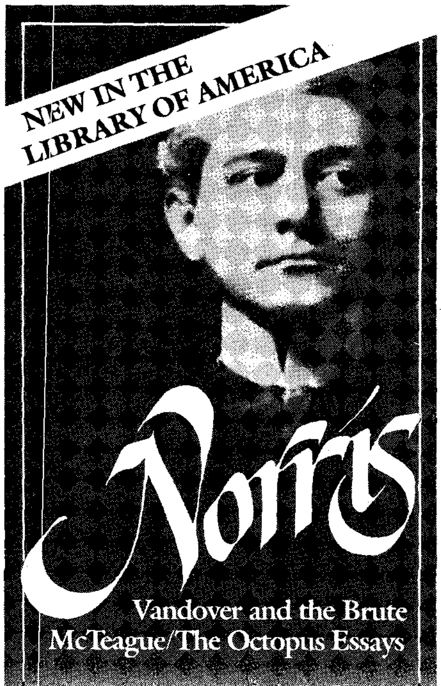
HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Waldo* (*Maine*) *Independent*]

Word reached us Wednesday morning that the *Kathryn*, Bob Gause's sloop that sailed from Belfast early this month, has reached Europe safely. The crew, including our Michael Hurley, encountered a major storm en route, we were told, but were nonplussed by it.



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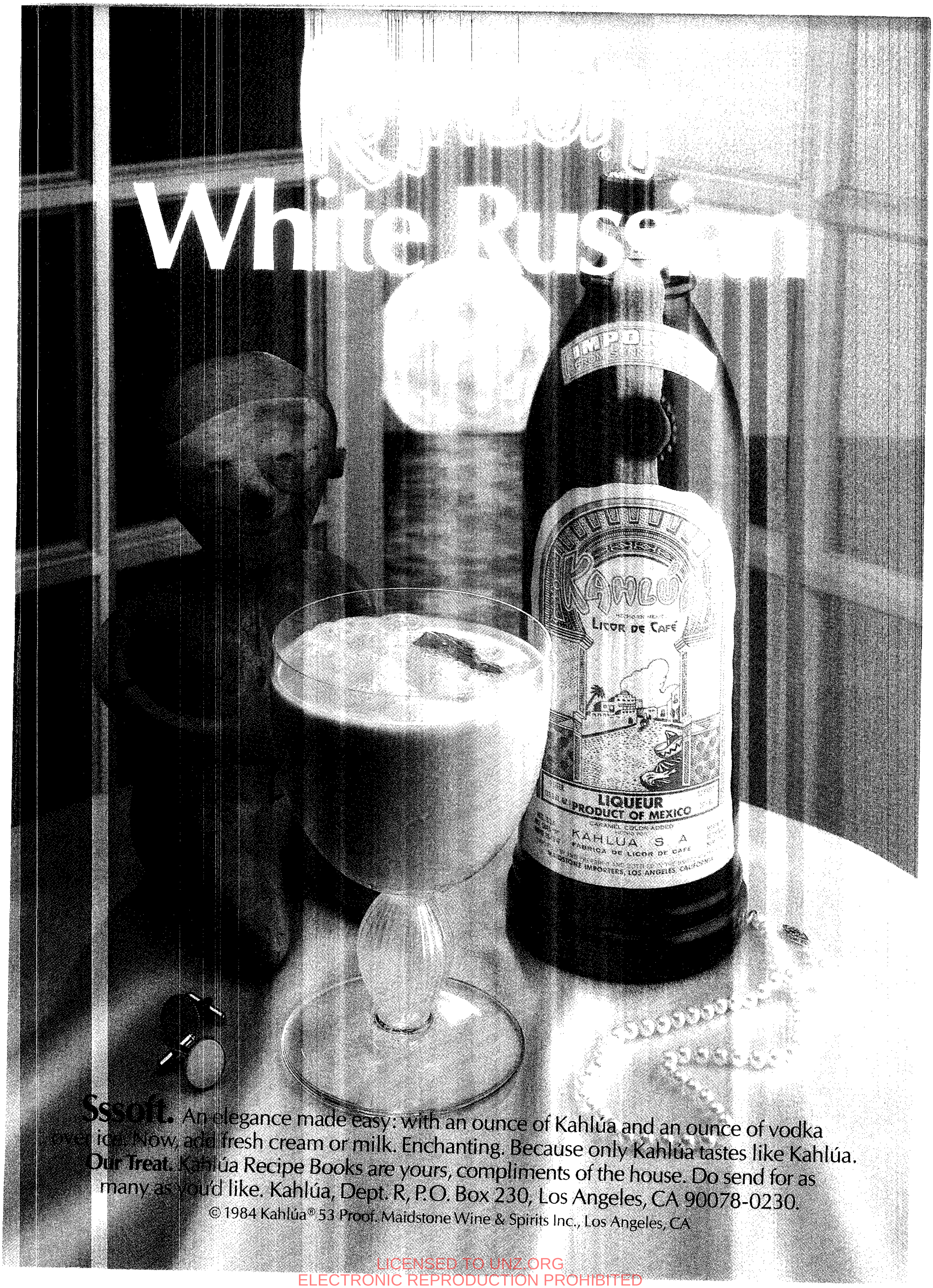
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